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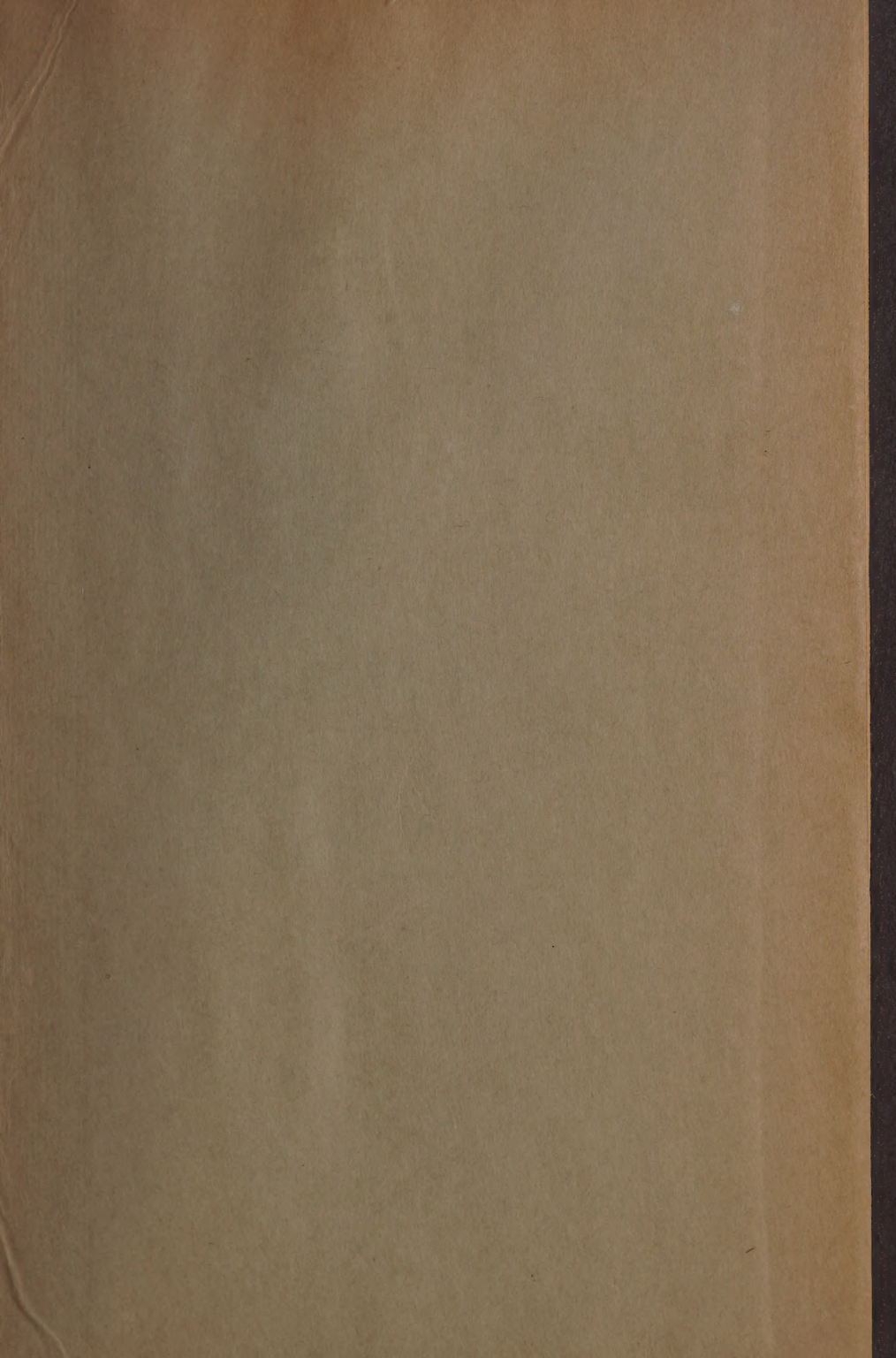


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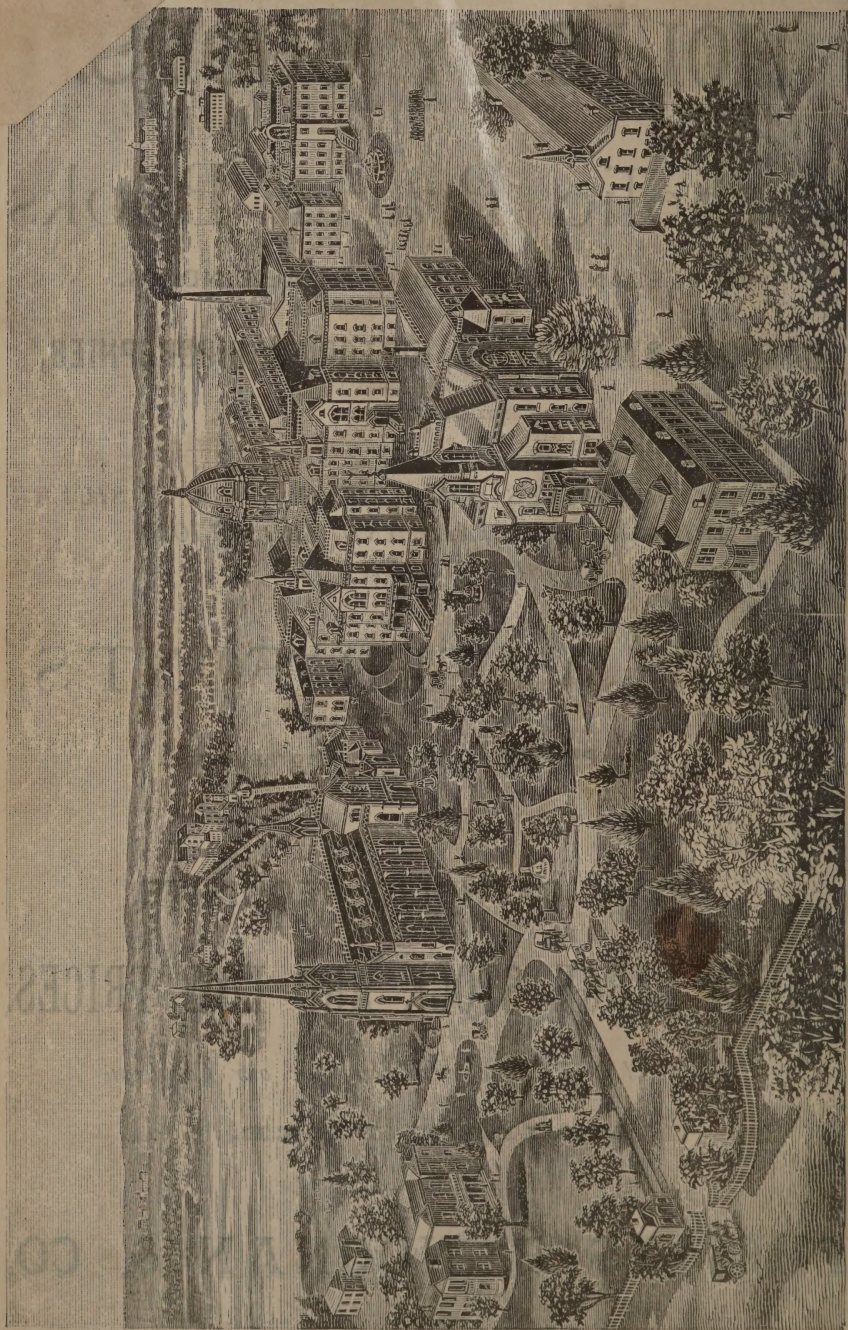
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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XIII.

BOSTON, JANUARY, 1885.

No. 1.

"THE future of the Irish race in this country, will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

The University of Notre Dame.

ON the northern verge of Indiana, within five miles of the Michigan line, and just on the edge of that narrow watershed which slopes towards the Great Lakes, is situated an institution of learning, which is year by year becoming better known, not only throughout the states called distinctively "Western," but also in the cultured East and chivalrous South, and in the adjacent lands of Mexico and Canada; young men from all quarters thronging hither for instruction. This is the University of Notre Dame.

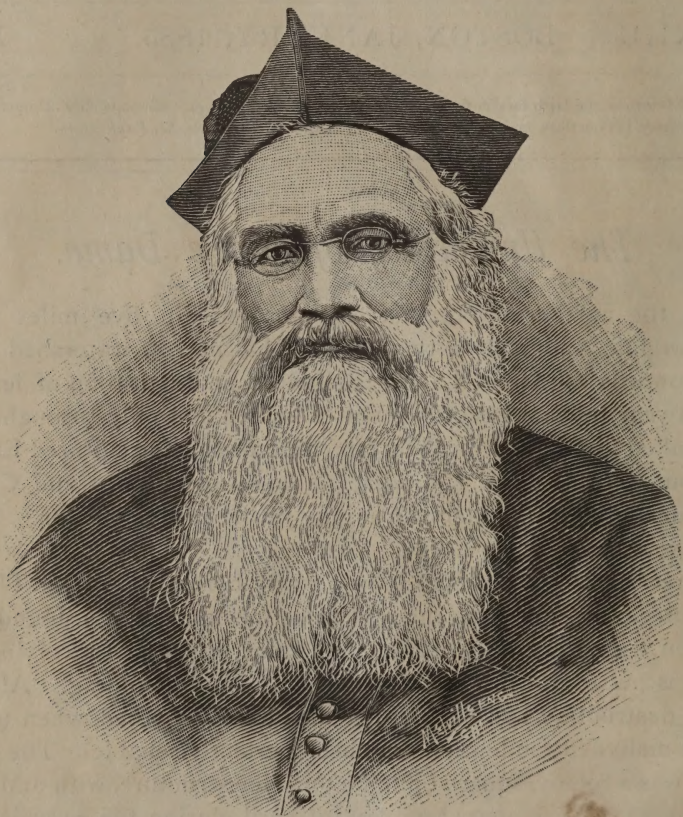
Three successive edifices have already borne this title. The first, small but picturesque, was thought to be unsound in its foundations, and when a greater influx of students came, instead of receiving additions, was pulled down to make room for a larger building. After the work of destruction had been effected, it was discovered, when too late, that the maligned foundations had been perfectly reliable. The second college was a roomy, square-built, factory-like structure, with a Mansard roof, and it took fire one warm day in April, during the prevalence of a south west gale, here the most violent of all the sons of Æolus, coldest of all in winter, hottest of all in summer, and a dry, healthy wind at every season. Urged by the gale, a column of flame and smoke rose in the air to the height of a thousand feet, where it formed a complete arch, bending over with its freight of light combustibles, and set fire to a forest a mile distant on the north-east, which continued to burn for several days after. Not only the main building was destroyed on this occasion, but also the infirmary, the Music Hall, and several minor structures to the leeward.

A calamity such as this, only partially covered by insurance, would have dismayed hearts less stout than those at Notre Dame, into which it rather seemed to infuse a new life. The venerable founder of the institution, Edward Sorin, whose years might have fitly invited him to that repose which a life of energy and usefulness had earned, sprang at once into renewed vigor, and surprised his friends by his activity

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and self-devotion. The work of rebuilding was at once begun. The disaster only served to show how widespread throughout America was the veneration in which this young *Alma Mater* was already held. Substantial sympathy was expressed in the most effective shape, and



VERY REV. E. SORIN, C.S.C.

friendship appeared in unexpected forms and localities. A plan furnished by Edbrooke was selected from among thirty others, and the present structure arose rapidly from the ashes. By September, enough of it was completed to accommodate satisfactorily the returning throng of students, whose increased numbers showed a generous confidence in Notre Dame, in her hour of adversity.

The present edifice is in the Neo-Gothic style, and consists of a centre with two ample wings, the centre being crowned with a dome, and having a front extension, giving the plan the general figure of the letter **T**, which is the shape taken by the halls, forming the avenues of internal communication through the various stories of the building, except that where the stem of the **T** joins the cross-bar, there is an open rotunda extending through all the stories, with galleries at each, up to the dome itself. On entering the main doors, the visitor finds him-

self surrounded by frescos illustrating the life of Columbus, the work of Luigi Gregori, an Italian artist, who has been occupied for many years past in decorating the interiors of various buildings here. In the vestibule the life-size, full length figures of Columbus and Queen Isabella, from authentic portraits, appears on the right and left,—a fitting introduction to the grand historic series which is to follow, and which begins in the hall itself, with Columbus begging his bread at the door of the monastery, whose truly noble inmates first recognized his worth, and brought his project before the notice of the queen. Opposite we see the departure of the caravels on their adventurous journey, with Columbus kneeling to receive the blessing of the friendly monk to whom he owed so much. Next to this is, perhaps, the most striking picture of the series, though one of the smallest, representing the mutiny at sea, in which the crew are threatening the life of the great discoverer. The violence of the mutineers is made to contrast admirably with the calm confidence of Columbus. Opposite, land has been discovered, and the ringleaders of the mob are on their knees suing for pardon. Next a broad space is devoted to the scene at the landing, where the hero is planting the cross on the shore, surrounded by enthusiastic comrades and awe-stricken Indians. On the other side of the hall, is the largest picture of all, showing Columbus, on his triumphant return, presenting the aborigines and productions of the new world to Ferdinand and Isabella, enthroned under a canopy erected in the open air, and surrounded by numerous court officials, and an apparently unlimited throng of spectators. After this transitory scene of splendor we see another proof of fortune's inconstancy: Columbus in chains, the victim of successful treachery, while two Indians, amazed at the perfidy of the white man, appear to be his only friends. Last scene of all, we have his death, receiving the blessings of religion, his chains hanging by his bedside above the chart of his discoveries. With these last two paintings on either hand, we find ourselves at the rotunda; on whose pavement of tiles we may stand and gaze upwards two hundred feet into the concavity of the dome, soon to be decorated with appropriate designs by the same talented artist.

On the right-hand side, on entering the hall through which we have passed, is the suite of apartments occupied by President Walsh. In his reception-room are to be found several gems of art, among others, a crucifixion, undoubtedly the work of Vandyck, and a genuine Titian, the subject being the daughter of Herodias, with the head of John the Baptist. On the left-hand side of the hall, is the public parlor, often literally crowded, spacious as it is, with visitors, on exhibition nights and during commencement week. This room is decorated with portraits, chiefly those of former presidents of the University. Opposite to the end of the hall, across the rotunda, is the students' office, where they procure their stationery and books, and may communicate by telephone or telegraph with distant friends. During business hours, this room is seldom without its throng. From the rotunda to the east and west extend the halls to the study-rooms, with recitation-rooms on either side, airy and spacious, well lighted, and warmed, as are all the buildings, by steam-heating apparatus. In the story above

are more recitation-rooms, private rooms occupied by teachers and others, two large dormitories over the study-rooms, and two finely decorated apartments in which the Columbian and Cecilian Societies respectively hold their meetings. The Columbian room is painted in fresco with full-length portraits of the benefactors of the University, a category which includes characters as incongruous as those of Henry Clay and the late Emperor of the French, making a picturesque *ensemble*; on this floor there is also a museum of Indian relics and other curiosities. In the third story, the greater part of the front extension is occupied by a spacious hall, devoted to the purpose of a college library. Here, besides the usual formidable array of classics and works of reference, may be found some curious old volumes dated from the century in which printing was invented, illuminated with initial letters painted by hand after the printing was finished. Quaint modern reproductions of mediæval work will also interest the aesthete. On this floor and the next above are also numerous private rooms and dormitories, a distinguishing feature of the upper floor being the school of drawing; for the art of drawing makes a prominent figure in the curriculum of the scientific course. We may now ascend to the roof, if you have any desire to obtain an extensive view. If your nerves are steady, we may even scale the dome itself, and the prospect is worth the climb. Northward lie the green hills of Michigan, with the St. Joseph River winding in a deep valley among them. The position of the city of Niles may be made out by the white houses of its suburbs gleaming through the surrounding shade trees. The greater part of the town lies hid in the valley of the river. Eastward stretch extensive woods, above which the smoke of the foundries of Elkhart may be seen rising. Southward, the view is more limited, a high range of bluffs beyond the river cutting it off, and causing the river itself to make that remarkable deflection from which South Bend takes its name. The tips of the spires of Mishawaka may be discovered, by one who knows just where to look for them, rising above the woods a little east of south. On the bluffs above is a station erected by the Lake Coast Survey. West of south lies South Bend, mapped out beneath the eye of the spectator, and still further west stretch the Kankakee marshes, for so many years the paradise of the fowler. But the prairie chickens and ducks, that used to abound there, have been thinned out by the ruthlessness of hunters, and the process of drainage and fencing has robbed the region of its original charm. Northeast, the eye roves over the rolls of Portage Prairie—the old “portage” of the Pottawotamie Indians, over which, by conveying their canoes from the waters of the St. Joseph to those of the Kankakee, they connected the navigation of the Great Lakes with that of the Mississippi.

From these views of the distant horizon, let us turn our eyes to what is going on more immediately beneath us. On the lake to the north we may witness the boat crews training for the coming regatta. The lake itself is a beautiful blue sheet of water, surrounded by groves, and forms a most attractive feature in the College grounds. There is another lake to the westward, not so large, and surrounded by beds of marl, which make it, perhaps, more interesting to the geologist, though

less attractive to the lover of scenery. Southeast, on the broad campus, a game of base-ball, if it is a "rec" day, may be in progress, and from your elevated position you may command a view of all the details of that attractive pass-time. To the south, an avenue of maples, shades the thoroughfare to South Bend, two miles distant; and Notre Dame Post Office is visible on the skirts of a pine grove. South-west are the Manual Labor Schools, conducted by the same religious community which directs the exercises of the College itself. Here are tailor shops, shoemaker shops, carpenter and blacksmith shops, and an extensive farm with its well-appointed barns and stables. Still nearer to the south west we see the church, and this is worthy of inspection from within. In the west, a mile away, on the rural banks of the river, is St. Mary's Academy, an institution for the education of young ladies, which the tourist will find well deserving of a separate visit.

But it is the intellectual aspect, rather than the material,—the mental landscape, so to speak,—which will interest the visitor to the College as a College. And here he will find classic taste and scientific research—not the mere memorizing of the contents of learned times, but an active participation in the pursuits and aims of true study. The production of the plays of Sophocles, with all their appropriate accessories on the stage, by the Greek students of this University; and still more the intelligent interest, which large audiences have unmistakably manifested in the representation, sufficiently attest the proficiency attained here in a *living* language, which, however its claims to notice may have been lately questioned by the superficial and soulless utilitarian, is not only among the most perfect and beautiful that the world has ever known, but is especially dear to Christians, as being the language of the gospel. Moreover, the fact of Greek being a living language is vividly presented to the mind of the student by the exchange of the productions of the "Ave Maria" press with those of Modern Greece, which arrive by every mail from the Orient. It is needless to speak of the perfection attained in the Latin language in an institution conducted by Fathers of the Catholic Church, among whom that classic tongue has never been allowed to die. The poetry in hexameter and the difficult Horatian measures which from time to time appears in the periodicals here published, bears witness that Notre Dame forms no exception to the rule in this respect. Of the periodicals alluded to, the *Ave Maria* is the most extensively circulated Catholic religious paper in the United States. It has been now established for nearly a quarter of a century, and shows no signs of a "decline and fall." On the contrary, each year finds it still more widely disseminated, so that it reaches many thousands of hearths and homes, where its pages are the delight of the family circle, and the antidote to the pernicious literature with which our land is rife. The *Notre Dame Scholastic*, issued from the same printing house, takes a high rank among college papers, as contemporaries acknowledge, and enables the youth destined for the vocation of the journalist,—an occupation whose standing in the social sphere is daily receiving a higher recognition,—to fit himself for the exercise of his chosen profession.

Other volumes, from time to time, emanate from the same source : the *Antigone* of Sophocles, in Greek and English, has here been published. The "Household Library of Catholic Poets," "Life of Joseph Haydn," "Crowned with Stars," and other works, have found their circle of readers. The dramas suitable for performance in schools and colleges are of merit practically recognized by their frequent representation in the institutions for which they have been designed; and their number is daily increasing.

Nor is science neglected. The flora and fauna of the fertile St. Joseph valley give increasing occupation to the naturalist, the fruits of whose labors are preserved in the herbarium and museum. The geology of the Great Lake Basin, and the multifarious mineral specimens to be found in the neighborhood, open other interesting fields of science, which have been duly tilled, and the philosophical apparatus appears to have gathered no rust or dust from neglect. The courses of Law and Civil Engineering are in active operation, and that of medicine might be equally flourishing, were it not that the invincible repugnance, which a dissecting room excites in the minds of those who have no vocation to the healing art, has hitherto militated against its establishment at Notre Dame. A preparatory course, in which human and comparative anatomy are taught by the aid of carefully prepared skeletons, has long been conducted under the care of an eminent and experienced practitioner. A commercial school here has always borne a good reputation among business men, so that its graduates find no difficulty in obtaining employment, which is probably the best test of worth.

The Catholic religion is professed by the teachers and officers of the establishment, but non-Catholics have always availed themselves, in large numbers, of the educational advantage here offered. The Blessed Mother, who gives her name to the University, smiles a welcome to all from her exalted position on the dome, and although no undue efforts are made to proselytize, yet the truths of the most ancient form of Christianity sink deep into many an ingenuous heart. The sense of honor is sedulously cultivated by the officers of the institution; as a ground of moral restraint and self-command on which all may meet on a common footing. The venerable founder of the house, himself a model of the punctilious courtesy which characterized the *ancien régime*, has always deemed it his duty to cultivate the manners, no less than the morals, of those to whom he stands *in loco parentis*; and although he has long ago resigned the presidency into younger hands, his gentle influence is still felt, refining and elevating wherever it extends; his presence inspires an affectionate reverence, and the memory of his teachings will long survive his earthly career. Hence the absence of rudeness has always been a marked feature at Notre Dame. The disgraceful practice of "hazing" is absolutely unknown. The newcomer finds himself surrounded at once by kindly faces and hearts, disposed to believe everything good of him, unless his own deeds force them reluctantly into the opposite conviction. The students are divided into departments, not according to the course of study each pursues, but according to the more natural distinction of age, each department

having its own campus and gymnasium, its own study halls, recreation rooms and dormitories. In the recitation-rooms, however, distinctions of age are levelled, and merit alone gives the pupil his standing. The practice of going to and from recitations and other College exercises in silence and ranks, has always prevailed, and contributes much to the reign of order. In the classical and scientific courses, the highest proficiency is required to obtain the academic degrees; the mere fact of a student having attended class regularly, does not entitle him to a diploma; the examination to be passed is something more than a mere formality, and the unpleasant process, known to college men as "plucking," takes place quite often enough to inspire a salutary awe. The removal of distracting influences, has also been found to have most beneficial results in promoting attention to solid work.

But now let us descend from the roof of the College, and view the interior of the church, as already suggested. Exteriorly, at least in its present state, the building is not specially attractive; within, however, it is a gem. We enter the front porch beneath the massive tower, containing a fine chime of twenty-three bells, the largest of which weighing seven tons and measuring seven feet, holds a distinguished place among the bells of the United States. Stained glass admits all the light that enters the sacred edifice, gorgeous dyes of crimson, scarlet, blue and amber, revealing the figures of those apostles, martyrs, and virgins, whom Christianity reverences as its heroes. One large window displays the Descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles in the form of fiery tongues. The figures are mediæval, such as we expect in stained glass, but without that restraint of artistic freedom which the mediæval style in feeble hands imposes. Scarcely dimmed by the glare of the bright colors in the windows, are the frescos and other paintings which cover the walls of the interior — representing four years' work, of the same talented artist, who is now painting the interior of the College; for the Church happily escaped the great conflagration of 1879. These paintings represent the pathetic and inspiring scenes attending the birth and passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ. Here we see the "Blessed among Women" receiving the angelic message; — there she greets her cousin Elizabeth; — anon the cave of Bethlehem with the adoring shepherds is opened to our view — farther on, the Three Wise Men of the East present their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh; — and again the Holy Family fly into Egypt from the wrath of Herod, the series coming to a conclusion with that memorable scene in the Temple, when the Child was found among the Doctors of the Law, hearing them and asking them questions.

The scenes of the Passion are detailed even more minutely. First, we see Pilate washing his hands, having impiously pronounced the condemnation; then the cross is laid upon the shoulders of the Victim, and the occasion, upon which He is said to have fallen beneath its weight furnish three other subjects. His meeting with His Blessed Mother is the most affecting of the series. She comes attended by Mary Magdalen and the Beloved Disciple John, and even the brutal soldiers make way for her approach, as with blanched face and bloodless lips she imprints the last kiss on the Divine Features. In another

painting Simon of Cyrene is compelled to share the burden, and in yet another the women of Jerusalem offer their unavailing tears. The driving of the nails is depicted in colors that appall, although we cannot but feel how much more terrible was the real scene. The death on the cross, the descent therefrom, and the entombment, close the series, and in these subjects Gregori has had to emulate the greatest masters of the art. By the contemplation of paintings such as these the gospel truths are brought home to the humblest intelligence, and impress the hardest heart, where written page or spoken homily would fail.

To discant upon the other ornaments of the church — the costly altar, bedecked and surrounded with offerings of the richest and rarest, the painted ceiling whence angels smile amid the stars of a serene sky, the mouldings and pillars, the tones of the mighty organ, would exceed the limits assigned to this sketch. Suffice it to say that Notre Dame is one of the few places in the United States where the majestic ceremonial of the Catholic Church, interesting from its historic associations even to those whose devotion is not thereby attracted, can be completely performed in all its splendor. Those who have witnessed the procession of Corpus Christi, as it winds around the lake, with all the rich colors doubled by reflection in the placid waters, with the song of birds mingling with the melody of hymns, will bear us out in this assertion.

Building is still in progress, and the number of students attending seems to keep pace with the increase of accommodations. An edifice, now nearly finished to the south of the music hall, will be devoted especially to the use of the scientific department. The laboratory, now in a temporary building, will here be the principal feature. Museums of mineralogy and natural history will occupy other galleries, and a large hall will be devoted to lectures, — not only the special lectures of the scientific course, but popular lectures on science, such as the commercial students may attend with advantage.

The description of the various buildings to be found here, devoted to special objects, would fatigue the reader, though of interest to the observer. A visit to the institution, will develop matters for thought, upon which we have not even touched, and the visitor may be sure of a warm welcome from the good Fathers who direct the establishment, and whose hospitality has become proverbial. During the summer vacation, especially, many resort hither to enjoy the pure air, limped spring water, and the rural scenery. It is accessible by three railways, the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, the Chicago and Grand Trunk, and the Michigan Central. The best time to see the place in all its beauty, is in the spring or early summer. At the Commencement Exercises in June there is always a large crowd of visitors; but we would advise each of our readers, as have an eye for the picturesque, to choose a time when there is less to distract the mind from the contemplation of nature, say at that brief but blissful season characterized by the flowering of the lilac; when the cooing of the wild dove is heard at the dawn of day, and the plaintive note of the whip-poor-will at its decline, ere yet the song birds have lapsed into their summer silence. Then is the time to see Notre Dame in perfection.

Southern Sketches.

FROM WASHINGTON TO CHARLESTON.

V.

THE morning of my departure from the National Capital was rather misty. The sky appeared sombre with heavy bleak clouds, and the splendid buildings, squares, and streets of the city, which shone under yesterday's brilliant sun, were now receiving a soft and warm shower-bath. As a position inside a cosy railroad car would be much more comfortable than a ramble through sloppy streets, I hastened to the depot to get an advantageous seat. The ticket-agent was quite busy, the waiting-room was crowded, the conductors, porters and brakemen, moved around lively, the engine puffed and steamed, passengers secured positions in the train about to leave for Richmond, and when the time of starting arrived, all hands were ordered "aboard," and away we sped on our long journey. We passed slowly and carefully over Long Bridge which spans the Potomac, and I gazed from my window for the last time on the leading features of the city, while I bade adieu to the Capitol with its noble and stately dome. The mist began to dissolve as we moved, and a soft, yellow, dreamy light issued from the bosom of some grey clouds disclosing bits of blue sky, thus encouraging us to expect a delightful day. The shores of "old Virginy" were right at hand, and away in the distance appeared Arlington House, once the charming home of the rebel General Lee, husband of the great grand-daughter of Martha Washington. It looked very picturesque and imposing, with its grand portico, and Doric pillars as it crowned Arlington Heights. To quit these charming scenes, and plunge into common-place landscapes, seemed like leaving a beautiful panorama. Yet the thirst for variety, which usually possesses all lovers of nature, makes the interested traveller long to view new and strange prospects. The hope of arriving at places where the scenery, people, soil and climate differ from what we have always been accustomed to, reconciles us to the sorrow felt at leaving dear friends and fond familiar neighbors, and when views outside the window cease for a time to interest us, a study of our fellow travellers may afford us some source of information and enjoyment. While the sun was busy dispelling the mists, I was employed in inspecting my fellow-passengers. I noticed a goodly sprinkling of women and men, mostly well dressed, and varying in age and appearance. A large, clean-faced, double-chinned old gentleman sat in front of me by the side of a delicate lady, who wore glasses, and now and then caressed

and petted a tiny sky-blue lap dog. The old gentleman had a smiling, benevolent countenance and seemed to take a savage delight in teasing the little dog whom he several times pulled by the jaws, thus exposing his white teeth, and performing sundry other little tricks upon him till his dear wife, as he called the young lady, interrupted him with a playful threat, slap on the shoulder, and a wholesale capture of the canine pet whom she lifted, smoothed carefully, shook and fondled till his gold-plated collar and chain rattled again and again, under his gratified face and silken delicate tresses. A handsome young man, of middle height, and good figure, sat in the seat behind me; his face looked very pale in contrast with his coal-black, bushy hair, and he enjoyed no rest, as he was constantly worried by a hacking cough which indicated consumption. A laughing, jesting companion tried to cheer him with his witty sayings. Farther behind, I noticed a young lady and gentleman, who chatted excitedly, though cautiously, and caused one to suspect a case of elopement, especially as the female never ceased exhibiting her embarrassment and darting furtive glances at every stranger that entered the car. In her eyes every individual seemed a detective in disguise. My attention was drawn from this party by the quacking of a couple of ducks that lay in a basket at the upper end of the carriage. An old negress, whose head was enveloped in a red handkerchief, kept muttering to herself, while her feet rested on the basket that contained the ducks; coughs, roars of laughter, and quacks, arose alternately and simultaneously. A gouty old gentleman, who was evidently in search of rest, appeared very uncomfortable and dissatisfied in the midst of the noise, and chaffed and grinned under the inquisitive and provoking glances of a pale-faced, red-nosed youth, who sat a little distance from him. Some travellers from New York, who journeyed all night, slept and snored aloud, wholly unconscious of the annoyance that their discordant performances caused the gouty old gentleman. Many were wide awake, and discussed politics, religion and other subjects, with their mouths full of sandwiches and pie. Some gazed out of the window, absorbed in the scenery, while one little lady seemed a host in herself, as her voice was incessantly heard ventilating her knowledge of hundreds of things in every direction. The ice water vessel was well patronized; the newsboy came along with his books, periodicals, papers, fruit and candies, alternately pitching them on the seats and laps of satisfied and disgusted passengers; a baby screamed in the arms of its fat, fond mother. Tones of disappointment and delight arose from a party, who were engaged in a game of euchre, as partners won or lost; the engine whistled loudly; the rain ceased to fall; a flood of joyous sunlight burst into the carriage, cheering the sickly and the strong; the

clouds rolled away from the beautiful blue of the sky; the train slackened its pace, and we soon reached the city of Alexandria. This is an interesting town, nearly one hundred and fifty years old. It contains several fine houses and a population of about 15,000 inhabitants.

On arriving at the depot I saw crowds of negroes. Some were bustling around with trucks, drays and hacks, while others were sitting on steps and boxes, gazing at the cars and passengers with open-mouthed curiosity. They whispered, laughed, joked with each other, and were full of good humor, looking a shiftless, easy-going class, usually satisfied with sufficient for the present, regardless of providing for the future. Fastidiousness in dress was not among their characteristics, as their clothes were full of various colored patches, and entirely foreign to the nice cut of a critical tailor. Here some passengers quitted the cars and others took their places. Then we steamed away by streets and gardens, passed by little negroes that were sitting on fences under the shade of elegant trees, rushed through the outskirts, and away amid corn-fields, streams and bridges while rock, hill and dale, seemed to burst into new life after being bathed by the rain and sunlight.

Here I was now in "Old Virginy," the home of the melodious darky, who many a time in days gone by, made the plantations resonant, and the hearts of his family gleeful, with his beautiful songs. In vain did I look for a characteristic log cabin, not far from the mansion of some former planter. Bowery lanes full of grass, winding romantically amid woods, gave a charm to the landscape; but the poetry of the picture, would be considerably enhanced if I could only observe a group of darkies dancing to the measure of some lively tune. Hoping to see them further South, engaged in tumbling, walking on their heads, shouting like Indians, and singing like sweet nightingales, I took an interest in looking at farm laborers driving oxen, cutting down bushes, drawing wood and draining low fields. Fredericksburg was the next town of importance that we reached. Its vicinity was made famous by the number of bloody battles fought there during the war. The heights outside the town became altars on which the lives of young and old heroes, were sacrificed for the honor and preservation of the Union. The bullets that tore through the flesh of beloved ones, were fiery darts that opened and broke the hearts of fond wives and mothers, who had given their own blood to raise valiant men for the service of their country. Here the brave and brilliant Meagher led his gallant Irish followers to death and victory, while sabre, ball, and music, flashed, bounded and played in the breeze. Here they practically showed that submission to papal authority was no obstacle to national patriotism and civil allegiance. While ready to die for their faith they

did not hesitate to surrender their lives for their adopted country. You — falsifiers of history, anti-Catholic calumniators, and consummate bigots — remember this and know also that your sneers and insinuations, regarding the loyalty of Catholic citizens, have been and ever will be refuted by the readiness and eagerness with which the children of Rome have entered and will rush into battle where the honor and good of the nation demand their skill, valor, money, blood and lives. How different this neighborhood looked now, in the days of peace, when compared with its appearance, when the war was raging. The hills on which columns crushed and killed each other, and from which streams of blood ran down, were now silent and tranquil; the trees and green grass waved instead of the flags of war, and the songs of birds succeeded the wild music of battle. The town once made horrible with confused and terror-stricken citizens, burning houses, blood-thirsty soldiers, whistling bullets and bursting shells was now alive with cheerful people, working, resting, appreciating the blessings of peace, and trying to become more and more prosperous. The horrors of war left their traces here, as we could see from the poor and ruined condition of the houses, through which the train passed. Though gradual improvements were being made, the place had nothing in common with the neatness, solidity and comfort of our northern towns. Of course, the great loss of money, men and property, which was caused by the war, has kept this place from advancing rapidly, still the people hope, with time, energy and good Democratic Government to re-establish themselves before long on a solid basis. On our arrival at Fredericksburgh, the gouty old gentleman quitted the car, after spilling the contents of his snuff-box, while in a state of nervous excitement. When all was ready, we resumed our ride through these historical regions, meeting on our way groves of maple, oak, fir and cedar trees, in which the crows cawed, and the cattle sheltered themselves from the hot sun. The towns of Penola, Gordonsville, Ashland and Boulton, were gradually left behind, and the city of Richmond was the next to greet our longing eyes. I was struck at once with the romantic situation of this delightful old town, which was such an important centre during the civil war. Its approach amid hills and trees appeared quite picturesque, and its several large houses of stone, with small windows, seemed to me new and strange. The streets ran up hills, and sunk into hollows, the train moved passed high, respectable buildings, which stood side by side, with mean, low shanties, black with dirt and age. Smoke arose from several factories, and the shallow, broad waters of the St. James' River, ran through the town, brawling and hissing over huge rocks and shining stones. After passing slowly over a dark lane, lined

for the most part, with gloomy frame buildings, we arrived at the railroad depot, which told its own tale of poverty and dinginess, as such another woe begone, thread-bare, dilapidated, old caravansary I never saw before.

As soon as the Northern train arrived, a crowd of whites and negroes, gathered around to see the arrivals. The darkies in their ragged dresses showed their pearly teeth as they grinned and smiled. A few of the colored ladies were arrayed in well-fitting gaudy garments, and some of the men were respectably attired; but the majority stood badly in need of fresh suits, and it struck me as a curious peculiarity that some young negroes were dressed like old men, with long pants, big riddled coats, and high, well-ventilated hats, while senior members of the race, had their nether garments, come down only a short way below the knees, their feet encased in enormous shoes, full of air holes, their jackets too scanty to encircle their waists, and their caps and hats too small to conceal the full proclivity of their cheek-bones. The negro element seemed quite a power in this neighborhood. A stately, pompous colored policeman, wielded a club around a corner of the station, ebony cabmen and omnibus drivers, raised their whips, exposed the plates with the names of the hotels they represented on their big peaked hats, and shouted themselves hoarse whilst soliciting travellers to patronize their respective vehicles. Each one bowed, smiled and spoke very courteously, as a stranger approached him. I, with some others, took the stage in connection with Ford's hotel, and after the noise and uproar had partly abated, the crack of the whip was heard, and our conveyance rattled over the coarse pavement of the steep street, that led to our destination. Darky shoeblacks and news-venders shouted on the sidewalks as we passed, and on leaving some narrow thoroughfares, we soon entered a broad and level street adjacent to a beautiful park in front of which arose Ford's massive and fine hotel. Having engaged a room, and washed the dust off my feet and clothes, I partook of dinner, and then went out to view the city.

The afternoon was delightful, and while the first week of October, might witness some cool, snappy days in New York, the weather here at this time was charming. Several handsome horses and carriages in charge of elegantly liveried negro coachmen, stood in front of the hotel, ready to convey persons to see the chief attractions of the city and suburbs. Preferring to walk, I took a ramble through the Capital Park, which looked very beautiful as I entered it from the side facing the hotel. Numerous tall, stately trees, formed delightful shades, where rustic seats were fixed to recreate the ramblers on lovely sunny days. The fine white walks, formed a delightful contrast to the green

grassy plots that refreshed the park. Flower beds of rich and various plants, statuary of historic and artistic importance, fountains in foamy, playful motion, tame squirrels hopping over the gravel, and cracking nuts in the emerald turf, negro nurses rolling fat white children, the quaint old Capitol building, the rambling streets, and houses beneath the hill, all presented quite a picturesque scene. The large and handsome mansion of the governor, who stood on the corner nearest to Ford's hotel, had a beautiful flower garden, attached to it, and looked a picture of comfort and repose beneath the foliage of fine waving trees. A few steps from his residence would bring his excellency within the walls of the Capitol. On my walk through the park, I saw Washington Monument, a beautiful work of art, whose presence proved that in this city, as well as in others of the Union, citizens remembered with gratitude, him, who was "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Monuments of Stonewall Jackson, the idol of the Southern people, of Henry Clay, the famous statesman, also decorated these charming grounds. I ascended the steps of the Capitol, a plain stone building, which appeared to me dwarfish and insignificant, when compared with the costly and splendid one at Washington; yet wise and brilliant men, no doubt, often reflected and spoke within its stately halls, and Southern hearts, especially in the exciting days of the past, regarded it with feelings of sacredness and affection.

After ascending the first flights of stairs, inside the building, I reached the chief floor, which contained the library and rooms of the chief State officials. I entered the former, and was received by one of several courteous gentlemen, who, in real Southern style, smilingly welcomed me, offering to give me all the information that I might desire relative to the contents of the apartment. After registering my name and address, I inspected the walls which were fully decorated with books and pictures. Portraits of various presidents and distinguished Southern generals and statesmen, as Lee, Jackson, Calhoun, and others, were appropriately disposed throughout the room, and several rare old volumes, relating to law, history, travels and general literature crowded the shelves of the library. This cosy and antiquated apartment appeared very tempting to a lover of books. A person could sit in one of these old-fashioned chairs by the window, luxuriate in the sight of interesting relics, and well-thumbed volumes, and occasionally glance out on the shining trees and houses of the city, while the wind wandered amid intellectual gardens, embellished with the flowers of pure and beautiful thoughts. Here one could mysteriously converse with the shades of those departed poets, historians, orators, novelists, soldiers and legis-

lators, who had acquired a golden fame, and borrow the inspiration of genius from an intercourse with them. Here one could learn to appreciate more thoroughly the majesty and wisdom offered by consulting the pages of books, which at least indirectly reflected in their treatment of laws, politics, religion, the qualities of man, the treasures of nature, the attractions of science, the beauty of poetry, and the glories of art, that power of Providence which produced and preserves all that we hold dear and delightful. Having fully inspected the interesting relics and collections of the library, I proceeded to the top of the Capitol, attended by a long legged, courteous negro, whose duty it was to point out to the stranger the chief points of attraction, in and around the city. A narrow, rickety wooden staircase led to the modest roof, from which a beautiful view was observed immediately beneath. The walks, grass plots, and monuments of the Capitol park, appeared distinctly marked in the clear daylight; the Cathedral raised its pretty dome and tower a few blocks beyond; the rolling character of the city gave it an air of pleasing variety, and trees, waters, hills, and houses, blended together in romantic association. Ford's Hotel and the governor's mansion peeped through tall, stately, wide-spreading trees. The former mansion of Jefferson Davis lent a historical and romantic interest to a neighboring quiet street; the residence once occupied by General Lee, appeared in another vicinity, and the negro director took an especial delight in entertaining the observer with a passing view of the old stone house where Washington at one time established his headquarters. Down near the St. James River, almost enveloped in volumes of smoke, stood the large Tredegar Iron Works, which were used in the manufacture of artillery stores, during the rebellion. Various flour mills and tobacco factories contributed considerable animation to the scene; the spires of many churches, imparted additional picturesqueness to the hills and hollows of the town, the famous Libby prison, the battle-fields, around the city, the sight of the Confederate soldiers' monument, with its beautiful white, contrasting charmingly with the adjoining green, recalled the sad and bloody events of the Civil War; while a view of lovely islands, hills in the distance crowned with waving trees, waters tumbling over craggy rocks, and a glance at Powhattan, where Captain Smith was rescued by the Indian, brave Pocahontas, conveyed a tender and romantic interest to a place once almost riddled and obliterated by showers of bullets and shells. From here we could see Chancellorsville, Petersburg, Malvern, of sanguinary fame, the numerous spanning bridges, the picturesque St. James River, and among other cemeteries, the still and beautiful one of Holyoke, where lie the remains of the great Munroe. Boats, schooners, and steamers were seen plying in the

river, and the docks were alive with wagons and men engaged in conveying extensive cargoes to and from the vessels.

Richmond has improved rapidly since the war, and its future prospects are quite encouraging, however the political factions, funders, and readjusters, may differ in their views.

The Catholic interests of the diocese are progressing favorably, under the zealous and judicious administration of Bishop Keane, whose frequent and eloquent discourses attract large numbers of Protestants and infidels, and whose earnest labors in the conversion and salvation of the negroes are attended with much fruit. Many of the streets of the city are narrow, hilly, and ill paved, while some are broad, level, and quite attractive. Main Street, the principal one, has many excellent stores, offices, and other buildings, mostly built of brick, while several of the thoroughfares radiating from it, are narrow and squalid, chiefly peopled by negroes, who live in black, tumble-down shanties and ply all kinds of trades. Darky children romp around in a half-naked condition. Colored bakers, shoemakers, blacksmiths, tailors, and carpenters, may be seen laughing, whistling, and chatting cheerfully with their neighbors, while engaged at their work, and no stranger can pass their quarters, without being submitted to a close and rigid scrutiny. At the approach of dusk the streets of the town resounded with the music of a couple of bands that were preparing for a Democratic procession and meeting. After supper, I heard some very fine specimens of oratory, delivered by city and rural leaders of the party of readjusters, who handled their opponents, the funders, in a most unmerciful manner, while they fervently maintained their faith and devotion towards the National Democratic organization. Blacks and whites assembled in great crowds in front of Ford's Hotel, and cheered and hissed alternately, as the different remarks of the speakers impressed them. At the close of the declamatory performances, the bands played cheerfully, the crowds separated, and the city was buried in silence. Next day was a beautiful October one. It looked upon the town in delicious sunlight and breezes. The roosters in the numerous back yards of the neighboring houses filled the air with their harsh but jubilant notes, the voices of waiters, porters, and hackmen arose in and near the hotel, and all got ready for breakfast as the train was soon to leave for the South. Again we rolled over rough pavements, passed by crowds of negroes, each busy looking out for particular jobs, and a few minutes' time found us in the cars that were to carry us from this historic town, with its kind citizens and picturesque surroundings. Then we darted along by rice and cotton fields, where hundreds of negroes were working and laughing. The proverbial old log cabins, appeared

now and then on each side of the track. Thousands of pines and stunted oaks arose before us. Dusk stole on. Weldon was reached, where a capital supper was furnished, the cars rumbled and tumbled through dark fields and woods, poorly lighted villages occasionally appearing. Wilmington was reached at the dead hour of night; changes of cars were made; sleep enveloped us weary travellers, and the gay blossoming gardens, that lay in the outskirts, heralded our entrance into the beautiful city of Charleston on the following morning.

To be continued.

Female Labor in England.

To what extent female labor enters into our economic and social system is a question of importance. In 1871 there were 7,642,000 females allotted to various classified occupations; in 1881, with a much larger population, the corresponding number is stated at only 3,304,000. This arises from a serious deviation in the ascription of callings in the last census. In 1871 there were in England and Wales 3,883,000 wives and others engaged in household duties; 388,000 wives assisting husbands in divers occupations; and 92,000 wives, daughters, and neices of farmers assigned to the agricultural class — all these amounting to 4,364,000. Probably many others have now been, without warning, placed in the indefinite and unproductive class. As already intimated, it requires great caution when a comparison of the occupations of 1881 is made with those of 1871. At the same time some interesting figures may be drawn from the last census as to the number of females who at present find industrial pursuits on this side the Tweed. We propose to note only the more conspicuous cases, unless there be something peculiar in the minor instances. The Civil Service employs 3,216 as officers and clerks; the municipal and other local authorities give employment to 3,017 more females. Under the head of nuns and sisters of charity we have a total of 3,795; and as missionaries, scripture readers, and itinerant preachers 1,660 are engaged. "Law clerk" is not usually associated with women, yet 100 fall within this section. Midwives number 2,646. Under "subordinate medical service" 35,175, probably nurses and assistants not domestic, are included. As teachers females very largely exceed males, the school-mistresses being 94,241, and the female teachers, professors, lecturers, 28,605, or more than 122,000 in all. Among artists females as musicians and music mistresses (11,376) compete with the men. Domestic indoor service provides the largest field for females; 1,230,406 were entered, and 26,487 as inn or hotel servants. Charwomen numbered 92,474; washing and bathing service commanded 176,670 female hands, and hospital and institution service 11,526. The next

tem will be unexpected to many; 5,989 females are described as commercial clerks. This is singular—under the head “Pointsmen, level crossing men,” 177 females are scheduled; also, as “warehousemen (not Manchester),” 4,179 women. The telegraph and telephone service employ 2,228 females. Females are found as farmers or graziers to the number of 20,614, while agricultural laborers of the same sex number 40,346. Bookbinding is a business where more females find work than men; the former amount to 10,592. In needle-making 2,074 females worked, and in steel-pen making women seem to absorb the manufacture, 2,503 being engaged. “Toy makers, dealers,” counted 1,233. Women seem to bear but a small part in the building trades; the men engaged in its different divisions were more than 665,000, while the women numbered 1,388. The heavier branches are unfitted for women, but the indoor decoration of houses would be well suited to their capacity. Possibly trade regulations debar them. The artificial flower business occupies 4,461 females. The tougher work of the harness and whip maker supplies a demand for 2,035 women. It is noteworthy that two women for one man are employed in the manufacture of fuses, fire-works, &c.; 1,887 females were so occupied. Females are largely employed in the tobacco trade as manufacturers or retailers; the number was 8,578. The female element in lodging and boarding-house keeping is overwhelming, the number being 32,890. Hotel and public-house keeping employs 12,709 females; female beer and cider dealers numbered 3,728. Women found occupation to the extent indicated in the following trades:—Bakers, 7,633; pastry cooks, 13,051; green-grocers, 6,855; and ordinary grocers, 26,422. In the woollen cloth manufacture the females slightly exceeded the males, their numbers being 58,501; in worsted stuff they nearly doubled the number of males, being 63,801. In silk goods manufacture the females stood nearly as three to one—their number was 39,694. In cotton goods manufacture they largely exceeded the male hands, being no less than 302,367. Flax and linen manufacture engaged 7,853 females. “Lace manufacture, dealer” accounts for 32,785; “fustian manufacture, &c.,” 5,176. Other textile manufacturers employed females, but none separately to the extent just noted. Under “working and dealing in dress” we have 616,425 women—nearly twice the number of males; under “furrier and skinner” there were 3,645 females, while brush and broom making absorbed 4,185. As japanners the females preponderate—1,539; working in willow, cane, and rush employed 2,525; wood turning and box-making, 2,595; paper-making, 8,277; paper-box and bag making, 8,718. As coal miners 3,039 women are entered, and as leadminers 1,903. The brick and tile fields employed 2,738 females. Those engaged in earthen-ware and glass industries amounted to 21,490. In trades and manufactures of metals two or three are marked by the opening they present to females. Nail manufacture employed 9,138; tin and tinplate goods, 4,531; metal burnishing, 2,269; bolt, nut, rivet, and screw making, 2,344. The general shopkeepers included 25,772 women; costermongers, &c., 17,660; pawnbrokers, 1,278; rag gatherers and dealers, 1,403. In conclusion, 17,769 women are entered upon the group of mechanics or laborers “undefined.”

Sermon of the Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan,

AT THE OPENING OF THE THIRD PLENARY COUNCIL IN BALTIMORE,
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1884.

TEXT. "And Jesus, coming, spoke to them, saying:

"All power is given to me in heaven and on earth.

"Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations; baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;

"Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."—St. MATT. XX., 18, 19, 29.

It is not without emotion and embarrassment, he said, that I presume to address you on the occasion of the opening of this great Council. It is difficult to rise to an adequate conception of the importance and majesty of this scene. In your Most Reverend Apostolic Delegate I behold represented the mighty headship of Peter, whom Christ placed Supreme Pastor over His flock and made the rock on which He built His Church, and because of which the falling rains and rising floods and pelting storms have beaten in vain—and "that house fell not, because It was founded on a rock." And in you, venerable Fathers of the Council, I behold the successors of the other Apostles—unshorn of a single prerogative essential to the apostolate, and that apostolate, according to Christ's express words, was to continue till the consummation of the world. I behold you as pillars supporting and adorning the great temple of God, your mitres indicating, like Corinthian capitals, the particular order of sacred architecture to which you belong. I behold you assembled with a power direct from God, not deputed, but ordinary, for the Holy Ghost Himself has placed you "Bishops to rule the Church of God." I salute you as a portion of the great Senate of the Kingdom of God on earth, assembled to deliberate and to legislate for its propagation and perpetuation in this New World; and you, beloved brethren of the clergy, secular and regular, assembled in such vast numbers—you, who possess the awful powers of the priesthood of Jesus Christ—you who know best of all the wants of the great body of the people, because of your most intimate relations with them, you come to aid us by your experience, your learning and your counsel. And you, dear brethren of the laity, the flock committed to our care by the Eternal Pastor, "our joy and our crown," you come to witness and to be edified by this scene, and to help us effectually by asking God for illumination of our intellects and the sanctification of our hearts by His holy grace, that here we may decree what is right, that which "seems good to the Holy Ghost," and that afterwards we may have the zeal and fortitude to act out what we shall have decreed. Impressive as is this scene to-day, there are circumstances which intensify that impressiveness for some of us here present, who beheld a similar spectacle in this Cathedral eighteen years ago. The contrast in the number of prelates then present, is a fair index to the progress of the Church. Forty-six Bishops then represented the Church of these States; now it numbers over seventy, with a proportionate advance in the religious Orders and the clergy.

Of the forty-six Bishops of the last Council, upwards of thirty have passed away since to the great Bishop of our souls. May we not believe that these deceased Bishops look down from the celestial sanctuary and the hierarchy of Heaven to the scene in this sanctuary to-day? Has not their nearness to God increased their love and zeal for his honor? Does not the possession of their happiness inspire them with a desire that the people they once ruled and loved should be enabled by wise legislation to follow their old pastors to the home of the Good Shepherd, and see and feel how good is our God? Certain it is that the Scriptures tell us that Onias, who had been high priest, prayed for the people of God, and Jeremias, who had been prophet, retained his interest in his people, and prayed much for them; and this is represented as occurring over four hundred years after his death; and, handing Judas Machabeus a sword of gold, Jeremias said to this valiant chief, "Take this sword, a gift from God, wherewith thou shalt overthrow the adversaries of my people Israel." So, beloved brethren, the Prelates that have passed away are still united with us in the communion of saints, pray for us, and by their prayers furnish us with the arms which we must use in the great conflict for the right. That conflict is becoming daily more important, not only in reference to the world to come, but also as regards our present life. The foundations of the social edifice seem almost shaken, and men are looking for a stronger and more permanent basis for morality. They feel that the tendency is towards greater license still. I believe that the eyes of many thoughtful men of different denominations, and of no denomination at all, are directed towards this Council, and they are disposed to say to us, "Can you, Catholic Bishops and priests, do anything to help to stem the torrent already so threatening? We cannot trust men as we formerly did. Honor, honesty, and purity seem on the wane amongst us, and our confidence is daily diminishing." Ah, brethren, men have rashly imagined that honor and principle, to the exclusion of religious influences, would be all-sufficient to restrain human passion. They must come back to the sacred shrine of religion to find security. She, like a wounded but tender mother, will receive and succor them. As appropriate to this occasion, I propose this morning to speak to you on the subject of the Church in her Councils with special reference to her moral and social mission. A fundamental error of our day, and the source of many other errors, is a wrong popular conception of the nature and office of the Church in the Christian system. How often do not men say, "We are desirous to accept Christ and His teachings. We accept the sublime morality of the sermon on the Mount, and we recognize truth and sanctity in all that is related of Christ's words and deeds, and believe Him the best friend of humanity. But we object to your churches and theologies as an aftergrowth of human origin."

It is important at the very beginning that we should consider this position. No man can accept Christ without that which is inseparably connected with Him, and such is an institution which He calls His Church and which He identifies with Himself, and constituted the living witness in all ages and places of the facts of His life and the

teacher of His doctrines and sanctifying morality. What mean these words coming from the same lips and heart as the lauded sermon on the Mount? "On this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. He that will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican. He who hears you hears Me, and he who despises you despises Me. All power is given to Me in Heaven and on earth; go ye, therefore, and teach all nations; and behold I am with you all days until the consummation of ages." This identity with Christ is confirmed by this expostulation to the persecutor Saul: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Now, Saul did not persecute Christ in His sacred person, but he did it in His mystic body, the Church, and hence Christ said: "I am Christ whom thou persecutest." We find here more than justified St. Paul's comparison of the union of Christ with His Church to the union of husband and wife. And not only did He identify the Church with Himself, but He identified it also with the other two persons of the Holy Trinity. "He who despises you despises Me, and he who despises Me despises Him that sent Me; therefore, for the syllogism is perfect, he who despises you despises Him that sent Me—God, the Father. And again He said He would send God, the Holy Spirit, to abide with them forever, to be to them a spirit of truth and consolation—another paraclete—to be the very life of the future Church, as man's soul is the life of his body. This identification of the Church with God, the Holy Ghost, is expressly mentioned by the Apostles after their last Council in Jerusalem, when they said, "It seemeth good to the Holy Ghost and to us."

The Church so identified with God has a two-fold mission—a mission of purification and of sanctification. In the first she bears witness to the facts of our Lord's life and the doctrines he taught, and in the second she sanctifies in His name the individual and society, and these ends she attains in great part through her Councils. "You shall bear witness to Me in Jerusalem, and in all Israel and Samaria, and to the uttermost ends of the earth." Her testimony to Him is written in the blood of her martyrs. For a martyr is not a man who merely dies for an opinion or a conviction; a martyr means a witness, one who dies, testifying what he has seen or heard. Now Christianity is a religion of facts, and the eye-witnesses and ear-witnesses of the events of our Lord's life, died declaring these things to be facts, and have continued to do so, as the Church continued to live. As the sun in the firmament to-day, could he speak, could testify to what he saw, could say, "I was there when He made the blind to see, and the lame to walk, and the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak, and raised the dead to life; my rays beamed on his thorn-crowned head when Pilate exclaimed to the multitude, "Ecce Homo!" I saw the men tear the garments from his body and nail Him to the gibbet, and as they were about to expose Him to the multitude, I, like Noah's son, averted my face of light, and cast the mantle of darkness over my exposed and expiring Lord. "From the sixth hour, there was darkness over the whole earth, until the ninth hour;" my evening beams fell on His silent sepulchre, and on the morning of the third day, when He arose, I poured a flood of golden light into his vacant grave. I saw Him ascend from Mount Olivet

until he passed above the domain of my light into "the glory which he had before the world was made." I have seen the persecutions which his followers endured in every age for 1,900 years. So, beloved brethren, is the Church a witness, in every age, to the great facts on which Christianity is founded.

The Church of the first century was the Church of the second, and so until the present century. Her Bishops meet in Council, bringing together the traditions of the different Churches, and preserving unbroken the chain of testimony. Unbroken, because, to use an admirable illustration which I heard in the closing sermon of the Council held here eighteen years ago: as the breaking of the Atlantic cable at any point would prevent the transmission of a message from Europe, so, if the chain of testimony be not unbroken we cannot know with certainty the great fundamental facts of Christianity. She, too, can say, "In the persons of the Apostles, I was there when He performed His miracles. In Peter and John I looked into His vacant sepulchre and testified to the great central fact of his resurrection, and for nearly nineteen hundred years have I chanted my 'Alleluias' over 'the place where they laid Him.' I have testified to Him in the person of my first martyr, Stephen, and my cloud of witnesses has grown thicker and more crimson as it passed along the firmament of time. I stood in the Coliseum by Ignatius when the lions bounded upon him and pulverized that noble 'wheat of Christ.' I was in Rome with Peter and at Corinth and Athens with Paul. I was down in the Catacombs, where even the sun's rays could not shine, and testified to my buried and risen Lord. I stood by the throne of the Cæsars when my son Constantine mounted its steps. I went out in the persons of the missionaries. I was a witness to Him in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and to the uttermost ends of the earth."

Such is the Church as Christ prophesied it should be. Where is it to-day, for it lives with the communicated vitality of God the Holy Ghost, who abides with it? Where is it to-day? Look around and see it represented in part in this great Council. How glorious it is, how real, how living! Alive with the life of God, and strong with the strength of God, and beautiful with the beauty of God. To it to-day may He say in the words of Scripture, "Thou art made exceedingly beautiful, because of My own beauty, which I have put upon thee." Not in the mere external pomp of ritual, not in the sheen of these golden mitres, nor the splendor of precious vestments. These are but the variegated garments of the King's daughter; not even in the inner individual sanctity of any who wear them, but in the official position as representatives of God, "because of My own beauty which I have put upon thee." But the mission of the Church is not only to testify to facts, but also to sanctify the individual and society. She acts on the world through her Sovereign Head, the Pope, through her Bishops in their several dioceses and through her Councils. These Councils are chiefly of four kinds—the Œcumenical, or General Council, consisting of the Sovereign Pontiff, in person or representative, and the Bishops of the world; the Plenary Council, like the present one, composed of an Apostolic Delegate and the Bishops of a

particular country ; the Provincial Council, consisting of an Archbishop and the Bishops of a particular section known as his province ; and the Diocesan Council or Synod, composed of the Bishop and priests of a particular diocese. Now the Church in these Councils acts for the benefit of society in three different ways : First, indirectly, by preserving the purity and certainty of great truths, which give certain motive to morality ; secondly, by the reformation of morals amongst her own children ; and thirdly, by her solicitude for the poor and suffering members of society. The purity of faith she preserves especially by her Œcumenical Councils. The decisions of such Councils she regards as unerring. A tribunal like the Supreme Court of a State or of the United States takes cognizance only of overt acts, and may be final without being infallible. But when there is a question of legislating for the intellect itself, how can a decision which may be wrong settle a doubt ? Now, certainty of faith is all-important for purity of morals. If I have only a vague opinion of the future life, of hell and heaven, and of my personal responsibility for the sins of my life, this opinion will never stand the test of a great temptation. Hence there must be an unerring mode of solving doctrinal doubts. There is a closer connection between faith and morals than most people advert to. Formerly the cry was justification by faith alone, now it is justification by works alone ; but it is certain that if faith be not present to give motive for the sacrifice necessary to do good, the works will soon be diminished or disappear altogether.

Secondly, she discharges her mission in society by the reformation of abuses that arise amongst the clergy and the laity, and this she does in both General, Plenary, Provincial and Diocesan Councils. In considering the objection that in this reformation she does not always succeed, and vice and crime are found in Rome as well as in New York, we must remember that the influences of the Church, though necessary, are not necessitating. She no more than her spouse can paralyze that tremendous power—free-will. Satan in heaven, Adam in Paradise, and Judas Iscariot at the Last Supper, with all the sanctifying influences around them, most miserably sinned. No man can deny, from an examination of her ethical teaching and sacramental teaching, as well as from facts of history, that the Catholic Church has the power to sanctify, and has sanctified, individuals and society. By that power she evangelized, civilized and sanctified Europe in the past. By it she led captive to the feet of Jesus Christ the conquerors of the Roman Empire in the persons of the Northern invaders of Southern Europe. She has the power, and has used it, but she will not and cannot force men to hear and heed her. The individuals and nations, that have heard her and neglect her teachings, are much more difficult to convert than those who know her not. I believe that she never had a grander mission in all her history than she has to-day to the noble, generous and fair-minded American people. And in regard to certain parts of Europe only God knows how much worse there they would be without her influence. And whilst her faith remains, there is left the power to bring back these men to the true standard of Christian morality.

A third mode by which she discharges her mission to society is by

the amelioration of the condition of the poor and suffering of our race, and in this great work also she acts in her Councils and in imitation of her Founder. The trite saying that "one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives," was particularly true before the coming of Christ. Poverty was virtually a crime and a degradation. Even the divine Plato, the most naturally Christian, perhaps, of all the pagan philosophers, in his regulations for a model republic would have the poor expelled, if they became so numerous as to disturb the peace of the prosperous. Everywhere in the pagan world was poverty persecuted, when an angelic voice was heard above the pastures of Palastine addressing some poor shepherds in these words: "Fear not, for I bring to you glad tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people, for this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David, and this shall be a sign to you. You shall find the child wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger." The Saviour of the poor, He came in poverty and deified poverty by uniting His divinity with it. Soon the kings of the East came, and wealth, royal wealth, was found at the feet of poverty. The first words He spoke in His sermon on the mountain were, "Blessed are the poor." During life He often had not where to lay His head. He died in the embrace of poverty, and as in life He had not place to lay his head, neither had He after death, for they laid Him in a sepulchre that belonged to another. He made care for the needy the condition for obtaining eternal happiness, and neglect of the poor, He said, would be punished with eternal seclusion from the kingdom of God. He will give His benediction or malediction to the children of men according to this criterion — "I was hungry and you gave Me meat, thirsty and you gave Me to drink, naked and you clothed Me," and so forth, so that His identification with poverty, commencing in Bethlehem, shall continue for all time.

We behold this solicitude for the poor continued in the Apostolic days. St. Paul and St. Barnabas were particularly charged, as the former tells us, to take care of the poor, which thing, he says, we were careful to do. The church continued this great work through Pontiffs, Bishops and priests in her Councils. Thus we find the Council of Cesarea, in 313, commending these aids to the bishops, especially for their care of the poor. The Council of Aix, in 816, commanded that all ecclesiastical foundations of monks and canons should provide for a certain number of the poor, the sick, widows and strangers. A Council of Lyons, in 558, commanded that the clergy should keep lists of the poor in their districts, so that they might be aided. The Council of Ravenna, in 1113, ordered that four or six men should be annually elected, whose business it should be to collect for the poor, and granted forty days' indulgence to all contributors on the conditions always required for indulgences, that the person gaining them should be contrite for his sins. The council of Trent granted extensive powers to bishops to visit the sick poor in hospitals, and we well know the devotedness of bishops and priests to such work. Now, beloved brethren, this care for the poor is not only a divine and ecclesiastical law, but it is the highest wisdom of the political economist. "One-half the world does not know how the other half lives;" but that other half

will soon let them know and assure them that they do not intend to live so any longer. Christian kindness to the poor and workingmen and women, and the inculcation of patience in poverty, after the example of our Lord, are the best securities against the communism and anarchy that seem to threaten society. In the same manner did the church act in regard to prisoners and slaves. We know how cruelly both of these classes were treated before the appearance of the Divine Prisoner in the hall of Pontius Pilate. We know how captives were dragged at the chariot wheels of the Roman conquerors, and imprisoned in dungeons into which the white light of heaven was not permitted to enter, until a Christian Emperor decreed that the darkness should be dispelled and the captive see the sun. The Church, in the Councils of Chalcedon, in 541, and of Orleans, in 549, provided for the visitation of prisoners, according, says the council of Chalcedon, "to the tradition of the Fathers," showing that it had been always the custom. So in regard to slaves, the Council of Chalons-sur-Saone, in 550, Celchet, in England, in 816, London, in 1102, and Armagh, in Ireland, in 1172, provided for their gradual emancipation. The Council of Armagh liberated all the English in Ireland who were held as slaves.

How salutary the effect on society of such authoritative action on the part of the church! Therefore, brethren, to sum up what I have said, because society in our day needs regeneration, and morality needs a firmer basis than mere natural honor and integrity, which so easily yield to strong temptation, because Christ is the great regenerator, and the name of Jesus the only name under heaven by which society, like the individual, can be saved, because the institution called the church is inseparably connected with Christ, being in truth himself continued, because she has in her councils ever sustained morality by increasing faith in the dogmas that give it life and motive: because she has in these councils endeavored to correct moral abuses within her fold: because by her principles and institutions she has ameliorated the condition of the poor and unfortunate and taught them contentment with their lot: therefore have we ground for hope that she will be a great conservative power in this young and promising republic, and that the council that here represents her, comes most opportunely in the order of God's providence to sustain it. But we must remember, brethren, that it is the supernatural element that is most potent in producing and preserving the good that we seek for "unless the Lord guard the city they labor in vain who guard it." Therefore let us ask God's blessing on the deliberations of this great council. Let all bishops, priests and people "adore and fall down before the Lord who made us, for the Lord is our God; we are his people and the sheep of his pasture." Let the faithful people cry out, "Send forth Thy light and Thy truth, that they may lead us and those who govern us to Thy Holy mountain and unto Thy Tabernacles." Let bishops and priests between the porch and altar cry aloud. "Spare, O Lord, spare Thy people; preserve human society from the fierce delirium of its passions." Let bishops, priests and people ask God in profound supplication that the Sacrifice of the Mass just offered may be borne by the hands of

His holy angel, even the angel of His great council, to his sublime altar in the heavens and in sight of His Divine Majesty, that the partakers of it may be filled with every grace and celestial benediction, and that the holy spirit in whose honor it has been afforded "may come and fill the hearts of the faithful, inkindle in them the fire of His love, and thus renew the face of the earth.

A Christmas Welcome.

"Cead mille failthe," * gay Christmas !
Thou comest to glad the Old Year,
Who sighs that his reign is nigh ended,
And weeps that his death is so near;
But thou shalt his latest days comfort,
When his fast-fading strength waxed weak ;
And dark, sullen gloomy December
Has frozen the tear on his cheek.

"Cead mille failthe," gay Christmas !
Of thy coming all Nature seems glad,
And, thy festival duly to honor,
With a robe of pure whiteness is clad.
The Frost King, thy advent to welcome,
Thy path o'er the waters did pave
With bright sparkling diamonds, collected
From mines in the clear crystal wave.

"Cead mille failthe," gay Christmas !
The blush on thy cheek brightly glows ;
And thy smile is serene as the sunbeam,
Tho' the blast of rough winter now blows.
The icicle sceptre thou bearest,
Thy subjects may bind 'neath its sway ;
But the kingly profusion thou spreadest
Doth peace in thy empire display.

"Cead mille failthe," gay Christmas !
Thy bounties abundantly pour,
And cheer by thy smile the poor pilgrims
Who roam on this tide-beaten shore.
May the star that directed the Magi
Enlighten our earthly career.
And guide us to Heaven, our country,
For we are but wanderers here.

* A hundred thousand welcomes.

Wives With Money.

IN one of Tom Robertson's comedies, some one says that if the man who marries solely for money is a beast, the man who won't marry because a girl has money, is no more nor less than a fool. Say what we like, marrying for money is no more common than it was in the days of our forefathers. Perhaps, indeed, to the credit of our age, it is somewhat less common. If we have read the pages of the *Spectator* and of the *Rambler*, we cannot have failed to notice the myriad allusions to vulgar fortune-hunters. In the beginning of the present century, the Irish fortune-hunter never failed to be one of the stock characters of cheap romance. Honest Smollet, too, had plenty to say concerning those gentlemen who regarded their faces and figures as their fortunes, as fair weapons enough to subdue the city maiden, with her much-talked-of "plum," or the pretty daughter of Squire Maybriar. Yet sometimes, the rakish gentleman who secured his heiress did not always find her such a comfortable luxury as he expected. We know how that lively rascal Wycherley, dramatist, fine gentleman, and vagabond in general, made a fearful hash with his well-dowered Countess of Drogheda—how, instead of shedding guineas and caresses upon him, she turned out to be a stingy, jealous termagant, who led him such a dog's life, that possibly he was happier when he afterwards found himself behind the bars of the debtors' prison.

Indeed, the Countess in question is no bad type of many women who have brought their husbands more than the ordinary share of the good things of this good world. As a rule, however amiable a woman may be when she happens to have come to her husband only too well dowered, she is by no means too ready to forget it. It is not that she intentionally endeavors to humiliate him; but there are times when she cannot help alluding to her possessions, and at all times, that must be offensive to a man whose skin is thicker than that of the proverbial tortoise. Without ever wishing to be so, there is an assertiveness about some even good wives with money that cannot be over pleasant to their spouses. With a free and well-padded cheque book they can become the patronizing Lady Bountiful of a whole district. And when they have headed subscription-lists, have founded soup kitchens, have paid for school treats, we may be tolerably certain that when it is known that it has been done by all their own money, they are sure to meet with more outward show of subservience, bowing and scraping, than their own husbands. Meeting, too, everywhere with such homage, is it not likely that they may expect to find the same sort of thing at home, and so in time become the tyrants instead of the good genii of their households?

But these are not even bad types of the wives with money. There is another which is still more offensive, both to their husbands and all right-thinking people as well. Such wives come from those well-dowered girls who have married simply to become, what they choose to call, "free." They have picked out the most easy-going man that

they could find only to make a tool of him for their own purposes. As to his being utterly penniless, they make very little trouble about that. On the contrary, they wish him to be utterly dependent on them. They wish him to be in such an abject position of poverty that they can threaten to cut off all supplies of pocket-money if he dares to object to any of their proceedings. They must be allowed, must these good wives, to flirt with whom they please. Their long list of male cousins is always to be made welcome to the house. They must never be interfered with if they feel disposed to wear the most *decollee* costumes fancy or otherwise. If they choose to act at private theatricals, and are only too realistic in private rehearsals, their husbands must never have a word to say on the subject. If they like, too, to play the role of the professional beauty, and to be photographed in semi-burlesque costume, that is their own business. They bought a husband who was only to be a sleeping partner in the domestic "firm," and the best thing for him to do is to know his place, and keep well in the background.

However, all heiresses do not develop into such spouses as these. A good girl need not be spoilt by a good fortune. Yet it is rather a dangerous risk for a man when he comes to the conclusion that by marrying an heiress he is made happy for life.

The Manger.

"They found Mary and Joseph and the Babe lying in a manger."

THE scene witnessed by the shepherds is now being contemplated by the whole Christian world. Bethlehem at the time described by St. Luke was full of visitors, owing to the decree of the Roman Emperor that a census should be taken not only at Rome, as was usual, but throughout the whole Empire. Bethlehem, therefore, was crowded, so that there was no room for the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Joseph in the Inn. It was not any want of respect for them that led the host to refuse them admittance. The people of Bethlehem did not know how great a treasure was among them, and treated Our Lady and St. Joseph as ordinary visitors. So they had to seek refuge in one of those caves which are often used as stables in the East, and there the Blessed Virgin Mary brought forth her First-born Son. The eye of sense discerned in that cave only a man of humble appearance, with a fair young Mother and her Child; but we, as Christians, can look on the same scene with the eye of Faith, and contemplating each person in this human Trinity we may meditate upon their greatness. First, there was Mary, the Mother of the Divine Infant Jesus. From all eternity God had contemplated His birth of a human mother, and this was predicted when sin came into the world. God said to the serpent—"I will put enmities between thee and the Woman, and thy seed and

Her Seed ;" and, "She shall crush thy head." As sin came by Eve, so restoration came by Mary. God chose her from among all the daughters of Eve to be the Mother of His Son. He made her free from sin in her Immaculate Conception, because Jesus Christ, Who was to be born of her, could have no contact with sin. Besides this, she was freed from the inclination to sin, and confirmed in grace. And finally God bestowed upon her the wonderful gift of Maternity and Virginity. Then there was St. Joseph. He was a man of humble station, earning his bread by the sweat of his brow ; nevertheless, he came of a noble line. Jesus Christ was born of a noble family, though they were poor, and thus He sanctified all stations in life. The blessing conferred on St. Joseph was great. He lived the Defender of Innocence and Chastity with Jesus and Mary through the years of Our Lord's infancy and early manhood, and died with Jesus and Mary at his side. And he has been decreed the Patron of the whole Church, as he was the Guardian of the sacred household, the little Church at Nazareth. Lastly, there was the Divine Infant Jesus. There is something very sweet and attractive in the helplessness of infancy ; and this attraction was pre-eminent in the Holy Child Jesus — the Child Who was also Almighty God. What a mystery is this ! It is more marvellous even than that God should be contained in the Sacred Host. What have been the results of what took place at Bethlehem when the shepherds found Mary and Joseph and the Babe lying in a Manger ? The Manger of Jesus Christ has revolutionized the world. The world scoffed at it, but where is now the Temple of the unbelieving Jews ? Its veil was rent, its foundations were overthrown ; and since the Jews rejected the Christ to Whom all their sacrifices pointed, they themselves have been bereft both of Altar and of Sacrifice. Paganism, dominant for a time, built its temple upon Calvary to stamp out the Christian Faith ; but where, again, is that latter temple of infidelity ? All is changed, yet the Manger is with us still. And how has Jesus Christ brought this to pass ? He has touched men's hearts, as it is written, "I will draw them with the cords of Adam." There have been great generals and philosophers, leaders among men, in learning and in arms, whose names are preserved in history, who succeeded in winning reverence, but not love. It is love that rules the world, and hence the victory of Jesus Christ over the world. He has sanctified love ; He has drawn the hearts of men, women, and children, of all ages and in all conditions of life, to Himself, and therefore the Manger stands triumphant amongst us still. Once more, the Manger is a humble thing, and in this it is an eloquent teacher of the followers of Jesus Christ. We must begin with humility, and if not with actual poverty, at least with poverty of spirit. We must put up with humiliations and mortifications ; we must bear the Cross of Jesus Christ. "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus, Who humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross ; for which cause God also hath exalted Him, and hath given Him a name which is above every name : that in the Name of Jesus every knee should bow."

Irish Catholics as Bankers.

A BANK failure generally involves not only the financial reputation but the nationality, religion and even the politics of its managers. It is said that the Irish are a very good and desirable class of depositors; but are worse than a fleet of iron clad rams to banks whose doors refuse to swing open. A few notable failures of Irish-American banks in this country have been made the texts of a thousand homilies on the unfitness of Irishmen, especially Irish Catholics, to manage large financial concerns. Many men who will worship only with Catholics prefer to do their business with Protestants. Questions involving race characteristics are difficult to solve, and time is the best judge of all such vast averages. We think sufficient time has elapsed for us to form an approximate estimate of the qualifications of Irish bankers.

In the first place, we may safely assert that nearly all bank failures among Irish Catholics have been the result of financial depression and legitimate business reverses. We cannot recall one such collapse that was brought about by robbery of the bank's funds or dishonest speculation. This is saying a great deal for the integrity of Irish financiers. The Irish are by nature fair dealing and honorable. By religion they are scrupulously careful about paying their debts. A dishonest Irishman is an exception, and when one is found it will be discovered that ignorance of his religion lies at the bottom of his crime. A Catholic knows that a just debt which he is able to pay is a mortgage on his soul, which time will not outlaw nor statute invalidate. There is no man on this earth who can be more trusted than an educated Irish Catholic.

The number of notable bank failures in this country during the last twelve months is enormous; and they are not confined to any section of the Union. In nearly every case the disaster can be traced to downright robbery of the bank's funds, or the scarcely less criminal practice of speculating with the money of depositors. In a great majority of these bank failures names appear in bad prominence of men high up in social and religious circles. In fact, nine-tenths of the recent great collapses might be properly called American Protestant failures.

It is a very consoling fact that no Catholic bank has failed for a long time. Irishmen are not only honest by nature and religion, but they are instinctively averse to gambling. The Americans are fast becoming a nation of gamblers. All the branches of business among us are fast assuming a feature of rank speculation. The result is, that Americans are becoming our least reliable financiers. This truth is becoming so apparent, that men of large means will not deposit their surplus capital with a bank controlled exclusively by Americans.

The Germans are a very conservative people; but when you get a dishonest German he is a rogue twenty-four hours in the day and 365 days in the year. The best business men in this country are to be found among the Germans; but when a German is crooked he is ten thousand vicious circles in one.

CROMWELL IN IRELAND.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE BATTLE OF SCARIFFHOLLIS.

Meeting of the Officers of the Ulster Army—Heber McMahon General—March northwards—Plan of the Campaign—Coote and Venables—The Battle—Defeat of the Irish—Bravery of Henry O'Neill—Flight of McMahon—His Death—Death of Henry and Colonel Phelim O'Neill.

OWEN ROE O'NEILL died November 6th, 1649. On the 8th of March following, the officers of the Ulster army and the nobility and gentry of Ulster, "mourning the death of their General, feeling his now want, and not to be as a flock without a pastor, their dispersed soldiers and commanders flocking home by degrees," met at Belturbet to elect a commander in his place. In the articles of the treaty made between him and Ormonde it was provided that, in case of O'Neill's death or removal by advancement or otherwise before any settlement in parliament, the nobility and gentry of the Province of Ulster should have power to name to the Lord Lieutenant, and the command was to be given according to the person so named.

The candidates for the post were the Marquis of Antrim, Sir Phelim O'Neill, Lieutenant-General Ferrall, Owen Roe's son Henry, and Heber Mac Mahon, bishop of Clogher. Ormonde, from whom the person elected should receive his commission, protested against Antrim, as being known to favor Cromwell. The nobility and gentry, as well as Ormonde, favored Daniel O'Neill; but he, considering himself disqualified from the fact of his being a Protestant, had gone a short time before to Kilkenny, and expressed a wish that the choice might fall on Major-General Hugh O'Neill, then absent in Clonmel, as "being a man who knew the ways Owen Roe O'Neill took to manage the people, and one not unacceptable to the Scots, and who would do nothing contrary to Ormonde's command." The Bishop of Kilmore presided. He had the articles of the treaty between Ormonde and Owen Roe read over. "Many competitors did appear," says the author of the *Aphorismal Discovery*; "every one thought himself worthy of that place. The Marquis of Antrim was an earnest suitor in proper behalf. The O'Neills thought their claims for the chieftry and command of Ulster to be hereditary. Lieutenant-General Ferrall, by the law of arms, was confident of his title, as next in command to the defunct; Hugh O'Neill, as of that sept and Major-General, and the better soldier of both name and province; Sir Phelim O'Neill, by the numerosity of his followers, and with pregnant hopes of being seconded by the Leinster Ormondian faction; Con Mac Cormac O'Neill, heretofore lieutenant-general for the same province,

and of the oldest descent of that family; and Philip MacHugh O'Reilly, a good Commonwealth's man, of great respect, and by the plurality of his name and followers was thought to carry a main stroke on the election. The assembly, wisely considering the danger that was likely to ensue by the choosing any of the former (nor the late general's son, Henry Roe O'Neill), though each worthy of honor and of better hopes to be so promoted than any other not here specified, unanimously chose Heber Mac Mahon for the post."¹ Though not deficient in personal courage or in zeal for the cause of his country, Mac Mahon was not equal to the heavy burden laid on him. The training of a churchman is hardly a fit school in which to learn the science of war; yet, on the whole, perhaps no better choice could be made. Jealousy and intrigue were at work, and it was hoped that these would cease, and that all would follow the leadership of one who was known to have had the confidence of O'Neill² and to be heart and soul devoted to the good cause. The appointment was sanctioned by Ormonde, who issued a commission "nominating and appointing his trusty and well-beloved Bishop Heber MacMahon General of all his Majesty's forces of horse and foot of the Province of Ulster." "It must be acknowledged," says Borlase, "that MacMahon performed the agreement made with the Marquis and observed it very justly." Ferrall was at the same time confirmed as lieutenant-general. Soon after Mac Mahon put himself at the head of his troops, numbering about 5,000 foot and 600 horse. Recruits flocked to his standard; and in a short time, owing to Ferrall's exertions, the whole army was disciplined and ready to take the field. The plan of the campaign was communicated to Ormonde and Clanrickarde. They promised to raise forces in Connaught, and to send a plentiful supply of artillery and provisions; "they would give him all possible assistance, and if he brought his army towards Tyrconnell they would send a considerable army, both of horse and foot, with ordnance and other engines fit for the winning of a town or fort." Relying on these promises, the army set out from Monaghan and marched to Charlemont; there the Commander issued a manifesto, inviting the Scots, who were serving under Coote and Venables, to make common cause with the Irish and enroll themselves under the royal standard. His appeal brought over only a few; the majority preferred to adhere to their old commanders, though these refused to acknowledge the newly proclaimed King. Mac Mahon knew that the Irish army was more than a match for either Coote's or Venable's forces; he determined, therefore, to prevent their union and to crush them in detail. Some time was spent in skirmishing and in the taking of the strongholds garrisoned by Coote. Marching northwards along the Bann, he crossed the Foyle near Lifford, in order to keep open the communication through

¹ As for the bishop, though a good politician, he was no more a soldier-fit to be a general than one of Rome's cardinals. He had been Vicar Apostolic of Clogher for four years; in 1642 he was appointed to the united sees of Down and Connor; a year after he was transferred to Clogher, to enable him to take part in the important business concerning the kingdom of Ireland with the other prelates and lords.

² The Bishop of Clogher, Owen Roe's great counsellor. Borlase says he was Owen Roe's chief confident.

Ballyshannon with Connaught for the supplies promised by Ormonde. This fatal movement allowed Coote and Venables to unite their forces near Letterkenny. Mac Mahon, contrary to the advice of his officers, resolved to risk a battle. In vain their spokesman, young Henry O'Neill, who seemed to have inherited not only the bravery but the prudence of his father Owen Roe, pointed out to him that the Irish troops, owing to the nature of the ground, were unfavorably placed, and that they were weakened by the absence of a large body that had been detached to seize Castle Doe; a few days delay would ensure their return, and oblige the enemy to retire from their position, as provisions were already beginning to fail them. Mac Mahon replied by taunts, telling them that such arguments were not suited to brave soldiers, but rather to dastards who feared the sight of their own or of others' blood. The ill-merited rebuke had the fate which he desired. "His language did so distemper the warlike deportment of these heroes that, beyond the limits of reason transported, oblivious of all military advantage and indifference of either ground or elements, putting themselves in a distracted posture of battle, where horse could scare relieve the foot, both wind and weather not their friends, they bade their men prepare for battle."

Early the next day, June 21st, the fight began. The fierce onset of the Irish at first produced a panic among the enemy. Unhappily, owing to the rugged nature of the ground, they could not advance in compact masses, nor be supported by the cavalry. The enemy were, therefore, able to recover from their terror; a charge of their cavalry drove back the Irish and restored confidence to their whole army. The battle continued until mid-day, when a combined attack, made by the whole of Coote's forces on flank and rear, obliged Mac Mahon to retreat. The infantry, led by Ferrall, fought with great bravery. Henry O'Neill won the admiration even of the enemy, "dashing among them like a merlin hawk among a multitude of sparrows." Before sunset the Irish were utterly defeated. "This was," says Borlase, "a most happy victory for the parliament; in that three thousand of the rebels were there slain, all mere Irish; out of an opinion they could not prosper as long as they had any English joined with them, and for that end had thoroughly purged their army, which was styled by them the confident, victorious army of the North." The *Brief Chronicle* gives the following list of those killed, and of the prisoners:—

"In this fight was taken the Bishop of Clogher, General. Killed—The Lord of Enniskillen, Colonel; the Bishop of Down, Shane O'Cane, Major-General Henry Roe O'Neill, General O'Neill's son, Colonel of the Horse; Nice MacCollekelagh, Colonel; Hugh MacGuier, Colonel; Phelim MacTool O'Neill, Colonel; Hugh MacHahan, Colonel; Lieutenant-Colonels Torlogh O'Boyle, Shane MacDonnell, James O'Donnelly, Phelemy O'Neal, Adjutant-General; Torlogh O'Neill, Adjutant-General. Taken prisoners—Shane O'Haggan, Henry O'Neill, Quarter-Master-General Saxton. Majors killed—Phelemy O'Neal, Don O'Neal, Emer MacQuillan, John MacGuier, Captain of Horse; Art Oge O'Neal, Colonel; MacMaghan, Mull

Holland O'Quine, Ferrall, Captain of Foot ; Stewart, Fergus Farrell, Bryan O'Neal, Owen O'Quine, George Russell, James MacCartain, Patrick O'Connally, Donnel MacGuier Gollagher, Bryan MacGil, Tiege O'MacHugh, MacOge O'Quine, Cormache O'Mullen, Hen. Kannalds, Conagher. Three priests and friars are killed ; 3,000 slain in all."

Only a few were made prisoners, those taken being for the most part put to the sword, even after quarter was promised them. Major-General O'Cahan, Colonels Maguire and MacMahon, Art Oge O'Neill, and Colonel Phelim O'Neill perished on the field. The Bishop fled with a party of horse, "going night and day for twenty-four hours, without meat, drink or rest." Information of his movements having been given to Major King, governor of Enniskillen, a party of horse was despatched from that garrison to capture him and his companions. The party was too strong for the Bishop, who, however, defended himself with notable courage ; but, after he had received many wounds, he was forced to become prisoner, upon promise first that he should have fair quarter ; contrary to which Sir Charles Coote, as soon as he knew he was prisoner, caused him to be hanged, with all the circumstances of contumely, reproach and cruelty he could devise. And thus, in less than a year after he had brought Owen O'Neill to relieve Sir Charles Coote in Derry, who must otherwise in a few days have delivered it up to the King, his army was defeated by the same Sir Charles Coote, and himself, after quarter and life promised, executed two months after, by the positive order and command of him whom he had thus preserved.¹ His head was set over the gate of Derry. Ferrall and a few more who survived sought safety in flight, and hid themselves in the mountains and woods, to avoid the certain death that awaited them if they were taken.

Henry Tully O'Neill describes the death of young Henry :— "Quarter had been given to several of the Irish officers, and in particular to Colonel Phelim O'Neill,² for which he agreed to give one hundred beeves to Sir Charles Coote. Whilst the articles were drawing, the day after the action, a sergeant came into Coote's tent with the news that he had brought in Colonel Henry Roe O'Neill, General Owen O'Neill's son, prisoner. Without more ado, Coote reprimanded the sergeant for not bringing his head, and commanded him to go and despatch him immediately. Colonel Phelim pleaded on behalf of his relative, that he was a Spaniard born, and that he had come to Ireland as a soldier of fortune. The order, however, was executed ;³ he

¹ Nor is it amiss to observe the variety and vicissitude of Irish affairs ; for this very bishop and those officers, whose heads were now placed on the walls of Derry, were, within less than a year before, confederate with Sir Charles Coote, and raised the siege of that city, and were jovially merry at his table, in the quality of friends. The author of the *Memoir of Owen Roe* says Mac Mahon was executed at Enniskillen.

² He was the grandfather of Colonel Henry, the author of the "*Relation*." He was lieutenant-colonel of General O'Neill's regiment, in the Ulster army, in 1645, and commanded a party of horse and musketeers at the battle of Benburb. In 1649 he was appointed colonel, and in the ensuing year he defeated a party of the troops of Coote and Venables in Ulster. The author of the *Aphor. Disc.* speaks of him as a courageous humane and successful commander.

³ Morison says a promise had been made to Colonel Henry that his life would be

was beheaded by the unchristian and tigrish doom of the thrice-cruel butcher and human blood-sucker, Sir Charles Coote." Colonel Phelim was told that if he began to prate he should be served the same way. He replied that he would rather be served so than owe his life to such a monstrous villain as he was. Whereupon he was carried out and knocked on the head with tent-poles by Coote's men. This being observed by one of Coote's officers, he asked what they meant by using the gentleman so. They replied it was by the General's orders. The officer, in compassion and to put him out of pain, drew his sword and ran him through the heart. Sir Phelim, who acted as the Bishop's lieutenant-general, escaped from the battle-field. He was arrested in Roughan Island by one of the Caulfields, tried at the High Court of Justice before Judge Lowther, and hanged, drawn and quartered.

And so perished at the pass of Scariffhollis the Ulster army which had so often followed Owen Roe to victory.

spared. *Threnodia*, p. 66. It was reputed that for a certain sum of money he would be ransomed. His wife made herself ready, having the said sum, to go and ransom her beloved husband. But alas! he was, notwithstanding his quarter, beheaded, and the rest of his companions executed, in disrespect of all human and divine law. She was the daughter of Sir Luke Fitzgerald.

Appendix.

I.

THE GREAT DUKE OF ORMONDE.

THEOBALD FITZWALTER, the founder of the Butler family, came to Ireland with Henry II. in 1171. Large estates were granted to him as a reward for his services. His chief seat was Arklow castle. In 1177 he was made Chief Butler of Ireland, Pincerna Regis, with a perquisite of two tuns of wine out of every cargo of eighteen tuns or upwards, a right repurchased by the Crown from the Ormonde family in 1810 for £216,000. Hence the family name of Butler, and the addition of the three cups or to the original arms, topaz, a chief indented, sapphire. James, the 1st Earl, who married Eleanor de Bohun, grand-daughter of Edward I., in consideration of his valuable services, as also of the consanguinity existing between him and his Majesty, obtained a grant of the regalities, liberties, and other royal privileges of the county of Tipperary, and the rights of a palatine in that county for life; these privileges were afterwards granted to his heirs male and continued to be enjoyed by them up to the year 1716. He built the castle of Nenagh; but the English power having fallen very low in Ireland during the Wars of the Roses, the O'Carrolls, O'Kennedys, and other tribes of North Munster, rose in arms and drove out the English settlers. James, the 3d Earl, built the castle of Gowran, and resided there for some time. In 1391 he purchased the estates of le Despenser in the county of Kilkenny, derived from the heirs of William Earl Marshal; the castle became thenceforth the chief seat of the family.

The Butlers at all times adhered faithfully to the English interest in Ireland, and, as a consequence, were well rewarded by the ruling powers. James, the 9th Earl, was one of those "who engaged to resist the usurpations of the bishop of Rome," and in return he received vast grants of ecclesiastical property through-

out Ireland. At the end of his life, indeed, he lamented the part he had taken against his religion and country. But the spoils of the church were not restored to their rightful owners. His son Thomas, surnamed the Black, was closely connected with the royal family by blood, Margaret, the daughter of the 7th Earl, being the grandmother of Anne Boleyn. He was brought up with "the royal imp," Edward VI., and such was the regard shown him by Elizabeth, that he incurred the lasting jealousy of the Earl of Leicester. He was succeeded by his nephew, Sir Walter Butler of Kilcash. This branch of the family had continued to adhere to the Catholic faith; Sir Walter was known by the sobriquet of "Walter of the Beads." His eldest son, Viscount Thurles, was drowned while on his way to England. The care of his son, then only twelve years of age, later the Great Duke of Ormonde, devolved on his mother, the daughter of Sir John Poyntz, of Acton, in the county of Gloucester. By her he was placed at a school kept by a Catholic at Barnet, near London. But James I. soon interposed. He was bent on effecting the reform of religion in Ireland through the leading families. By the manœuvres of Sir William Parsons, the Crown obtained the wardship of the young nobleman, though he inherited no lands the tenure of which involved any such consequence. His grandfather was cast into prison, and the boy was handed over to the care of Abbot, archbishop of Canterbury, and brought up a Protestant. During life he adhered to that creed. In a letter to Sir Robert Southwell he says he is the only Protestant of his family. There is a curious letter of Father Peter Walsh addressed to him a few months previous to the death of both, in which the fidelity of the Ormonde family to the Catholic Church is strongly urged as a motive to induce him to return to the faith of his fathers. He anticipates the grace of conversion for him through the daily prayers poured out for him by an

infinite number of his Roman Catholic friends and relations, amongst which he has had and still has advocates which, like shining stars of the greatest magnitude, are admired in the brightness and lustre of the pious and virtuous, Colonel Butler of Kilcash, his brother, and Lady Thurles, his mother. Ormonde replies that he is "surprised a friend so zealous as Walsh should have delayed to the very close of life an exhortation of such vital import." By his marriage with his cousin, Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Sir Richard Preston, he got back the estates of which his grandfather had been deprived by James I., to enrich that royal favorite.

At the breaking out of the rebellion of 1641 he was appointed Lieutenant-General of the English army, and two years later Lord Lieutenant. Though at the head of the Royalist army, he was little inferior to Inchiquin in cruelty to his countrymen. His conduct is described at length in the works of his contemporary, Dr. French, bishop of Ferns, especially in his *Unkinde Deserter of Loyal Men*. The author of *The Aphorismal Discovery* says of him: "What hath been the cause of the now destruction of Ireland other than the arbitrary covetousness, treason, and faction of Ormonde and his accomplices, a man of small deserving in martial affairs, weak in his directions, cold in his resolutions, and unfortunate in his actions, in whom nothing was great or noble but his blood?" Dr. O'Connor, who wrote under the pseudonym of Columbanus, is almost the only Irish writer who has attempted a defence of his conduct, in his strictures on Plowden's *Historical Review of the State of Ireland*. To these strictures Plowden replied at some length in his *Historical Letter to Columbanus*.

The surrender of Dublin and the other strong places to the parliament in June, 1647, is perhaps the greatest stain on his character as a public man. Carte, his biographer, defends his conduct in this matter, and says he had received private instructions from Charles I. to make this surrender. But Ormonde's own letters state that he did it "on the presumption that it was more for his Majesty's honor and service, and consequently more agreeable to his pleasure, which he had neither the means nor the time to consult." Even his apologists admit that the possession of these strongholds paved the way not only for the complete conquest of Ireland, but even for the murder of the

King. It must be borne in mind that he got, in return for his treachery, the sum of £5,000 in hand, a promise of £2,000 a year, and a complete release from all debts which encumbered his estates before the breaking out of the rebellion. After the Restoration he received vast grants of lands, not only getting back all his own estates which were leased or mortgaged, but other men's estates too, most of these belonging to persons of his own name. A list of these grants with the names of the original owners will be found in Plowden's *Historical Letter* and in Carte's *Life of Ormonde*. The annual rents of his estates before the rebellion amounted to £40,000, but they were reduced by annuities and leases to £7,000. In 1674 they amounted to £80,000. The Earl of Anglesey says Ormonde and his family were the greatest gainers of the kingdom, and had added to their inheritance vast scopes of land, a revenue three times greater than what his paternal estate was, and most of his increase was out of the estates of those who adhered to the peace of 1646 and 1648, or served under his Majesty's ensigns abroad. Petty sets down at 130,000 acres the lands he got by the Act of Settlement and the Court of Claims.

His hatred to the Catholic Church was almost that of a renegade. As early as 1646 Rinuccini writing to Rome, said of him that all the broils arose from one source alone, the faction of the Marquis of Ormonde. We have already spoken of the charge made against him of showing too much kindness to the Catholics. His answer was that "his object was to work division among the Romish clergy, and he believed he had compassed it, to the great security of government and Protestants and against the opposition of the Pope and his creatures, and Nuncio, if he had not been removed from the government. Some ascribed his opposition to the clergy and Irish party who countenanced them, to the fact that he feared the church-lands which his ancestors had got, should, in part at least, be restored. His brother-in-law, Lord Muskerry, declared on his death-bed that the heaviest fear that possessed his soul, then going into eternity, was for having confided so much to his Grace, who had deceived them all, and ruined his poor country and countrymen.

A list of the honors which he received from Charles II. after the Restoration, will be found in Archdall's *Peerage*. He died in 1688, at the age of 77.

II.

MORROUGH O'BRIEN, LORD
INCHIKUIN.

THE O'Briens were among the first of the Irish chiefs who submitted to Henry II. Donald surrendered Limerick to the English, but he soon threw off the yoke, and burnt the city, "lest it should become a nest for foreigners." His descendant, Morrough, offered to support Henry VIII. in his contest with the Pope, provided his estates were confirmed to him. The King accepted his offer. He should utterly forsake and refuse the name of O'Brien, and use such name only as it should please the King to give him, adopt the English habit and language, and bring up his children in the same. In return for his submission he was created Earl of Thomond for life, and Baron of Inchiquin; the latter title to pass to his heirs male. His nephew Donogh was created Baron of Ibrikkan with remainder to his male issue, and Earl of Thomond after his uncle's death. The latter title was conferred on him and his heirs male by Edward VI.

Morrough was born about 1618. His career was one of the strangest adventure. In early life he was a soldier of fortune: he went to Italy, and served in the Spanish army there. Soon after we find him one of the most zealous supporters of Strafford in his attempt to rob the Anglo-Irish and Irish alike, and to establish in the south and west of Ireland such a "plantation" as Chichester, in the time of James I., had established in the north.

Some years later he was appointed Vice-President of Munster, under Sir William St. Leger, whose daughter he had married. On the breaking out of the rebellion he took the side of the King, and afforded valuable aid in opposing the rebels in the counties of Cork and Waterford. At the death of St. Leger he was appointed to the chief military command in the province of Munster, and soon after the whole civil administration of that province was entrusted to him. Offended at the cold reception he met with from the King at Oxford, and at the refusal to grant him the presidency of Munster, he joined the party of the Parliament, and for some years continued to devote his great military skill and bravery to the service of the Puritans. Again he changed sides, but his zeal was not so active on behalf of the King as on that of his former friends. In fact both he and Ormonde were distrusted

by the people, and to that well-founded distrust were due in a great measure the rapidity and completeness of Cromwell's successes in his Irish campaign. One thing only Inchiquin was constant in, his hatred of his countrymen — his fierce and unrelenting enmity towards the Catholic Church. His cruelties have earned for him the sobriquet of Morrough of the Burnings, and are not yet forgotten, for even to this day throughout the whole of Munster there is a saying applied to one who looks frightened: "He has seen Morrough or some of his companions." Ludlow, the Cromwellian general, in his *Memoirs*, says that he did not spare even his own kindred; but if he found them faulty, hanged them up without distinction. The massacre of Cashel is one of the saddest pages of Irish history; and that was only one of his many cruel deeds — Cork and Kilmallock could tell tales of woe almost as pitiful.

After the surrender of the strong places in Ireland he went to France, where he was advanced to the rank of lieutenant-general. On the conquest of Catalonia he was made viceroy there. He continued for many years in the French service in Spain and the Netherlands. On one occasion he and his family were taken by Algerine corsairs. They were set free on payment of a large sum.

After the Restoration he came to England. By the Act of Settlement he was restored to his estate, and a sum of £8,000 was granted him as a compensation for the losses he had sustained. Towards the end of his life he seems to have returned to the Catholic faith. He did not revisit Ireland; Charles II. feared that his excessive zeal on behalf of Catholics would cause commotions among the new settlers there. He lived in London, and there, it would seem, devoted himself to the practice of religion. In the *Memoirs* written by F. Gamache, one of the French Capuchin priests who came to England with Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I., mention is made of the conversion of a Monsieur Inchiquin, and of the penitential practices which he followed; and of the sufferings he endured at the hands of his wife, a Dutch Calvinist, "who kept her husband in a state of continual penance." He died in 1674, at the age of 56. By his will he left £20 to the Franciscan monastery of Ennis, also a sum of money "for the performance of the usual duties of the Roman Catholic clergy, and for other pious uses." There is a tradition current in Limerick that he was buried in St

Mary's Cathedral. Certain it is that in his will he ordered that his body should be buried there. Some years ago, while repairs were going on, and a part of the floor in the north aisle was ripped up, a coffin was found covered with Irish freize. The covering was quite fresh, the coffin sound, but on opening it no remains were found within. Tradition further says, that though the burial took place, the people of Limerick, indignant that the old church should be profaned by the presence of the bones of one who during life was the enemy of their country and their faith, took up the corpse during the night and threw it into the Shannon. Morrough, too, was one of those who were brought up as king's wards, and well did he repay the price of his nurture.

At the death of James, third marquis, seventh earl, and twelfth baron, in 1855, the earldom became extinct; but the barony of Inchiquin devolved on Sir Lucius O'Brien of Dromoland, descended from a younger son of the first baron.

III.

SUPPLIES SENT TO CROMWELL DURING THE IRISH CAMPAIGN.

1649, Sept. 15th. An order of the Council of State for supplies of horse-saddles, &c., for the Lord Lieutenant, Oct. 16th, Captain Long, of Colonel Venables' regiment, was sent to recruit 200 men. The Council of State promised him sixpence a day for each man not exceeding that number he should bring on board, for their marching money. They were to be transported to Ireland at the charge of the state. An agreement was made between the Council of State and Richard Downes, for furnishing 16,000 coats and breeches for the soldiers in Ireland, the coats to be made of Gloucester or Coventry cloth of Venice, color red, shrunk; the breeches to be made of gray or other good colors, of Reading or good cloth; 2,500 of each to be delivered within a fortnight, and 2,500 more every week after, until the 16,000 are delivered; and that 17s. be paid for each coat and breeches. The 16,000 cassocks and breeches were not sufficient for the foot forces. 1,900 in the Tower to be sent to Sir Charles Coote for his own and Colonel Venables' men. 19th. The Council of State ordered 5,000 recruits to be raised, and to be divided into five regiments, and a sum of £6,939 to be given to the officers that raised and conducted the men, for the payment of quarters' victuals,

&c., on board ship, and for transplantation. 30th. Contract of the Irish Committee with Richard Thorowgood for 16,000 shirts approved; with John Harvey and Thomas Hayes for 16,000 pairs of stockings; with James Graves and others for 16,000 pairs of shoes. Nov. 2d. Contract for 15,000 yards of broadcloth for the horsemen in Ireland, at 1s. 3d. per yard. 9th. The general officers of the army met this day, with a committee of the Council of State, about the raising of 800 horse out of the army for recruits for Ireland, which, with the 5,000 foot volunteers, will be very considerable for that service. 15th. Report of the Irish Committee approved by the Council of State as to sending recruits of horse to Ireland, 20 out of each troop of 10 regiments; ships are to be provided and pressed at the several ports for their transport; to land at Wexford, unless prevented by contrary winds, in which case they are to land at any safe port they can make in Ireland. 20th. The Council is satisfied with Sir Hardress Waller's acceptance of the employment in Ireland; he is to use all speed in raising his men. 26th. Order given to Colonel Fleetwood and Colonel Whalley to march 1,000 recruits of foot raised by them to Chester. Colonel Henry Cromwell's men are to have their entertainment during their stay for a wind, and until they are shipped for Ireland, and also one month's pay in advance when they ship for Ireland. Dec. 7th. Sir Hardress Waller and his company ready to go to Ireland. 10th. Last week there was shipped at Liverpool and Chester 500 men of Colonel Pride's party, 557 of Major Pitson's, 366 of Colonel Massey's, of Colonel Fenwick's 220. In November there were transported 8 companies consisting of 700 men; in all of late, 2,708. 14th. About 7,000 soldiers shipped from Liverpool for Ireland. About this time 1,500 recruits landed at Dublin from Chester and Liverpool. Dec. 15th. Sir Hardress Waller, with his five companies, viz: the Colonel's, Lieutenant Colonel Smyth's, Captains Smyth's, Hodden's, and Wilson's, took shipping at Plymouth, and 200 recruits besides. 18th. Letters from York, that there was a rendezvous of Colonel Lilbourne's party that are marching for Ireland—about 100 old blades, stout men, and ready for service. 19th. From Chester, an account of soldiers to be shipped there for Ireland. From Plymouth, an account of recruits to be shipped for Ireland. Letters from Dunster Castle, that recruits were raising there

for Ireland. 21st. Letters from Plymouth, an account of the shipping there of Sir Hardress Waller with his company and other recruits for Ireland, all which go with great willingness. 24th. From Portland, that Colonel Cox and his men sail for Ireland with a fair wind. 1650, Jan. 4th. An account of recruits for Ireland. 5th. Captain Barrington's troop of Colonel Oky's regiment, designed for Ireland, are marched towards the sea-side. 8th. Several orders and references to the Council of State and the Committee of the Army concerning recruits, and for supplies of provisions, ammunition, and money for the forces in Ireland. This day a gallant troop of 80 horse, commanded by Captain Theophilus Sandford, set sail from Liverpool for Wexford. 12th. About 140 foot under Captain Whiting, and about 20 recruits under Captain Owen. 15th. Some of Colonel Desborough's men shipped for Ireland. From Liverpool: There is now shipping here a troop of Major-General Lambert's. 19th. Account of recruits for Ireland. 23d. A ship with 30 horse and 120 foot, bound for Ireland, was cast away, and all drowned. Feb. 4th. Mr. Whalley is preparing shipping to transport three troops of horse for Ireland about Chester and Liverpool. Captain Crofton, with the horse drawn out of Colonel Riche's regiment and 80 foot, are ready in the west to be joined with Colonel Desborough's recruits for Ireland. Mr. Peters' 1,000 foot are near ready at Milford, were the wind seasonable. 6th. Account of troops and recruits marching towards Chester for Ireland. 8th. Account of recruits for Ireland. Letters from Cork, that five ships with soldiers were all cast away coming from Minehead for Ireland; only twenty or thirty men swam ashore. Captain Ensor, Captain Whiting, with 80 horse and 150 foot, and all the seamen drowned except 20 or 30. 15th. An account from Chester, that, after too long a stay, ships are at length ready to carry the money ordered by the Council of state to Leinster and the north of Ireland. 23d. Letters from Milford, that there were 400 horse of Colonel Cromwell's, the Lord Lieutenant's son, to be transported to Ireland. 27th. Letters from Pembroke, that Colonel Cromwell and Colonel Venables were there waiting for a wind for Ireland. March 1st. Divers ships gone from Liverpool with supplies for Ireland. 6th. Letters from Chester, that £11,000 was put on board for Dublin, and £6,000 for Carrickfergus. 9th. Several

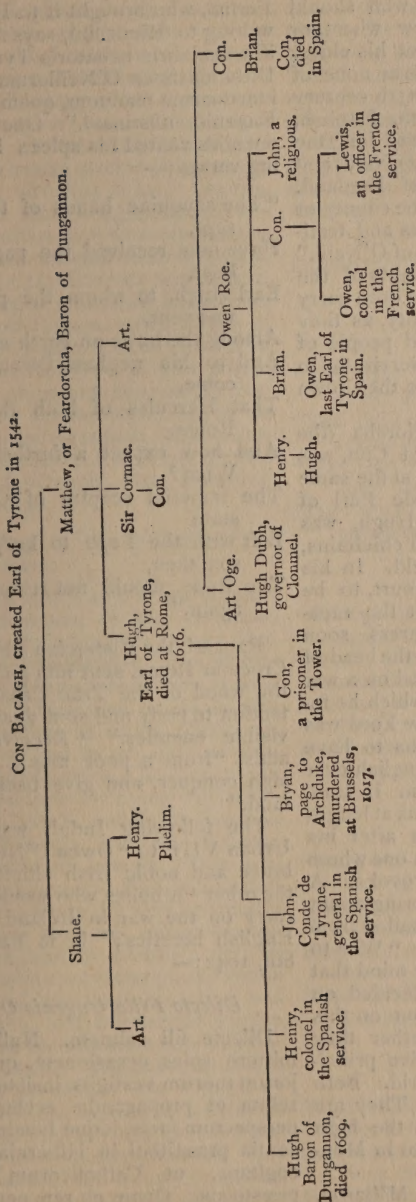
orders conveying supplies of money, provisions, and recruits for Ireland. 16th. Twelve ships or barks from Milford laden with oats, beans, and pease, and several sorts of grain. 22d. Account of forces supplied for Ireland. 27th. Colonel Henry Cromwell arrived at Youghal from Milford Haven with a regiment of foot and about 200 horse. April 5th. That eight ships were come in from England and Wales, laden with oats, and 1,500 yards of cloth, and 200 pairs of boots. There came from Milford Haven to Youghal 13 ships laden with oats, beans, and pease for the supply of the army. 6th. Account of the shipping of some troops for Ireland. 10th. Account of the transporting of forces for Ireland. Clothes, monies, and necessary recruits came to Sir Charles Coote for his army in the north of Ireland. May 6th. From Taunton, many volunteers listed for Ireland. Colonel Reeves' recruits landed safe at Cork.

IV.

GENEALOGY OF OWEN ROE O'NEILL.

ACCORDING to O'Donovan, the Ui Neill, or descendants of King Nial of the Nine Hostages, were divided into two great branches, the northern and the southern. The latter were kings of Meath, and many of them were monarchs of Ireland also. The northern branch, too, produced many monarchs. Of this branch there were two great families—the race of Eorhan, princes of Tyron, and the race of Conell, princes of Tyrconnell. The descendants of Eoghan were the most celebrated of all the Milesian clans. These took the name of O'Neill in the 10th century from Nial Glan Dubh (Black Knee), who was slain by the Danes in battle in 919. The elder branch took the name of O'Lochlainn and MacLoughlin, from one of their chiefs. The O'Neills had their chief seat at Duncannon, and were inaugurated as chieftains at Tullahogue. Con O'Neill, surnamed Bocagh (the Lame), head of his clan, accepted the title of Earl of Tyrone, from Henry VIII. in 1542, renouncing at the same time the name of O'Neill, and engaging that himself and his heirs should adopt the English dress and language, obey the King's laws, assist the Deputy in his hostings, and refuse all succor to any of the King's enemies. It is obvious that though Con could accept for himself any title from the King of England, he, acting as chief of his

THE GENEALOGY OF O'NEILL.



tribe, had no shadow of right to take upon himself to give away all the tribal lands. In the eyes of his clan such a grant was simply a nullity. He had soon good reason to regret his submission, and cursed any of his posterity who should learn to speak English, sow wheat, or build castles. On the death of his eldest son Shane, in 1567, than whom none of the Irish chiefs during the 15th century was more feared or hated by the English, an Act of Parliament was passed for "the extinguishment of the name O'Neill, and the entitling of the Queen of England, her heirs and successors to the county of Tyrone and two other counties and territories in Ulster." "The name of O'Neill," says the Act, "in the judgments of the universal people of this realm doth carry in itself so great a sovereignty, as they suppose that all the lords and people of Ulster should rather live in servitude to that name than in subjection to the Crown of England.

Matthew, surnamed Feardorcha (the Swarthy), an illegitimate son of Con, was created Baron of Dungannon at the same time that his father was made Earl of Tyrone. His second son, Hugh, was perhaps the ablest of the Irish chieftains, either in the council or the field. In his youth he was taken to the court, to be taught English manners. But the rapacity of the English adventurers soon roused him to resistance. At the head of the Ulster chieftains, he carried on a war for eight years. The defeat which he inflicted on Bagnall at the Yellow Ford was admitted by their own historians to have been the greatest which the English ever received since their arrival in Ireland. Through want of supplies he was at length obliged to submit. But even after his submission he was looked on as one whom it would be dangerous to provoke. A conspiracy was set on foot to bring about his ruin. With O'Donnell he sailed from Lough Swilly, Sept. 14th, 1607. "Woe to the heart that meditated, to the mind that conceived, to the council that decided on the project of their setting out on this voyage without knowing whether they should ever return to their native principalities, to the end of the world. Both died soon afterward in exile. They are buried side by side in front of the high altar, in the church of San Pietro in Montorio, Rome.

Matthew's third son was Art M'Baron. In his old age he removed from his own territory of O'Neilan and got in exchange an estate of 2,000 acres during the lives

of himself and his wife. Art's second son was Owen Roe.

It is said that F. Wadding sent to Owen Roe the two-handed sword of the great Earl of Tyrone. Massari, dean of Fermo, who brought it to Ireland in 1647, writing to Rinuccini, says: "Recuperavi illius celebris bellatoris Tyroniae Comitiss Ultoniensis ex O'Neillorum familia gladium duarum manuum, quem Generali Don Eugenio destinavi." One of O'Neill's enemies vented his spleen in the following verses:—

"The sauguine hands of the O'Neillian
sept,
Have now received the papal gifts long
kept,
Earl Hugh, to whom the phoenix plume
was sent,
Among the birds on earth most eminent;
And to his nephew Owen a sword is
come,
That Hercules of both the world and
Rome.
And now expect a further present!—
What?
The imperial sceptre of O'Neill's lost
state
Left with the Pope to keep;—with rea-
son, then,
The Pope should not restore the same
again."

Rancati, the Cistercian abbot of Santa Croce in Rome, sent him a cross made of the wood of the True Cross, as "a protection to body and soul against even invisible enemies." "Receive this," he adds, "from a poor monk, and in this sign conquer, and give back Ireland to God."

The following Indult was given by Urban VIII. to "Owen O'Neill, that very brave and noble Irish chieftain, and to the other Catholics who would stir up and carry on the war in Ireland against the English heretics;" it is dated October 8th, 1642:—

Dilecto Filio Ugenio O'Neillo.

Dilecte fili salutem. Nullam præmittere soles occasionem, qua non majorum tuorum vestigiis insistens eximium zelum et propagandæ ecclesiæ studium perspectrum facis, idque luculenter in præsentia præstitisti in Hiberniam proficisci cogitans, ut Catholicorum rationibus præsto sis. Quam ob rem pergratæ nobis advenerunt literæ quibus hujusmodi itineris deliberationem declaras et rei feliciter gerendæ principium a cœlesti ope auspica-

tus, non minus humiliter quam religiose Apostolicam benedictionem a nobis postulas. Præclarum hunc in te ardorem et constaniam adversus hæreticos et veræ fidei animum non parum laudamus, tuæque jam pridem pietatis conscii a te expectamus in hac opportunitate strenui atque excelsi roboris documenta quæ antehac singularem nominis famam tibi compararunt. Illorum pariter commendamus consilium quos tu excitans exemplo significasti. Speramus autem fore ut Altissimus tuæ causæ præsto sit, ut notam faciat populis virtutem suam. Interim, ut confidentius cuncta aggrediamini, nos divinam clementiam indesinenter orantes, ut adversariorum conatus in nihil redigat, tibi ceterisque Catholicorum rem in prædicto regno curaturis nostram libenter impertimur benedictionem, universisque et singulis, si vere pœnitentes confessi fuerint, et sacra communione (si fieri possit) debite refecti, plenariam suorum peccatorum veniam et remissionem, atque in mortis articulo indulgentiam etiam plenariam elargimur. Datum Romæ sub Annulo Piscatoris die 8 octobris, 1642, Pontificatus nostri anno 20.

The following is the "Lament" of O'Neill's secretary.

I lament the death of a brave warrior, the choice champion of his Holiness, Urban VIII., requiring his repair into Ireland, chief commander, immediately from himself for the Catholic war, as having pregnant testimonies of his fidelity and uberant fortune in such affairs. A soldier since a boy in the only martial academy of Christendom, Flanders; never drew his sword unto his dying day otherwise than in Catholic religion's defence, as witness Bohemia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and now Ireland. This bulwark of holy religion and Pope's Scanderberg, Don Eugenius O'Neill, severally impeded in this his godly design by factious and treacherous members of this same kingdom, as a tall cedar, placed on the mountain-top of fame and reputation, was terribly shaken, and overturned by the lofty blasts and thundering winds of emulation and self-envy. Ireland's fortune in his time was favorable; the Church of God flourished; the militia, in emulation of his virtues, warlike; the enemy weak and declining; the country plentiful. But now by his death the enemy is grown strong and cruel; no city, fort, or town to oppose him; no church, monastery, or religious house inhabited; the militia discouraged, disheartened, and grown coward;

none to show his face in the field, for now the enemy doth not fear the naming of General Owen O'Neill, which not long before did sound like a thunderbolt in his ears. This it is that I lament the death of so well deserving a man, whose now want is the cause of all the woe and evil happening unto us, whose only name (if but like an echo uttered, and, his corpse in a cradle or chariot carried) would keep life and breath in the decayed affairs of Ireland. What will the poor northern people do now? Your father, your general, your ruler, your steerer is now wanting!

Lament for the Death of Eoghan Ruadh O'Neill.

I.

"Did they dare, did they dare, to slay Owen Roe O'Neill?"
 "Yes they slew with poison him they feared to meet with steel."
 "May God wither up their hearts! may their blood cease to flow!
 May they walk in living death, who poisoned Owen Roe!

II.

"Though it break my heart to hear, say again the bitter words!"
 "From Derry against Cromwell he marched, to measure swords;
 But the weapon of the Sacsanach met him on his way,
 And he died at Clogh Uachtair, upon St. Leonard's Day."

III.

"Wail, wail ye for the mighty one! Wail, wail ye for the dead!
 Quench the hearth, and hold the breath—with ashes strew the head!
 How tenderly we loved him! How deeply we deplore!
 Holy Saviour! but to think we shall never see him more!

IV.

Sagest in the council was he, kindest in the hall;
 Sure we never won a battle—'twas Owen won them all.
 Had he lived, had he lived, our dear country had been free;
 But he's dead, but he's dead, and 'tis slaves we'll ever be.

V.

O'Farrell and Clanricarde, Preston and
Red Hugh,
Audley and MacMahon, ye are valiant,
wise, and true;
But what, what are ye all to our darling
who is gone?
The rudder of our ship was he — our cas-
tle's corner-stone.

VI.

Wail, wail hi'n through the island! Weep
for our pride!
Would that on the battle-field our gallant
chief had died!
Weep the victor of Bein-Burb! Weep him,
young men and old!
Weep for him, ye women—your Beautiful
lies cold!

VII.

We thought you would not die — we were
sure you would not go,
And leave us in our inmost need to Crom-
well's cruel blow,
Sheep without a shepherd, when the
snow shuts out the sky —
Oh! why did you leave us, Owen? why did
you die?

VIII.

Soft as woman's was your voice, O'Neill!
Bright was your eye!
Oh! why did you leave us, Owen? why did
you die?
Your troubles are all over — your're at
with God on high;
But we're slaves, and we're orphans,
Owen—why did you die?

EPITAPH OF OWEN ROE O'NEILL.

*Eugenii O'Nelli, copiarum ultoniensium
præfecti generalis, epitaphium.*

Hic jacet ille ingens patriæ defensor
O'Nellus,
Nobilis ingenio, sanguine, Marte, fide.
Qui genus et magni mensuram stemmatis
implens,
Per sua Catholicos arma probavit avos.
Quem neque vis dubii potuit perfringere
belli,
Nec mutare boni spesve timorve mali.
Quem tria conjuncto petierunt agmine
regna,
In caput unius tot coiere manus.
Celsus in immota mentis sed constitit
arce,
Et ceptum in fracto pectore duxit iter,

Spem contra humanam, cœlum tamen
adfuit ausis,
Cumque suo Christus milite miles
erat.
Impia Catholicorum seu strinxit in
agmina ferrum,
Discolor hæretica cæde madebat hu-
mus.
Sive fugam simulat, simulando com-
primit hostem,
Nec minus arma viri quam metuenda
fuga.
Hoc tamen, hoc urgens et inexpugnabile
Martì,
Pectus humi positum spicula mortis
habent.
Æmula nam crebris Parca invidiosa
triumphis,
Vincendi et vitæ sit tibi finis, ait.
Fata sed Eugenium nequeunt ita sternere
servent
Postuma Romanam quominus arma
fidem.
Hanc lapis et cineres, sed et ipsa cadavera
spirant,
Et Petrum litui, tela, tubæque so-
nant.
Magna viri merces, tot palmas astra coro-
nant,
Sic præstant meritum terra polusque
decus.

Hugh O'Neill was born in the Spanish Netherlands. He was the son of Art Oge, brother of Owen Roe, whence he was called Hugh MacArt Oge. He went by the name of Hugh Dubh or Buidhe, epithets used by the Irish to designate persons of swarthy or sallow complexion. He is mentioned as one of the "brave warriors and prime captains who, out of the martial theatre of Flanders, enlisted under the banner of Owen Roe O'Neill, and came to Ireland in 1642." He was taken prisoner at the battle of Clones in 1643, and did not regain his liberty till released by exchange after the battle of Benburb in 1646. In that year he was appointed major-general of the Ulster army. The author of the *Aphorismal Discovery* speaks of him as a tried, wise, faithful, successful officer, unsurpassed in courage, vigilant, industrious, zealous, for religion, loyal to the king, faithful to his country, constant in his principles. During the illness of his uncle, Owen Roe, he commanded the Ulster army, and was with Ferrall despatched in October, 1649, to the Marquis of Ormonde with a body of 2,000 men. After Owen Roe's death he was anxious to succeed him as commander of the Ulster army. His

qualifications were strongly urged by Daniel O'Neill, as being a "man who knew the ways Owen Roe O'Neill took to manage the people, and one not unacceptable to the Scots, and one who would do nothing contrary to Ormonde's commands."

We have already given an account of his successful defence of Clonmel. After retiring from that place, he was appointed to act as military governor of Limerick by Ormonde, and to defend that city against the Parliamentarians. In reply to the demand of Sir Hardress Waller to surrender the city, September, 1650, he declared "he was determined to maintain it for the use of his Majesty Charles II., even to the effusion of the last drop of his blood." The author of the *Aphorismal Discovery* states that Ireton made him offers of great preferment, to induce him to surrender; but he would not betray the trust reposed in him. In his reply he is stated to have said that he had promised to hold Limerick for a year, and that period having expired, he intended to hold it, even without assistance, for another year. At the surrender, finding that his name was not included in the treaty, "he rode up to encounter Deputy Ireton, and offered him the pommel of his sword. Ireton receiving the same, asked him who he was, who answered that he was Hugh O'Neill, and desired the benefit of the law of arms in the behalf of a soldier of fortune, voluntarily yielding himself and the lives of other such soldiers as served under his command to his lordship's mercy and favor. Ireton embraced him gently, and bad him be of good cheer, and that he would receive no prejudice. Commanding his men to ride forward, he was alone and in private discourse with O'Neill, which one of his chief commanders perceiving, turned his horse in a fury, telling him it was now no time for such business. Notwithstanding all which Ireton was so tender of O'Neill's safety, that before he parted him he did command his own guard under pain of death to attend only that gentleman and bring him to a place of safety, where he did not receive the least prejudice."

"A few days after the taking of the city Ireton was infected and died, and at the point of his death was so nobly minded that he commanded his lieutenant-general, Edmund Ludlow and the rest of his officers to use all good behavior towards O'Neill, and to send him with his own corpse into England,

and bestow on him three horses, one for himself and two for two servants, and means to defray their charges. He also wrote a letter to the parliament, humbly desiring to use that brave warrior with all civility and humanity, all which was actually performed.

Another account says that "a court-martial was held, in which the Governor (O'Neill) having been condemned to die, the Deputy (Ireton) asked what he had to say for himself. He replied that the war had been long on foot before he came over, that he had been guilty of no base or dishonorable act, having only discharged the duty of a soldier as became a man subject to a superior power, to which he must be accountable. But the blood formerly shed at Clonmel, where O'Neill had been governor, made such an impression on the Deputy, that his judgment, which was of great weight with the court, moved them a second time to vote him to die, though some of the court earnestly opposed it, for the reason he had mentioned himself, and because whatever he had been guilty of before had no relation to these articles. The Deputy, finding some of the officers to be unsatisfied with the judgment, referred it again to the consideration of the court, who by their vote consented to save his life." It would seem that Ireton had persuaded the court to pronounce the sentence of death; but Ludlow and some other officers interfered, representing to him the odium which such an execution would bring on the English name abroad, where O'Neill was well known.

On O'Neill's arrival in London, January 10th, 1652, he was committed a close prisoner to the Tower, for being in arms against the Parliament. Twenty shillings a week was allowed for his support. Don Alonzo Cardenas, the Spanish Ambassador, proposed to the Council of State in July, 1650, to give permission to the Irish troops to pass into Spain, especially to Don Hugo O'Neill, since he was born in Flanders, and consequently a Spanish subject, having besides borne no part in the first insurrection in Ireland, nor in the excesses which took place there. He seems to have gone to Spain, for there is a letter of his to Charles II., dated from Madrid, October 27th, 1660, in which he solicits the restoration of his family to the royal favor. He assumed there the title of Earl of Tyrone.

The name of Daniel O'Neill occurs frequently in this work. He, too, was a nephew of Owen Roe. From a petition

which he presented to the House of Lords, in 1641, we learn that his grandfather and father were owners of all the Upper Clandeboys and Great Ardes, in the province of Ulster, and had served the English in the war against their own kindred, and that his father had been induced by undue influence to transfer these lands, amounting to 66,000 acres, to Sir Hugh Montgomery and James Hamilton for the sum of £60 and a yearly rent of £160. He spent his early life in Holland, in the army of the Prince of Orange. Later he entered the English service, and was known as an officer of name and repute. At the beginning of the Irish rebellion he was accused of high treason, and imprisoned in the Tower. He escaped in disguise after a confinement of six months. Soon after we find him lieutenant-general of Prince Rupert's horse. Clarendon says of him that "in subtlety and understanding he was much superior to the whole nation of the old Irish, a great discoverer of men's talents and humors, of good experience in the most active armies of that time, and of a courage very notorious, and that Ormonde loved him very much, and had much esteem for him." One of the charges brought against Ormonde in the "Declaration" of Jamestown was his too great partiality for Daniel O'Neill, shown by his giving him a command of which he had deprived Major-General Purcell. Ormonde's answer was: "The manner of Daniel O'Neill's coming into the command was this: he had taken great pains in bringing his uncle General Owen O'Neill to submit to the peace and his Majesty's government, and he did effectually labor after that work was effected to bring the Ulster army to his assistance, when Cromwell was on his march from Dublin to Wexford. Owen O'Neill being sick, the army was conducted by Lieutenant-General Ferrall and Major-General Hugh O'Neill. But when it joined with the Leinster, Munster, and Connaught forces, and some English and Scotch horse and foot, he found great difficulty how to distribute orders with satisfaction to all these parties, the Ulster party being unwilling to receive these from Major-General Hugh O'Neill. But all parties were content to receive them from Daniel O'Neill, and by him they were distributed; and Major-General Ferrall was sent into Munster, where he had and exercised a command-in-chief in the absence of superior officers. Nor was his commission annulled, nor any

new place given to any other to this day." He was sent by Ormonde to make proposals to Owen Roe, and it was mainly owing to his exertions that the treaty was brought about between them. Ormonde was anxious that he should be appointed to the chief command of the Ulster army after Owen Roe's death. But his religion stood in the way, for, strange to say, he was a Protestant. In 1650 he left Ireland, having obtained permission from Ireton to transport 5,000 men for service to Spain or Holland. On the Continent he was one of the most active partisans of Charles II. After the Restoration he was made Postmaster-General. He died in 1664. On the occasion of his death, Charles II. wrote to the Duchess of Orleans, "This morning poor O'Neill died of an ulcer in his guts. He was as honest a man as ever lived. I am sure I have lost a good servant by it."

V.

THE SACK OF CASHEL BY
INCHIUQUIN, SEPTEMBER
13TH, 1647.

*Narrative by Father Andrew Sall in a
Letter to Father John Young.*

THE year 1647 was a disastrous one for the whole of Ireland, and the times fell most heavily on Cashel, the Metropolitan see of the province of Munster. Lord Inchiquin, who was rightly called the scourge of God, after reducing and burning nearly the whole of this district, moved his Parliamentary army upon Cashel. The garrison of the city numbered only four hundred men, and the citizens were thrown into the utmost confusion by the difficulties of their situation and the sudden approach of the enemy. The garrison deserted the walls, and retired to St. Patrick's Rock, while a great part of the inhabitants, taking with them a supply of provisions and most of their household effects, followed the soldiers thither. The remainder, not trusting to the protection of the rock, concealed themselves in the outlying country, just in time to escape the fast advancing enemy. The Puritan troops entered the city without resistance, and after making merry on the food and drink left behind by the citizens, lay down to sleep. The next day, which was the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, the enemy reconnoitred the rock and its defences for the space of an hour, although informa-

My First and Last Ball.

ONE morning, at breakfast, a letter was handed to me, addressed "Nelson Jones, Esq." The "Esq." looked very imposing. I pretended not to be the least excited at receiving this formidable-looking missive. I opened it very slowly, much to my mother's disgust, since she wanted to know the contents. Inside was a card, which announced that Mr. and Mrs. Robinson would be at home on Wednesday, 1st January, and that they would have much pleasure in seeing Mr. Jones on the aforesaid day, and that dancing would commence at nine o'clock.

This would be my first big party, so naturally I was very excited. I wrote by return of post, saying that Mr. Nelson Jones would have much pleasure in accepting Mrs. Robinson's kind invitation, &c. The same day I ordered a suit of dress clothes. At last the eventful night arrived, seven o'clock came, and no clothes so, of course, I rushed off to my tailors, who positively declared that I had ordered them for the 2d, and not for the 1st of January. I called that poor man dreadful names, and left his shop, vowing never to enter it again, and that the patronage of the Joneses should be withdrawn forever. However, I managed to borrow a coat from Smith, and trousers and waistcoat from Brown. The trousers were an inch or so above my ankles, and so tight that I had to pay a little boy to tie up my bootlaces, not daring to lean down. The coat fitted pretty well, except that the sleeves were about a foot too long.

I sallied forth at half-past nine o'clock, and arrived at the house at about ten. I was greatly flurried when I entered, and on my being asked whether I would take tea or coffee, I first said, "Oh, I'm quite well, thank you," and finally asked for cocoa. The servant laughed (very rudely as I thought) and called a flunkey, who led me up to the drawing-room, and who made me turn all sorts of colors when I entered the drawing-room, by calling out in his stentorian voice, "Mr. Ne-son Jones," pausing between each syllable. Of course this directed everyone's attention to me, and I felt rather ashamed of my attire. The hostess rose to receive me, and said, "How-do-you-do, Mr. Jones, you are looking very well, I have not seen you with such a color for a long time."

The "tea or coffee" episode was still fresh in my mind, and was doubtless the cause of my offering Mrs. Robinson my left hand and blurting out, "I'll take tea if you please." By this time quite a little crowd had gathered round me, and I was feeling decidedly uncomfortable and blushing to a dreadful extent, when Mr. Jones came to my rescue, and asked me if he should find me a partner. I said I could not dance the polka. "But," said he, "this is a valse—you must dance this."

I do not know how it was, but I went through the process of introduction, and found myself not dancing, but being whirled round and round by a young lady possessing extraordinary strength. A hundred times if once did I ask her if she would like to sit down, but the cruel

creature each time declared she was not a bit tired. Suddenly I found myself on the floor, my partner underneath, and another couple above. My host quickly came to our rescue, and this little accident was soon forgotten.

During the next dance one of the lights in the chandelier went out, and Mr. Robinson seeing me doing nothing asked me to light it, as I was taller than he. I lifted my arm, when I heard something go crack. I noticed several people laughing at me, and then suddenly the fearful truth flashed upon me, I had split Smith's coat under the arm. In my fright, I let the lighted taper fall, but, luckily, no harm was done, and Mr. Robinson remarked that accidents will happen. It was now, I was glad to think, getting near supper time. At twelve o'clock I was asked to take a lady down to supper. There did not seem to be a great demand for Miss Skiggs, so I offered her my arm, and said, "May I have the supper of taking you down to pleasure?" Miss Skiggs smiled sweetly and we walked down to the supper-room. There was just room for two left at the table, but as Miss Skiggs was a very rotund person, she filled the greater part of my seat as well as her own, and said that perhaps she could make room for me. I was very uncomfortable, sitting on the very edge of the bench, and when Miss Skiggs was eating she had a very nasty habit of sticking her elbow into my ribs. Just as I was drinking my soup the fair one moved, and over I went, followed by my soup.

Two waiters came to my rescue, and after I had been sopped up with a napkin I sat down again, this time securing more room for myself. How horribly uncomfortable I was. My trousers stuck to my legs, and the soup was trickling down into my shoes.

But troubles never come singly. Just as the waiter was handing me some tipsey cake I turned sharply round, thereby upsetting the contents of the dish into Miss Skiggs' lap. This lady went off into hysterics, and I, seeing an opportunity for escape, rushed out of the room, seized the first hat I saw (which by the way was not my own), hailed a cab, and was in bed by 1 a. m. And now you know why I do not go to parties now.

HOW TO WASH SILK ARTICLES. — Silk articles should be washed in tepid water with a suds of white Castile soap; do not rub or wring them. Handle them as you would nice laces in washing. Rinse in clean cold water and press the water out by placing them in a clean dry towel or cloth, and clapping between the hands until almost dry, then lay in shape and place in a dry cloth under a heavy weight. When entirely dry rub lightly with a piece of flannel to give nice finish. Of course some delicate shades are not intended to be washed any more than a daintily colored silk dress.

Shandon Bells.

WITH deep affection and recollection
 I often think of the Shandon bells,
 Whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood,
 Fling round my cradle their magic spells—
 On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
 And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
 With thy bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I have heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
 Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine;
 While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate,
 But all their music spoke nought to thine;
 For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
 Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
 Made the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I have heard bells tolling "old Adrian's mole" in
 Their thunder rolling from the Vatican.
 With cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious
 In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;
 But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
 Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
 Oh, the bells of Shandon,
 Sound far more grander on
 The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on Tower and Kiosko,
 In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
 And loud in air, calls men to prayer,
 From the tapering summits of tall minarets.
 Such empty phantom I freely grant them,
 But there's an anthem more dear to me,
 It's the bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

REV. FRANCIS MAHONEY.

SHANDON BELLS: A BARDIC BOTHERATION.

THE bard, passing through Cork, is seized with a painful illness,
 and is borne to the home of dear friends He lieth awake through

the dark watches of the moonless nights, and listeneth to the horribly-out-of-tune-quarter-hour chimes in a neighboring church tower. He groaneth in pain, and feeling that he would gladly pay the rector to have those bells tuned; yet owneth that peradventure they are "cracked" beyond all mending. The "G" starteth with much indecision of tone, as if with some doubtings whether, at this time of its battered life, it ought to be "G flat," or "G sharp," or "G natural," or a little of all three. The "C," with stern integrity, cometh out boldly, and if the "E" would but be equal to the occasion matters would mend. But that dissipated bell seemeth to have been dropped in overmuch to some neighboring Blarney-lane hostelry, and it giveth forth only a most leery and inebriate sort of sound between a screech and a moan. The bard wondereth what His Majesty King Clifford Lloyd can have been about, or Emperor Plunkett, when in these parts, to allow such midnight outrages. He asketh in agony what bells these be. They tell him they are "The Bells of Shandon." Then breaketh he forth into shocking language concerning a predeceased minstrel named Prout, who wrote a poem extolling those ill-tuned chimes. He calleth him "deceiver," "impostor," "old humbug," and the like. Then trieth he to recall to memory the words of the said Prout's poem, but this is how they emerge from his bewildered brain:

With sad reflection and deep dejection
I'll henceforth think of those Shandon Bells
Whose sounds, so wild, would (I thought in) childhood,
Prove aught but one of Prout's bardic sells.
I did believe him—(may God forgive him;—)
Those awful crammers sung melodiously
Of "the Bells of Shandon that sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee."

There's a bell in Bagdad so badly cracked that
They cord it round at each Rammadan;
And, at Stoke-cum Bottes, an old tin pot is
The morning call for each maid and man;
But their sounds are sweeter, (I vow to Peter!)
O'er village, street, or Arabian sea,
Than those Bells of Shandon, whose steeples stand on
The pleasant shore of the River Lee.

I have heard bells rattle 'round the necks of cattle;—
The Chinese, in battle, use hideous gongs;—
And, down in Galway, the "natives" alway
Enswarm their bees to the beat of tongs.
But there's something sadder, to drive one madder,
Than gongs or tongs struck discordantly—
'Tis these bells of Shandon with discords, damned on
The rushing waters of the River Lee.

The force of poetic inanity being unable any further to go, the bard sinketh, exhausted, and unconscious, from which he awaketh to

feel a gentle hand smoothing his pillow, while yet another bathes his hot and aching brow. By his couch standeth two vigorous, manly forms whose faces are full of sorrow and concern. The morning air cometh in — fresh and bright. Everything somehow looketh and soundeth beautiful. He striveth to remember the other verse, but it cometh only in this way :

Some glad news telling soft notes are swelling :
There's light and music in all the air !
The cheering radiance, the soothing cadence
Of Friendship's voice starts this grateful tear.
Yes ; till death shrouds all in, those hours recalling,
Will tears be falling, dear friends for ye,
Near the bells of Shandon that sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee !

15 Bridget Street, Cork, 21 Sept. 1884.

A. M. SULLIVAN.

The Skipper's Ghost: A Sea Story of Christmas.

CHAPTER I.

A HOME IN GORDON'S FERRY.

A WELL-KNOWN spot was Gordon's Ferry, near to a great port, whose commercial reputation extended to all countries ; whilst its public buildings and other objects of interest furnished a theme of wonder to the world.

A dull November day hung over the town, and devastating winter was around it. The first snow had fallen during the preceding night, but the officialism of Gordon's Ferry could not stand the invasion of nature on the domain of commerce. It was enough to have to bear the contrary winds which kept their sailing ships in port, and the rains that removed the signs of a populous and commercial town from the streets, without being required to tolerate the presence of the intrusive snow, to lead the thoughts of the people away from the routine of their practical lives, to the nonsensical raptures about winter's garb of feathery white, or "the snow, the beautiful snow," which those enemies to the progress of mankind, the poets, have indulged in from time immemorial. So the snow had disappeared from the streets below — no longer beautiful nor white — long before the feeble sun, which came out, as for a first and last peep at the earth, about noon had melted what had fallen on the house-tops above.

Boatswain's Court was situated very near the water, and had once been a place of residence for officers of the mercantile marine when they were ashore. But the glory of Boatswain's Court was past, and the dwellers within its precincts now are the poorest of the poor, who

enjoy, in these old and ill-looking houses, an existing monument standing to the honor of the official conservatism of Gordon's Ferry. Indeed, the only flourishing concern in the immediate locality was the old "Five Bells," wherein many a goodly butt of nut-brown ale was tapped in convivial extravagance; and many a tough cork drawn in alcoholic excess, as tougher yarns were spun out in choice variety, like the contents of the cellar, to suit all palates. But, although the old inn was enjoying a green old age, under the ægis of vested interests, its architecture, pieced in by successive proprietors was necessarily of the mixed or ultra-rustic order, thus fortuitously preserving the "unities" with its tasty supporters; and furnishing an appropriate background to the picturesque old salts, who gathered about its doors when waiting the turn of the tide that led oftener to death than fortune.

In the lower room of one of the houses, quite close to the Five Bells, a woman sat sewing at a table, which reflected the rays of light from the small fire, whose beams danced on the full polished surface of an occasional leaf, which could at pleasure be added to the length of the table; but it was not in use because it would have filled the small apartment, and without leaving space for the display of half a dozen broken-down chairs, a frame with a few pots upon it, and under the window, another table, against which a boy was now standing. He was very young, perhaps twelve years of age; and his dark eyes were more than half hidden by the thick eyelashes, as he gazed in a pensive mood at the floor, whose surface had been polished and worn by the feet of several generations.

"There's, perhaps, not been a ship in from where father's gone to, yet?" said the boy, lifting his eyes inquiringly to his mother's pensive face.

"Yea! many a one from where he should have gone to; but the 'Saint Stephen' has never been heard of," said the woman, whose thin fingers still plied the needle busily.

"But they haven't brought letters maybe! Lots on 'em haven't, because I asked!"

"Not for us, and they never will!" said the mother with a deep sigh.

"Tell you what, mother, that old farmer that gave me a shilling for catching his horse wants a boy, I believe. If I see him in the market to-morrow I'll hire. He'll have me and don't you be fretting."

"When did he tell you so?"

"Well—I can't say exactly—not just now. He got another boy some time since, and the boy couldn't let his mother know first, before he went away, because he'd to go right off, straight away, with some horses the farmer had bought. A boy must go at once or lose his chance, you know, mother."

"You'll not go away without letting me know? How shall I know where you are?" she asked, anxiously.

"Oh, I take no harm, I'll bet," said the boy confidently, lifting up the latch with one hand, and taking his cap from a nail behind the

door with the other. "I'll just go for a walk—now that baby's asleep—mother, shall I!"

"All right! Don't get drowned or knocked under a wagon down at the docks," said his mother, who was glad that her son was willing, if barely able, to contribute to the family exchequer, which, to tell the truth, was only in a low condition. That she had seen better days could be guessed by her reserved manner when forced to associate with her neighbors. Her heart was only living on a slender, a nearly desperate, hope which somewhat softened the tones of the picture of despair which hung over her waking thoughts and disturbed her nightly dreams. Her husband, Anthony Leader, had held a good position with a firm of machine manufacturers in the North, and a few months before our story opens, his employers had sent him out to a foundry that they had lately established far away in South America. But the ship he sailed in had never been heard of since, and the money his wife had at his departure had gradually disappeared. Meanwhile, the firm was too much occupied in its anxiety about the vessel and her cargo, for the whole of it belonged to them, to take any special notice of the bereaved woman; and she was at last driven to seek subsistence for herself and child, by the worst paid drudgery in the world, her earnings, as a seamstress.

The boy as we have seen, went out, and to the busy region, where towering masts were still visible in the river, although the night was darkening fast. The tide was coming up, and the quivering wavelets which reflected the light of the waterside lamps came up very nearly on a level with the street. On and about several vessels the men were busily preparing for a departure with the tide when it turned. The tide was already full at the Five Bells, as within and without, the interminable "last words" were being spoken in hasty leisure and excited thirst. Harry had not gone far when a voice called out to him:

"Give us a lift with this 'ere, matey."

And turning, he saw a sailor who was trying to lift a box on to a kind of gangway, or moveable bridge, which connected the "Golden Queen" with the bank, conveniently close to the door and lifts of a large warehouse.

Willing to oblige, Harry lifted one end of the box, and when it was on the plank asked its owner where the vessel was bound to.

"Somewheres down in Amerikey, matey."

"Where is Amerikey, sir? It's not such a big vessel to go there!"

"No, she isn't, you're right there, matey, But I haven't had a trip in her yet."

"Is this the first time you've been in it yet, then?"

"Well, perhaps it is, and perhaps it isn't. What do you think?" was the good-humored reply, but the boy thought nothing of it, though he did not say so, and asked:

"Is Amerikey a very big place?"

"You've just hit it there, matey! It is a big place, hard to find the way in!"

"And what do you take there chiefly?"

"Oh, all sorts, I believe, we have on at present," said the sailor to

the boy, who had climbed the gangway, and was helping him with his box on to the ship.

The boy returned home, where he acted as nurse to a younger brother, and before he went to bed he told his mother that he should probably be away from home before she got up in the morning, as the first in the field got work at the market sometimes — and the farmer might be there too — while the late ones got no work, like the lazy birds who find by experience that all the early worms have been caught and duly disposed of before their entry into the hungry competition.

CHAPTER II.

THE CRUISE OF THE "GOLDEN QUEEN."

THE wind that filled the sails of the "Golden Queen" moved, thereby, about as hulkish-looking a craft as ever ploughed the ocean waves. The landsmen who had never seen a ship before might have considered her spars shapely, and her rigging not unsightly; but from stem to stern, from top-gallant to keel, not a resemblance or sign of *craft* presented itself to the nautical eye. Those of the crew who had not been in her before, however, soon got used to it, and as pay was calculated by time, and not by the job, they were content, and would remain so if they got across by Christmas Day.

"We shall do that, I should say," remarked one man to another, an old hand on deck, as they sat with several others in the bow of the ship.

"By golly! I hope so, if she goes in keel uppermost."

"Hush, mate! You wouldn't say that if you knew what the old skipper—one afore this—had to do!"

"What's that, matey?" asked another of Jem Crocker, the "father" of the crew.

"The old skipper swore he'd take the ship into port on Christmas Day, though it was against the regulations of the port he was making for then; but he swore he'd do it in spite of all the winds that ever blew, and all the laws that was ever made. Well, he hadn't been out above a month, and it wanted another to Christmas Day, when he died. Nobody knew what was the matter with him, and it's not like it is on land, with their inquests and post-mortems; at sea all they say is, 'Chuck him to Davy Jones;' and though many a thing was suspected among us, all we did was to let him glide down among the fishes, after the mate had read the church service out of a big Bible. But I'll never forget that Christmas Eve—never!" said he.

He had been on the ship longer than anybody else, and the men who now sat listening to his yarn were all new hands, whose minds were soon enthralled by the anticipation of the horrible tales he could tell, the truth of which he was always ready to vouch for.

"No, I'll never forget that Christmas Eve. We was near enough the harbor to see the lights twinkling now and then through the mist. I was leaning on the side looking down into the water, and thinkin' on the millions and millions of living things that live down there, when the mate—he was captain protemporey when the cap-

tain was dead — asked the man at the wheel if it was safe to go in that night. Ye see, the mate was not as used to the coast as the other fellow, — the dead 'un; but he wanted to get in before next day.

“‘No; we must keep out till daylight,’ I heard the man at the wheel say. I stood just near the hawse-hole there, when a light shot up, as if the sea was turned to lightning, and the old captain walks on deck.

“‘No you don’t!’ he says. ‘No you don’t! You go straight on!’ And he walked up the deck and stood opposite the wheel.

“I felt that no power in the world could have moved me from the place where I was standing. Every bone in my body quivered, and I could feel the hair going straight up on my head. I looked at the sea, but it was nothing but a heap of a hundred thousand men, turning and twisting like eels in a bucket, all fighting and biting one another like wild beasts gone mad.

“Well, the ship was riding through all this, and every now and then she gave a bump and shivered from stem to stern as if she had struck a rock. But she went on and on till the leapers in the water poured over her sides and rolled, grinning like devils, on the deck. By-and-by the bow seemed to leave us and go slowly away in the dark night. Somehow I didn’t seem to mind that there was anything strange going on; but, by-and-by, the middle of the deck, with the mainmast, followed suit; and, — but,” — said he, looking round on the terror-stricken faces of the men, who believed every word, — “I know no more! When I came to my senses again I was in a hospital, and when I was well enough to ask, I found that I was the only man saved from the wreck. The old craft had ‘come in keel uppermost!’ She was fitted and rigged afresh, and the old man was supposed to be bowled out altogether. But, mind you, he wasn’t! No! I saw him only the second trip walking the after-deck, when it was my watch, and when I went down what do you think I saw? Why, some rum I had left in a flask in my locker was gone! I thought some mate or other had got dry in the night, but not a bit of it! And every man that had *left any rum about had it taken* during the time the ghost was on board.”

Here the narrator looked round to ascertain the effect of his story. The result was satisfactory. Every man who had heard this story believed in it as firmly as in the plank that was under his feet; and the story-teller finished with a solemn injunction to any one who found small articles missing not to parade their loss lest they might draw upon themselves individually the more terrible wrath of the disturbed spirit; and many a vow was registered in secret to suffer even to the extremity of want without peaching.

They moved away; but soon the cook, who had been a listener to Crocker’s story, returned with loud complaints that his supper had been stolen! Annoyance had overcome discretion. He was sure as he lived that he had left it over his stove, and now it was clean gone.

The men looked at each other in consternation; and even Jem Crocker was visibly embarrassed, — a fact the others imputed to a

wholesome dread of a renewal of the uncanny visitor's acquaintance and special attention.

"Are you sure you put it there?" Jem Crocker asked of the cook, in the accents of a cross-examining sea lawyer.

"Sure as life! Yes, I'm terrific sure! And there hasn't nobody taken it, I'm thunderin' sure of that, because they've had their own supper; and then I asked 'em."

"Oh, you *asked* 'em?" repeated Jem, with a gaze into the faces of the men who had gathered on deck; but his countenance was no less troubled after than before this searching survey.

An inquiry was instituted among the crew; but as none of them had noticed anything at all suspicious, it was closed without practical results. That a ghost had made free with their material comforts nobody doubted, except Crocker; and his doubts found him food for reflection in which the rest of the crew did not share. The possibility of a ghost in want of a material supper he dismissed as not to be entertained.

One morning he was sitting on a coil of rope near the stern, moodily nibbling at a piece of straw, and did not notice the presence of the cook until the latter spoke to him.

"Well, I never was so thunderin' taken in in all my days! There's ghosts on every knot in the rigging, I believe! May I be shot if they haven't winked a lump of beef from under my very eyes!" said Cookey, and his appearance was that of a man at his wit's ends.

"May I be blowed if the old craft isn't on her last voyage to Davy's locker!" said Crocker, jumping up with the bearing of a man who was an authority on ghosts.

"Yes, and I'm not the only one 'at's seen him; that is, I haven't seen him myself, but the watch last night saw a thing like a thin man walk straight upright towards the ropes, and then, when he looked again, it was a dog; an' it went invisible all at once, like droppin' a lighted candle in the sea!"

"Has the mate got to know about him?" asked Crocker.

"No,—leastways, not as I knows on."

"Then, you get him and all the other pious blokes to the ropes at once for prayers; because if that's comin' like that, the old lugger's goin' to Davy Jones, as sure as my name's Jem Crocker!"

Having delivered himself of this admonition, Crocker fell again into a thoughtful mood, and the other, seeing that he had no more to say, went to report to the captain and mate.

The passage down to the cabin in which these two officers sat in consultation was approached by a steep flight of steps of such eccentric construction that Cookey had to knock at the door before he reached the bottom, and a short step off the stairs brought him into the apartment.

"Well, do you want something?" asked the mate, a short man, who spoke in a short manner, and then inclined his ear for the answer.

"Well, sir, there's a sight o' queer things happening about the boat just now!"

"What's that?" asked the captain, looking up suddenly; and not having heard the question, continuing: "Crew not satisfied. It's as I told you, Mr. Jones; we must get another to bring her back."

In point of fact, Captain Druffit had never told him anything of the sort.

"No, sir, not exactly; but there's another skipper been aboard!" said the cook.

"What! a mutiny? and what the deuce is it all for?"

"No, sir; it's a dead skipper! — the drowned one, come up out o' the sea, with a raw happetite, and helps hisself to the vittles that's aboard, without sayin', 'By yer leave!'"

"The deuce he does! And is he aboard now?" asked the captain, jumping up and seizing his revolver.

"I'm afeard he just is!" answered Cookey. Upon which the captain drew back and became quieter, conscious, no doubt, that in a contest between a living skipper and a ghostly one the latter had a decided advantage in the choice of weapons.

"Call all the men up!" said Captain Druffitt; and in a few moments the order to pipe all hands was given, and the men promptly appeared.

"Who says there's something supernatural in my ship?" demanded the captain of the first man in the row.

"Cook told me, sir. He says he's seen summat."

"What have *you* seen?" asked he, turning upon the cook.

"I've missed my supper three nights, since, sir; and last night I put a piece of beef in water to draw the salt, and this morning, sir, it's gone. And the watch says he saw the ghost hisself creepin' about the deck."

"What sort of a thing was it?" asked the captain of the man who had kept watch during the night.

"It was summat like a man, sir. It walked up just behind the foremast; and when it got by the mainmast I happened to look over to leeward, then I looked at the thing agen, and it wasn't a man then, but a dog, and in less than a second it melted away into the deck."

"You must have been dreaming! Don't tell an old sea-dog like me that a man can spin and shift about in that fashion!" said the captain; but as it was evident that everybody in the ship believed it, he was fully aware that no firmness on his part would have any effect. So the men were dismissed to their duties, with a reprimand for their folly; and with the result that, though frequent reports of things missing were afterwards made among themselves, the men ceased to report their losses to the officers.

Certainly a number of the men did venture into the hold, where a miscellaneous cargo was stored, but their search was barren of results.

CHAPTER III.

CHRISTMAS AT SEA.

"Christmas was coming fast!"

And the happy homes of Christendom re-echo the words sadly again, and lovingly again, as the memories of the grand old festival flash upon the mind, sublime memories seasonable of the great event in the history of man's Redemption; and simple memories happy in the present, but sad in the recollection of the missed ones who celebrate the day no longer with us in the flesh.

A bright sun, pouring upon the deck of the "Golden Queen," rendered the realization of ice and snow, the yule-log and substantial fare, impossible without a great stretch of imagination to the far off latitude of home. But at sea, as well as shore, the hardy sons of the North hail with joy the coming of the brightest festival of the year, and honor it according to the rude but hearty manner of their race.

On Christmas-eve a group stood upon the deck discussing the preparations which had been made for holding high holiday on the morrow.

"Where's Cookey? He's the chap to look after us!" said a practical man; and on louder inquiries being made that important gentleman appeared.

"I have'n't time to listen to your palaver, mates. There's the captain's beef boiling on the fire. Nobody else ever wants beef done that way at Christmas."

"No; but the skipper always has it!" said Crocker, who had sailed with him on many a Christmas Day, "and plum-pudding to follow, and then there's rum served out to the ship—if the dead un hasn't taken it all during his thirsty rambles!"

The men looked at one another at this suggestion of a grogless possibility on the morrow; and not one in the group appeared to relish the reference to the supernatural visitor.

At last one of them said:

"Cookey, it would be as well if you went and saw the skipper's beef all right now."

"Yes, certainly; and it'll be done enough by this time, I warrant. Come on with a fellow, *Jem*, for company."

"For company? You don't expect the deck 'll fetch away while you walk along it, do you?" retorted Crocker; but he afterwards accompanied the cook to the gally.

The huge joint was taken from the fire, and placed on a gigantic tin, when a loud shout was heard from the deck.

"What's in the wind?" asked *Jem*.

"There's a rocket to leeward," answered the voice, and the two men left the meat and went up on deck.

"Where? Where's the light?"

"Over there!" answered one of the men, indicating a point to leeward.

"And on a calm night, too," said the mate, who had joined the group on deck. "If there's a storm it must be travelling with the wind, and how've we missed it?"

All eyes were turned to windward suddenly, as one of the crew pointed out a dark, black mass on the horizon. It was seen to be a storm-cloud, and the captain gave orders for all to be made ready against the coming gale.

Soon the ship was driven before the storm over to the quarter from which the rocket had been thrown. It was plain that the ship was in no little danger. The mate stood by the watch in the bow, while the captain took his station by the wheel directing every movement. For hereabouts, it was well known, wererocks, which, hidden in the surge which foamed against the vessel's side, might drive their sharp, huge edges into her keel at any moment. There was silence on deck, every man at his post, every man anxious to save the vessel from wreck in the strong waves of that merciless sea.

By and by, however, the violence of the storm visibly abated, the sky grew clearer, though still dark, and the mariners, to whom this short respite brought a longed-for relief, stood gazing at the spot where the captain still stood to his duty; and conversing in low tones on the cause of the sudden danger.

"It's the skipper's ghost, I'll bet any money!" said one.

"Not it! We'd ha' seen him in it if it had been," rejoined another.

"Hush; it isn't wise to talk about such things when we're not permitted to know them," said another, who had never before been remarkable for any particular nicety of language, upon which some wag tried to raise a laugh at his expense; but the joke was interrupted by a frightened voice, which said:

"Look!"

There, down the deck, and not many yards from the entrance to the hold, a white-clad figure flitted to and fro in the semi-darkness. Not a sound was heard as it paced the deck, but its noiseless footsteps awoke as much terror in the minds of those who saw it as could a boarding party from a phantom ship.

The sky was again overcast. The darkness descended once again, and the figure at that moment was lost in the gloom. The gathering storm hovered threateningly round the craft, and again, to leeward, a bright tongue of flame shot into the air, died slowly away, and all was still.

The captain rushed to the side of the vessel and peered over towards the point whence the rocket had ascended. He was convinced it was close at hand; and that steering had become a work more of chance than of skill.

Then a mysterious howling came over the sea, and the shriek of the tempest found echo in the hearts of the sailors, whose firm belief in the supernatural led them to the conclusion that the experiences of the last few hours were but certain precursors of a violent death among the breakers which foamed and rolled over and around the

poor old ship, so soon to be their common coffin. They were spell-bound, beyond another effort for their lives.

At this moment the terrible moaning of the storm was broken by the cry of "Man overboard," and one glance showed that that man was the captain, whose form was no longer to be seen where he had so lately stood. Those who were able to leave their posts rushed to the side, and with great difficulty they could make out, in the darkness of that Christmas morning, the form of a man struggling for his life among the seething waters.

To throw out a life-buoy, to uncoil stout ropes, to rush to the boats, were the acts of a few moments, done, if with conscious thoughts, only despairingly, for how could he grasp them and thus save his life?

But just when all was given up for lost, a small boy's form rushed down the deck and seizing the end of another rope, which was just about to be thrown over in another direction as a last chance, jumped boldly out into the jaws of the angry waves.

They knew him not! The men stared at each other in blank terror. Where had he come from? It was surely not a bad providence that had sent a helping hand from the spirit-world to do the good deed of saving their captain from certain death! Look, a violent tightening of the rope proved that it sustained more weight than it did a moment ago; and a hearty tug, given with a will, brought two forms up from those gaping jaws of death, just as the first streaks of the Christmas dawn broke the darkness of the night; and the fury of the storm began to abate as suddenly as it had descended. Then the mate proved equal to the emergency. The first thing to be done was to restore them to animation, for they had fallen upon the deck, exhausted in the terrible fight for life. It was at first feared that the captain was dead; but a sigh from the limp and bruised figure showed that life was still within. The boy had carried out the rope, and the man had seized it, evidently, and had taken the boy in his strong arms, griping him still with unconscious tenacity. Several of the men also turned to the rescuer and lifted his fragile form from the wet deck—relieved to find in him a genuine human boy. As they brought the brave lad too, the light opening clearer and brighter shone on his face, and opening his eyes, he muttered, "LAND," at the same time pointing to leeward with his almost powerless arm. The helmsman—who had remained at his duty—had by this got to know his whereabouts; and the mate thought that by using the lead, and taking the utmost precautions to avoid the rocks, they might land on the Island—which he knew was thereabouts, and round which these teacherous barriers lay.

They succeeded, and, as they expected, it was one of those marked down on the chart as uninhabited.

But those rockets! Who sent them? Was it another instance of supernatural agency?

We shall see.

CHAPTER IV.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

"Who's the cargo?" asked one of the crew of the clipper, 'Sky Scaper'—a great contrast to that old tub 'The Golden Queen'—of another whom he met on the deck of the clipper, as she sped onward from the setting sun.

"It's A I. *the* curiousest yarn my ears ever had blown into 'em. How's it ye didn't appear when we hailed the old coal boat?"

"I was at it full sail down below here. Next articles I sail under, blow me if I don't put my cross to 'em. Eddication is a nice thing to them as isn't the only spelling hand in the craft. But then,—Eh, mighty!" said he, with a shake of his head, meant to express a great deal, as he led the way to where they had sat for many a story savoring of the sea.

"This man we have atween decks, he's the only one left of a crew that left England sometime ago. I bleeve, though I said crew, he were a passenger, and their boat went down, and he 'wakened and found hisself on a' island, without anything to eat or a man to mate with. But as it happened after'ards, he found some wreck stowed in a creek, with some provisions and some dry rockets on it, and he lived as best he could till—but I'm too fast! I must go back a bit. The old 'Golden Queen' left home for her run too, and she got foul among the winds, when an old skipper came on board in his bones and ordered 'em to go forrard."

"Do ye mean a speerit skipper,—a dead one?"

"A dead one I mean, if you like! But in fact they never die. A man that's been at sea for a lifetime couldn't rest in another world. But, however, up he comes, and go on they must. But for a start, the captain pops overboard, and the others are going too, when a boy pops out o' the rigging an' whips up the captain out o' the water, and sets the ship to rights in a winking."

"Is that a fact you tell?" asked the other, incredulously.

"A fact? Well, it's a yarn, I'll bet on if it isn't! They do say that the lad was a stowaway, and that he'd come out to look for his father, but that's gammon, as is likewise the tale they say he tells about living in the hold all the voyage, and going out to nail vittles wi' a flour sack turned wrong side out, thrown a top ov him. They'd thrown a old flour sack down there a time before, and they builded up a tale on that to pooh-pooh these ghost tales. Don't swaller that! The genuine thing's the truest fact you'll ever come across, and I shouldn't wonder if he'd gone back to owld Davy when they look for him the morning!"

The white, the beautiful snow had found its way on to a window sill in Boatswain's Court, and had quite transformed the exterior of the "Five Bells," and the keen January air had gained a passage through the dense atmosphere that had too long held undisturbed possession of that insalubrious locality. A group sat round the fire which blazed cheerfully, as if determined to contribute its due share

to the festive occasion of the sailor's safe return, and to inspire the tongue of the veteran, Captain Druffit, who felt bound to speak first, and who didn't know how to begin. That he must begin with a toast, and duly honor the toast in a bumper, was as evident to his nautical mind, as that you must enter a ship to get to an uncharted island, or overboard in mid ocean; so, at last, taking a long look at the fire and then another across the hearth, at the cradle, which the boy (whose name, like his father's was Anthony Leader,) was rocking vigorously, in order to make up for lost time, he over-duly commenced by proposing a toast to the good boy who had saved the good ship "Golden Queen"; "though," he added, "the stars knew that ship wasn't much," who had again, saved the captain himself, (with another emphasised appeal to the stars to testify that that was less) and who had rescued his father from imprisonment on a bit of a bog of an island. The toast was duly honored, and the captain began something else about the heroism that makes a sailor, but, "running foul of his emotions, which came up and blocked up the course," he turned back again to heroism, and then led on to an expression of the wish to meet a lad of that kind, which wish had haunted him ever since he became a skipper, and would always have done if he hadn't met the present happy moment, failing which he had no doubt that he should have walked the deck after death, and then, perhaps, some boy — but no, there couldn't be another like him; but for the sake of metaphor, he would say, some boy might hear the story and counterfeit his appearance; and he hoped, if it did happen, as much good would come of it as had come of the story of his predecessor on the "Golden Queen."

The ironfounder from the north could not improve on the captain's eulogy, so he endorsed every part of it, with the exception, he might mention, "of that which he construed into an inducement to him to go to sea." It had been settled that the family were to remove to the north; and they would have been there already had they not been awaiting Captain Druffit's arrival. Anthony Leader, senior, was to be foreman in a foundry, where his son was to occupy a position as soon as his education had been completed; and that education was amply provided for by the generosity of the owners of the "Golden Queen."

The captain thought that perhaps the landsman was right. A seafaring life was generally a rough one, but he would promise one thing, he'd never, if he came across them young rascals, as he did sometimes, he'd never be hard upon a stowaway.

The father, who had been rescued from a lingering death by the unforeseen result of his boy's bravery, at a time when the rockets, two of which he had sent up daily, were nearly used up, sat deep in thought and thankfulness; the mother repeated at intervals her less eventful, but equally touching, story of the anxiety she had felt when her son failed to return (a year after the baby was awake again!) — an anxiety which had been repaid an hundred fold by the hand of Providence; and then Anthony Leader found his tongue and spoke with deep feeling thus:—

"I know from the best authorities that, out of the fulness of the

heart the mouth speaks, but mine is too choking full for the utterance of many words. Oh, thanks be to God for his mercy in this reunion with my wife and dear babes! Through a sea of sorrow and tribulation He, the Almighty, has brought us safely into the blessed haven of happiness and prosperity."

Merry Christmas Bells.

I.

SWEET sounding bells ; peal forth to-night your melodies sublime,
Proclaim in mellow, dulcet tones the joys of Christmas-time.
Beam down, O silv'ry Christmas star, upon the virgin snow—
There's ecstasy supermal in the beauty of thy glow!
From thickly-peopled thoroughfares, and quiet country vales,
Come forth the sound of ringing songs, and merry Christmas tales—
Reverberating sweetly in entrancing, rippling swells,
Their music clear,
Falls on my ear,
The Merry Christmas Bells.

II.

Beside the latticed casement calmly gazing on the snow,
I'm thinking, fondly thinking, of the blissful long ago,
Thro' the quiet little village I in fancy roam again ;
There brightly burns the Christmas light behind each window pane,
Flow soft the silv'ry voices floating from the old church tower,
Like harbingers from Heaven in that lonely midnight hour,
Reverberating sweetly over snowy hills and dells,
I hear again,
Their mellow strain,
The Merry Christmas Bells.

III.

How beauteous, 'neath the moonlight, at that solemn midnight hour,
To listen to the chiming from the ivied old church tower,
'Twas something more than earthly bliss the joy I held as mine,
When softly fell upon my ear their melodies divine,
I scanned the peaceful uplands in their snowy garb arrayed,
The streamlet murmured softly o'er the pebbles as it strayed,
And ringing out impulsively in soul-entrancing swells,
Their harmonies,
Sailed on the breeze,
The Merry Christmas Bells.

IV.

Then, darling, let me gaze upon thy bright blue eyes once more,
 And let's recall the vows we made one Christmas eve, ashore;
 We're happy in our exiled home, our hearts are fond and true,
 Tho' youthful haunts and youthful joys have vanished from our view,
 For time has wrought his changes since we listened to them last,
 Still mem'ry robes in radiant hues, the glad scenes of the past,
 And the fervent love that bound us then, within our hearts still dwell.

As when, ashore,
 We heard of yore,
 The Merry Christmas Bells.

NEW YORK, December, 1884.

EUGENE GEARY.

The Third Plenary Council.

It is now nearly a third of a century since the Catholic Hierarchy of America first met in Plenary Council in the Primatial See of Baltimore, on May 9th, 1852, under the call of the Apostolic Delegate, Most Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, Archbishop of Baltimore, around whom were grouped six Archbishops and twenty-four Suffragan and Titular Bishops, acting as Administrators or Vicars Apostolic. After this Council, the Propaganda obtained the erection of the Metropolitan See of San Francisco, and of the Episcopal Sees of Portland, Burlington, Brooklyn, Newark, Erie, Covington, Quincy, Santa Fe and Natchez, and a Vicariate Apostolic, embracing the upper peninsula of Michigan. Of the thirty Prelates that attended the First Plenary Council, but five remained to witness the assembling of the third Council. These are Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop Alemany, O. P.; Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, Bishop A. M. Blanchet, recently retired from the See of Nesqually, and Bishop Lamy of New Mexico. And of these five, four of the Prelates living did not attend the third Council, so that the presence of the Archbishop of California was the only connecting link in the history of the Plenary Councils of the Church thus far held in America.

The Second Plenary Council assembled in Baltimore on the first Sunday in October, 1866. The Council was,—to use the language of Archbishop Spalding — “the largest ever held in Christendom since the Council of Trent, with the exception of those Ecumenical Councils held in Rome under the Sovereign Pontiff himself.” It comprised seven Archbishops, thirty-eight Bishops, three mitred Abbots, forty-nine mitred Prelates, and upwards of one hundred and twenty of the most learned members of the priesthood. Sixteen of the Prelates were born in the United States; nine were natives of Ireland; twelve were born in France; three were natives of Spain; Germany was the birth-place of two; two others were born in Belgium; Austria and Switzerland being represented by one each. The session lasted two weeks,

closing its labors on Sunday, the 21st of October, 1866, in a scene of gorgeous magnificence such as the grand Cathedral of Baltimore had never before exhibited.

On the second Sunday in November, 1884, the Third Plenary Council was held in Baltimore; but, alas! many of the Apostolic band of Bishops were missed from the scene of their former labors. But their places were not vacant, their Sees were represented by their successors, who carry on the vital mission of the Church militant, aided by the prayers of those saintly Prelates who have gone to their well-earned reward in the Church triumphant. As the Apostolic Prelate looks over the august body by whom he was surrounded on the assembling of the Council, his heart justly felt a holy pride to be called upon to preside over such an assemblage, comprising thirteen Archbishops, sixty-two Bishops, six mitred Abbots, the Superiors of numerous Religious Orders.

The closing session took place on Friday, December 7, with great pomp and ceremony. There was a street procession from the Archiepiscopal residence to the Cathedral, which was witnessed by a large crowd of spectators. The sky was clear, and the bright sunshine pouring down on golden mitres, jewelled crosses, and rich part-colored vestments, made a very imposing spectacle. The procession was headed by the seminarians of St. Sulpice, chanting psalms, and then followed in order regular and secular clergy, theologians, superiors of religious orders, rectors of theological seminaries, monsignori, mitred abbots, bishops, archbishops, and an archiepiscopal cross-bearer, between two acolytes, and preceding Archbishop Gibbons, the Apostolic Delegate, accompanied by his deacons of honor. At the Cathedral pontifical mass was celebrated by Most Rev. Michael Corrigan, Coadjutor Archbishop of His Eminence the Cardinal of New York, on account of the sickness of Rev. P. W. Riordan, Coadjutor Archbishop of San Francisco. Bishop Spaulding of Peoria preached the sermon.

After the sermon, the vestments of the prelates and priests were changed from white to red, this color being symbolical of the tongues of fire which descended on the apostles on Pentecost Sunday. The vestments of the Apostolic Delegate and his attendants were not changed. A number of hymns and psalms were sung and prayers intoned. At the conclusion of these, the Apostolic Delegate took his seat at the altar steps, with Bishop Kain of Wheeling at his right, and Bishop Janssens of Natchez at his left, and the last session of the Council was opened. Monsignor Corcoran read the chapters of the decrees passed during last week, and they were formally adopted.

After the reading, all affixed their signatures in testimony of the genuineness of the decrees. The apostolic kiss was exchanged. Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis, the oldest bishop in the Council, made the closing address. The *Te Deum* was sung by the choir, closing prayer recited, the Papal benediction pronounced by the Most Rev. Apostolic Delegate, and the Third Plenary Council was ended.

We give elsewhere the sermon of the distinguished Archbishop of Philadelphia at the opening of the Council.

Our Young Folk.

KISS ME, MOTHER.

"MOTHER, say why you are weeping,
Sitting there beside my bed,
While this weary vigil keeping,
And from tears your eyes are red?"
"Ah, my child, I thought you sleeping;
And a Rosary I said."

"Mother, do not thus be grieving
That all hope for me is vain.
Do you weep that I am leaving
Such a world of grief and pain?"
"No, my child, in hope believing,
We shall meet in heaven again."

"Mother, 'tis not death before me
Brings this tear upon my cheek;
But my father — he'll deplore me
Till his poor old heart will break."
"Oh, my child, may Heaven o'er me
Give the comfort we must seek!"

"Mother, comfort him and give him
My own little cross of gold;
Mother, cheer him, do not grieve him,
When this heart of mine is cold."
"Oh, my child, all heart will leave him,
And he will not be consoled."

"Mother, mother, who is crying,
And why turn you now so pale?
Now I know that I am dying;
'Tis the Banshee's mournful wail."
"Hush, my child, 'tis but the sighing
Of the beech trees in the gale."

"Mother — ah! my sight is growing
Dim; my feet are cold as lead.
Kiss me, mother, I am going
Up." The weary spirit fled;
And the mother's tears were flowing
O'er the features of the dead.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF LITTLE SNOWDROP.

CHAPTER XVI.

A WONDERFUL CHANCE.

WHEN Dermot saw the cab disappear from view, and found himself alone, amidst the hurry and bustle of Oxford street, his heart sank low, and he shed bitter tears, as he thought of Snowdrop's sufferings and his own forlorn condition.

"Oh, my darling, if I could only get to you it would not be so dreary. It was cruel of Sam to take you away and leave me here by myself," he cried passionately. "Cruel, cruel to carry Snowdrop off and leave me to watch this old piano. I wish to goodness I could get rid of it! Then I would soon run off to Great Ormonde street. That's where the man told the cabman to go. Poor Snow will be so lonely without me; she loves no one as she loves me. But, then, Sam told me to stand by the piano; so I suppose I must. If I left it, it might get stolen."

"Now, then, youngster," said a policeman, "move off! We can't have you blockin' the way with that old pianer of yours. Take it away!"

"Please, I can't," said Dermot. "It's too heavy; I can't move it."

"Well, you are small to work with such a big thing. But come and I'll put it round the corner into Great Castle street. It will be out of the way there."

"Thank you; you are very kind," replied Dermot; and as the policeman pushed the piano along the street the little boy followed meekly at his heels.

But suddenly a bright idea flashed across his mind, and his face shone with happiness. "Now's my time," he whispered to himself, "now's my time to escape. Why should I stay here and wait for Sam and be dragged back to that horrible house again? The policeman will mind the old piano and give it to Sam when he comes back. So I'll just run away;" and without a word he turned and fled down Oxford street.

"Now, then, my boy, you can stand here and wait till some one comes to look after you," said the policeman as, having pushed the piano into a quiet corner, he looked about for its owner. "It will be out of the way here, and — but, hallo! why, the young shaver's gone. Well, I never! I suppose I must land this thing off to the station. He'll come back and look for it by-and-by. My word, but that's a sharp un!" and he laughed heartily at the trick the child had played upon him.

Meanwhile Dermot ran quickly along, panting and breathless, yet afraid to stop lest he should find the policeman at his elbow, ready to drag him back to his wearisome post by the old piano. At last, however, he was forced to rest; and leaning against a shop window, he looked cautiously round. But no policeman was to be seen; and

feeling greatly relieved, he stood gazing about, wondering what he should do, now that he was free. "I shall never go back to Sally, — never. I would rather starve than do that. I shall just follow Snowdrop to the hospital and find out how she is, and tell her I have left those wretches for ever. And, oh! I know what I'll do; I'll write my letter to papa, and tell him where I am. But where am I? — oh! where am I? Where can I tell him to come? This is such a big, wild street, and I have no house to go to. So what is to become of me? O papa, papa, if you could only find me!" and quite overcome at this bewildering state of affairs, Dermot sat down on a doorstep, weeping bitterly.

"I'll go and see Snowdrop, anyway," he said at last. "She'll tell me what to do; for she's a wise little thing, — a great deal wiser than me, I afraid;" and getting up slowly, he asked some one to show him the way to Great Ormonde street, and then off he went, determined not to stop again till he got there.

But all at once another bright idea struck him, and he laughed aloud. "I'm a fine fellow!" he cried. "Of course it will do to tell papa to go to the hospital. Yes, that's a capital thought. I'll write my letter at once, for the sooner it gets posted the better. Then, when I've done that, I'll go on there, see Snow, or, if they won't let me in, linger about, sleep on the doorstep, anywhere till papa arrives, and then, oh, what joy! But what am I to write on? What am I to write with? No paper, no pen. Oh, what am I to do? what am I to do?" and again the little face clouded and the blue eyes filled with tears.

Presently he passed a stationer's, where paper, envelopes, and pens were set out in tempting array.

"If I had only a penny, or even a halfpenny, I might buy some, and write my letter. Oh, how I long to write that letter! What is the use of getting away from Sam if I can't write my letter? And Snow, I'm sure she's longing to write one too, poor darling! I will go in and beg a little bit of paper and the loan of a pen. I'll implore the man to give me even half a sheet;" and, trembling and blushing, Dermot entered the shop.

It was a small place, and two ladies and a gentleman stood at the counter selecting photograph frames about which they could not agree. The shopman was occupied showing off his wares, and looked round hurriedly when he saw a ragged boy enter the shop.

"Go away, child! Get out of this at once!"

"Please," began Dermot, timidly, "will you give me ——"

"There's nothing for you. Go away, I say," and the man pushed him out, slamming the door in his face.

"Oh, my letter, my letter are you never to get written? How am I to be found if I can't write to papa?" sighed Dermot. "But I must just run on and talk to Snowdrop about it. And who knows, maybe there might be some paper in the hospital. Yes, I'm sure there will be. I remember going to a hospital in Dublin with mamma, and in the parlor there was a nice blotter, and pens and ink — I don't remember paper, but I'm quite certain there was some," and

quickenings his steps, he turned down Hanway Street, across Southampton Row, never stopping till he at last reached his destination.

"Please, could you tell me which is the hospital they take little children to when they are hurt?" he asked of a woman who was passing by.

"There, dear, that big red place," she said. "That's where they're nursed and taken care of, poor things," and sighing gently she went her way.

"I've come along very fast," thought Dermot, looking up at the building, "and Sam might be there yet, ready to pounce upon me and carry me back to Sally. I think I'll go back, and walk about, till I think he is sure to be gone. I'll know the place now, and will be able to go to it when I feel quite certain he's gone right away," and turning, he sauntered leisurely down the street into Southampton Row.

"Oh, how nice those buns look!" he said, as he stopped in front of a confectioner's shop. "Dear, dear, I do feel hungry. I wish Sam had left me a penny or two. But I daresay he had no money, for he never played a tune this morning. It is such a time since I had my breakfast. How am I to live until papa finds me? The sight of those cakes makes me feel dreadful. But I mustn't look at them any more; they only make me worse; and I shan't beg till I'm just forced," and putting his hand over his eyes to shut out the tempting dainties, he walked away.

As he passed the door of the shop a lady with a pale, sad face stepped out and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Are you hungry, little man?" she asked. "I saw your face at the window, and I thought you looked white and faint."

"Yes, I am hungry," said Dermot, blushing. "But I have no money and I hate to beg—it—it makes me—feel—so horrible to beg."

"Poor little boy! I shall not ask you to beg. Come in here and eat as many buns as you like."

"But—but," said Dermot, "I could not pay——"

"No; of course not. I shall pay for them. Don't be afraid of me. Come along."

"Oh, you are good—you are good. And do you know, dear lady, you make me think of my own mother, my dear, dear mother."

"Indeed," said the lady, smiling. "Now, sit here," and leading him into the shop she made him take his seat at a little round table. Then carrying over a plateful of buns and cakes from the counter, she sat down to see him enjoy his repast.

"And so I am like your mother, dear," she remarked, wondering greatly at the gentle voice and manner of the little street boy.

"Yes; not your face, but the way you speak," said Dermot, his eyes filling with tears; "and—and—your smile is too——"

"Come, eat your buns. I am glad I am like your mother, since you love her so much. But where is she? Why does she let you stray about the streets?"

"She doesn't let me;—she—she——" and putting down his cake, Dermot burst into tears.

"Poor little man! poor little man!" said the lady, and rising, she walked away to the door. "I must not talk to him just yet," she thought. "I daresay his mother is dead, poor child! When he has eaten something I shall question him more. He has a sweet little face and talks like a gentleman's child. Perhaps I may be able to do something to help him. My heart is very tender towards all stray children now," and she raised her handkerchief to her eyes.

Left to himself, Dermot choked back his tears, and feeling really hungry was glad to eat the buns the good lady had set before him.

"I will take this to Snowdrop," he thought, setting aside a sponge-cake; "perhaps they won't give her any at the hospital; and she always liked sponge-cakes so much. I wonder if the lady would mind me taking her this one?" and he glanced inquiringly at his kind benefactress.

As he did so he found the lady's eyes fixed upon him, and blushing brightly, he slipped off his chair and ran up to her.

"Please, dear lady," he said timidly, and holding out the cake as he spoke, "may I take this to my little cousin, who is ill in the hospital in Great Ormonde Street?"

"Certainly you may. What is the matter with the little cousin?"

"I don't exactly know. She and I were walking along with Sam and the piano, and she was crying, because she said we should never be able to get back to our papas and mammas again and —. But, oh, lady, dear lady, are you ill? You look so white, and —"

"No, dear, — only a little faint;" and she sat down at the table. "What happened the little cousin, then?"

"Well, we were both knocked down, — how I don't know; but I think it was a carriage. But when I got up I saw poor Snowdrop lying —"

"Snowdrop! Did you say Snowdrop?" cried the lady, starting to her feet and trembling in every limb.

"Yes, Snowdrop; that is my cousin's name."

"And yours, — what is your name? Tell me quickly."

"My name is Dermot. Dermot O'Connor."

"Dermot, Dermot! My God, I thank Thee! My darling, my darling! I am your Aunt Eleanor;" and catching the boy in her arms, Mrs. Elton kissed him over and over again.

"What?" he cried joyfully. "Aunt Eleanor, — Snowdrop's own dear mamma? Oh, I am glad; I am glad!"

"And I. O Dermot! I can scarcely believe my senses. But my little Snow, — is she much hurt; is she much hurt?"

"No; I think not. Her head was bleeding; but Sam said she was only stunned, and he took her off to the hospital, and left me all by myself to mind his old piano. But I ran away; and, oh, it was a wonderful chance that brought me down here!"

"God was taking care of you, dear; and he has answered our prayers, our many prayers, for your safety."

"Yes, auntie, and Snow and I prayed, oh, so hard!"

"Poor darlings! And now let us go to her, Dermot. I long to press her to my heart. O my dear boy! how I have wept and mourned

over my little lost child. My heart was breaking when I saw your face at the shop window, looking so hungry and sad. But, please God, all will be well now. Snowdrop shall—must get well. Her father and I have lodgings in Queen street. That is close to the hospital, and we shall have her moved if possible. Your papa and mamma are in London, Dermot, and —”

“Papa, — mamma? Oh, Aunt Eleanor, where? Let me go to them; let me go to them!”

“They are out, dear, searching about; giving orders to policemen; doing everything they can to find you. But they will come to our rooms in the evening, darling, and then what joy! But come, Dermot; let us hurry to see my little Snowdrop;” and taking the boy by the hand, she walked rapidly up the street to the hospital, and rang the bell.

“There was a little girl carried in here some hours ago—a white, delicate child—how is she?” she inquired breathlessly of the man who opened the door.

“She is doing nicely, ma’am. The boy that brought her here waited till she recovered consciousness, and then went away. He was mighty fond of her, poor chap!”

“Yes, yes,” said Mrs. Elton, hurriedly. “Thank God she is better. Can I see her?”

“I’ll ask,” said the man, and he went away.

“How long he is; how long he is!” cried the impatient mother. “Will he never come back to take me to my darling?”

But at last he returned, and with a beating heart Mrs. Elton followed her conductor up the stairs.

“She is asleep at present, ma’am, but will soon awake, I think,” said the nurse, as the visitors entered the ward and stood at the foot of Snowdrop’s bed.

“Is she ill? — very ill?” asked Mrs. Elton, in a choking voice.

“Oh, no, not at all. It was a very slight accident. I have something here that will comfort her when she wakes up,” and she held up a letter. “She implored me to write this for her, and it contains a very strange story. She will be well to-morrow; but I hope to be able to keep her till I hear from this Mr. O’Connor.”

“Mr. O’Connor? why, that’s my papa!” cried Dermot. “And so the letter is written at last; but, oh, thank goodness, it is too late.”

“Too late?” questioned the nurse, in surprise.

“Yes, too late,” said Mrs. Elton, smiling. “Mr. and Mrs. O’Connor are both in London, and will soon hear the good news.”

“Who is talking? I heard mamma’s voice,” cried Snowdrop, pulling aside her curtains, and looking up and down the room.

“So you did, darling; so you did!” and in an instant Snowdrop was clasped to her mother’s heart.

CHAPTER XVII.

A HAPPY RETURN.

There is wild excitement in Kiltien Castle, and the children are flitting about with smiling faces and joyful hearts. The rooms and halls are filled with plants and flowers; the little ones are dressed in the whitest of frocks and the freshest of ribbons, and even the dogs and the cats are in holiday trim, and wear bells round their necks that tinkle wherever they go.

"Haven't we made it all look nice, Harry?" asked Nora, gaily, as Harry O'Brien appeared at the door with a beautiful bouquet of roses in his hand.

"Yes, indeed, you have. But, Nora, this is for little Snowdrop. Dick and I are so sorry we ever made fun of her, or laughed at Dermot for being fond of her. We want you to give her this from us."

"Oh, but you must stay and give it to her yourself."

"No; I am afraid Mrs. O'Connor would not like to see us here."

"Indeed she would. Mamma is very fond of you now, Harry, because you were so kind and good helping to look for Dermot and Snowdrop. She says you were the kindest boys she ever knew, and that you were a great comfort to her."

"Did she say that? Oh, I am so glad," cried Harry, joyfully. "Well, then, I think we may stay. I'd like to give them a good cheer when they arrive."

"Yes, that will be grand. But where is Dick?"

"Oh, he's outside somewhere. He didn't like to come in. Dick! Dick!" shouted Harry, "Nora says we may stay."

"That's right," answered Dick, bounding into the hall, with Baba on his shoulder and Topsy hanging on by his coat-tails. "What time do you expect the travellers?"

"About half-past six or seven," said Nora. "And, oh, Dick, I'm just longing to see them all. It seems such an age since papa and mamma went to London to look for those poor children."

"Yes, so it does. But, Nora, who all's coming, dear?"

"Every one of them; uncle and aunt, papa and mamma, Dermot and Snowdrop; and we're going to have such jolly holidays!"

"I should just think so. We shall have to do all sorts of things to celebrate this safe and happy return. But I say, Nora, next time you have a picnic on Bray Head you must take Harry and me. We'll prevent the old gipsies walking off with any of you."

"Oh, there won't be any more," said Nora, confidently. "That bad Sally was mad, and mamma wrote to nurse that she had been locked up in the asylum. When she heard that the children had been found by Aunt Eleanor, she nearly killed Sam: that's the big boy that was kind to them, you know, and then she was taken away and locked up."

"That's capital," said Dick. "But what about that other woman? She was wicked, too, I'm sure."

"No, she wasn't. She tried to help papa, and told him she was

sure the children were in London; but she did not know where Sally lived or what she did."

"But why did she let them go?"

"Oh, because Sally gave her chloroform — stuff that put her to sleep — and she didn't know they were going."

"Dear, dear, what a wretch! But what about Sam? Are they going to punish him?"

"No, indeed; he was very kind to them; and he loves Snowdrop so much. Uncle is going to try to get him some work to do, and mamma says she hopes he will grow up a good man."

"That is good news, certainly. He's going to cut the French piano business, then?"

"Yes, when he gets something better to do. But wasn't it fun the way Dermot slipped off and left the policemen to mind it for him?"

"Splendid — and awfully lucky for him; for if he had stuck there like a stupid he'd never have found Mrs. Elton. But I suppose Sam got the piano again all square."

"Oh, yes; he met the policeman on his way back from the hospital, and he told him where it was."

"But wasn't he sold when he found Dermot had given him the slip — run away?"

"No; mamma says he told her he was very glad, only he was afraid the poor child might get lost more and more."

"I say, what jolly long letters Mrs. O'Connor must write; she seems to tell you everything. It's awfully good of her."

"Yes; she writes to nurse, and nurse reads the letters out to us. Oh, we were glad when we got the telegram to say they were found. We all shrieked and danced as if we were mad."

"So did we. Dick and I had a bonfire that night, and we danced round it like maniacs. But, I declare, here comes Pat. I say, won't there be a jolly lot of us to welcome them home?"

"The more the merrier," cried Dick, tossing Baba in the air. "Hurrah for Dermot! Hurrah for Snowdrop!"

"Good-evenin', Miss Nora," said Pat, stepping into the hall. "Are you expectin' the happy party to come soon?"

"Yes, Pat, by the next train," replied the little girl, giving him her hand. "Papa will be glad to see you; for you were so kind when the children were lost."

"Kind, is it? Shure I'd have thrown myself into the say yonder if that would have brought them back. Me that was fool enough to send them off in the van!"

"Come now, Pat, don't be abusing yourself," said Harry, "or Dick and I shall have to begin to do the same. Nora says Dermot told his mother that it was because we laughed at him, and called him a baby, that he went away so far from nurse, and then to show himself a man he took that short cut and got lost. So you see we were more to blame than you."

"'Deed-an' that's very likely to be true," said Pat, shaking his head. "Them little chaps don't like to be laughed at, poor dears."

Of course, if they was big an' had sense, they wouldn't mind; but when they're small they're foolish, an' feel things like; so it's cruel of big boys to laugh an' tease the creatures, so it is, an' I hope you won't do it any more."

"I hope not," said Harry. "We've promised Mrs. O'Connor we won't; and Dick and I are going to be father and brother to Dermot in the future. Aren't we, Dick?"

"Yes, indeed, we are."

"Well, thin, it's a pair of wild relations he'll be afther havin'," said Pat, laughing. "But who put up that fine arch over the gate? It's just downright beautiful."

"Harry and I did," said Dick, triumphantly. "The little girls gathered the flowers and leaves, and we tied them together. Then John helped us to put it up."

"Bedad, thin, it's well done. But listen, Misther Dick; I thought I heard the sound of carriage wheels."

"So you did; so you did! Here they come! Hurrah, hurrah! Now, Baba, right to the front! Lesbia, Topsy, Nora, range yourselves all in a row, and the minute the carriage appears set up a loud cheer of welcome."

The children did as desired, and with eager, smiling faces stood waiting for the happy moment to arrive. The beautiful waving trees hid the carriage from their view, but the sound of wheels could be distinctly heard, and they knew the glad sight that would soon meet their eyes.

"Hurrah! hurrah! Here they are! here they are!" shouted Dick. "Now for your cheers; now for your cheers!"

And then all the little voices were raised in hearty welcome as the carriage drove in under the triumphal arch, and Dermot and Snowdrop were seen smiling and bowing to their friends.

"Oh, joy, joy! At home once more," cried Dermot; and springing from his seat beside his mother, he flew from one little sister to another, hugging them in rapturous delight.

"Snowdrop, Snowdrop! we are all so glad to see you safe back from the gipsies," cried Nora. "But, oh, dear, where are all your lovely curls?"

"I don't know, dear, and I don't care," said Snowdrop, gaily. "Sally cut them off, but I didn't much mind. But, O Nora! it is nice to see you all again. Dermot and I were so miserable with that dreadful woman."

"Yes, dear, I'm sure you were; and we all cried so much when we found you were lost."

"And so did we. But, Nora, isn't my mamma a darling?" and she clung to her mother's hand. "I am so afraid she will go away, or that I shall get lost again."

"Oh, you must not do that, Snow. Must she, Aunt Eleanor?" asked Nora, looking up shyly at her aunt.

"No, dear; indeed she must not. Dermot and she have promised never to wander away by themselves any more," said Mrs. Elton, smiling. "And I hope she will make friends with you, Nora, for you look a wise little girl."

"Oh, but Dermot calls me a baby; and then Snowdrop doesn't care to play with me."

"I shall never call you a baby any more, Nora, dear," said Dermot, putting his arm round her. "I used to long for a sight of your dear little face when I was dragging about through those noisy streets in London. Didn't I, Snow?"

"Indeed, you did. But, oh, Dermot, don't talk about those dreadful days;" and the little one nestled up close to her mother's side.

"And now, my friends, I think we had better get ready for dinner," said Mr. O'Connor. "I feel as if I wanted mine after my long journey. What do you think, George?"

"I quite agree with you," said Mr. Elton, smiling. "Eleanor, you can make acquaintance with the little people to-morrow."

"Run off, darlings, and get Dermot and Snowdrop their tea," said Mrs. O'Connor, brightly. "Come, Eleanor, I will take you to your room."

"Very well; but, oh, it makes me so happy to see all their merry faces. I feel as if I never could have another sorrow now that my Snowdrop has been given back to me."

"God has been very good to us both, dear," said Mrs. O'Connor, in a low voice. "We can never, never thank Him enough for sending the children safely home as He has done. When I think of how wonderfully they escaped from the hands of that madwoman, my heart is filled with gratitude to our good and merciful God;" and putting her arm round her sister, she drew her up-stairs.

"Dermot," said Harry O'Brien, "Dick and I are glad to see you back; but—but we want to beg your pardon, and tell you how sorry we are for laughing at you so much."

"Yes," said Dick, "we are very sorry."

"Oh," said Dermot, giving each of them a hand, "do not fret about that. I was a foolish boy to mind you. I thought I knew a lot of things I didn't know, and so did not like to be laughed at. Papa says that's all conceit and vanity. I'm going to get over all that, for those few days in London showed me that I was a silly fellow and knew nothing; so you may laugh at me as much as you like."

"You're a brave little chap," cried the boys, shaking his hands, "and we hope we'll be great friends from this day forward."

"Yes, indeed, we shall," he said, smiling. "Mother says I may go with you as much as I like,—or, at least, when you'll have me."

"Oh, we'll have you fast enough," cried Harry; "and it's awfully kind of your mamma to say you may go with us. She's been very good to us lately, and since she's been our friend we are not half so wild. But it's hard luck on fellows not having a mother: ours died when we were ever so small."

"Yes, indeed, it's hard," cried Dermot; and his blue eyes filled with tears. "I never knew how much I loved my darling mother till I lost her."

"Dermot, Nora says tea is ready," whispered Snowdrop, slipping her little arm round her cousin. "Will you come, dear?"

"Yes, go, Masther Dermot," said Pat, shaking the boy warmly by the hand. "I'll say good evenin' an' God bless ye. But, afore we part, I'll give ye one word of advice. Don't take no more *short cuts*, an' if ye do, take them alone. Don't go draggin' that little girleen into any more troubles and vexations."

"No, Pat, indeed I shall not," said Dermot, firmly. "From this day I will have no more to do with what Aunt Eleanor calls 'THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF LITTLE SNOWDROP.'"

THE END.

[This beautiful story was commenced in our Magazine in the June issue. New subscribers can be furnished with the back numbers for 15 cents each. The story alone is worth a year's subscription.]

DULL CHILDREN.

THE teacher of a large school had a little girl under her care, who was exceedingly backward in her lessons. She was at the bottom of the class, and seemed to care but little about what passed in it. During the school hours singing was sometimes employed as a relaxation, and noticing that this little girl had a very clear, sweet voice, her teacher said to her :

"Jane, you have a good voice and you may lead the singing."

She brightened up and from that time her mind seemed more active. Her lessons were attended to, and she made steady progress. One day as the teacher was going home, she overtook Jane and one of her school fellows. "Well, Jane," said she, "you are getting on very well at school ; how is it that you do so much better now than you did at the beginning of the half year ?"

"I do not know why it is," replied Jane.

"I know what she told me the other day," said her companion who was with her.

"And what was that ?" asked the teacher.

"Why, she said she was encouraged."

Yes, there was the secret — she was encouraged. She felt she was not dull in everything ; she had learned self-respect and thus she was encouraged to self-improvement.

Take a hint, dear fellow teacher, and try to reach the intellect through the heart. Endeavor to draw out the dormant faculties of your children by discrimination, culture and well-timed praise. Give due credit whenever you can, and allure them with hopeful words. Many a dull-minded child has been made irretrievably stupid by constant fault finding or ungenerous sarcasm. And on the other hand, how often has a genial smile or an approving remark awakened into new life some slow-learning scholar.

Useful Knowledge.

FANCY LOAVES.—Mix one tablespoonful of bread powder with two pounds of flour, and make with cold water into a stiff dough.

HOW TO LAUGH AT PHYSICIANS.—The celebrated physician, Boerhaven, declared some time before his death, that he had in his library, a book which contained the most important secrets of medicine. When his library was examined, there was a book magnificently bound; it consisted of blank paper, with the exception of these words written on the first leaf — “Keep your head cool, your feet warm, and your bowels open, and you may laugh at physicians.”

LOSSES.

Loss of money follows drinking,
Loss of time brings bitter thinking;
Loss of business follows these.
Loss of strength and loss of ease:
Loss of health, respect and love,
Loss of hopes and heaven above.
Loss of friends who once admired,
Loss of mind by frenzy fired;
Loss of usefulness, alas!
Loss of life's goal for the glass!
Loss of life and loss of soul,
Crown his loss who loves the bowl.

OFFENSIVE FEET.—The object of perspiration is to remove carbonic acid and other noxious matters from the blood; these in ordinary cases escape through our clothing. But as shoes and boots are but very slightly porous, the free discharge of the offensive perspiratory matter is prevented, and consequently it has an unpleasant smell. There is no remedy for this but cleanliness. Wash the feet night and morning with lukewarm water and soap; put on clean stockings every day if possible; keep two or three pairs of shoes in wear instead of one only, and change every other day; attend to these instructions, and the annoyance complained of will be much lessened if not removed.

FAMILY WASHING.—Melt together half a pound each of washing soda and of soap cuttings, mix well with sixteen gallons of water, pour it lukewarm over the dirty linen, and leave it to soak for twenty-four hours. Drain the water from the

clothes and put them into a boiler, with a second supply of the same preparation cold, and let them boil for a longer time than if they had been previously washed. They will then require to be washed out in clean, warm water, looking carefully over them that the parts requiring it may be rubbed; afterwards rinse in the usual way. This direction applies to all white and brown holland articles. Bobbin, net, and lace, retain their color best if only scalded, not boiled. N. B.—The refuse water is a good manure for fruit trees.

TO TAKE AWAY GRUBS FROM THE FACE.—The pimples with black tips called grubs or worms, on the face, and which have been popularly imagined to be really such, cannot be got rid of by means of outward applications. The thickened matter must be squeezed out of each pimple. But to prevent the tendency to produce those or any other of the unsightly pimples which are disagreeable to all cleanly persons, and especially annoying to those who are much concerned about personal appearance, a strict attention is necessary to the following simple rules, which, as they conduce to the promotion of health, generally conduce also to that perfect clearness of skin which indicates a regular discharge of all the various functions of the human frame:—1. Strict moderation of food; 2. The free use of dry salt as a condiment; 3. Avoidance of all heavy and stimulating drinks; 4. Constant activity; 5. Fresh air and plenty of it; 6. Frequent and thorough ablutions, a shower bath if possible; 7. Early hours of rising and rest; 8. Total abstinence from all uneasy pressure on any part of the person, all tight lacing, tight shoes, tight garters, tight sleeves; 9. Attention to the state of the bowels—though it is scarcely necessary to mention this; for if all the former rules are properly observed, an instance of irregularity in the action of the bowels will rarely be met with. We will just add: to the person annoyed by those dirty greasy looking grubs: Do not suffer yourself to be deceived by any sort of quack remedy. In your case not one of them will or can effect a cure, and the great probability is, that they may produce some evil far more serious than that which they will surely fail to cure.

The Humorist.

How to live on a shilling a week—Quarter yourself on your friends. That's the only way we know of.

SOMEBODY in describing a beautiful lady says she has "a face that a painter might dwell upon." Rather a broad face that.

"PAPA, what do men mean when they speak of 'painting the town red?' What do they paint it with, pa?" "Tut, tut—their noses, my son."

CUSTOMER—"What is this?" Marketman—"Head-cheese." Customer—"And this?" Marketman—"Pigs' feet." Customer—"You succeed much better than most people." Marketman—"Succeed! What in?" Customer—"In making both ends meet."

"Now," said the photographer, taking hold of the cloth over the instrument, "are you all ready?" "Yes," replied the customer. "Well, just keep your eyes on that sign," he said, pointing to a legend on the wall which read: "Positively No Credit," "and look pleasant."

FRENCH NOTES.—A French tourist in London, pointing to a large building, asked an Englishman, "Is that your Palais Royal?" who responded: "That the Palais Royal? Lord love your stupid head, that's the Horsemonger Prison." "Stop, sare," said the tourist, "till I write down in my leetle book vat you say." And then he wrote: "Dat is de Palais Royal. Lord Lovett's stupid head and de horse-monger is in prison."

"NEVER eat and drink at the same time," is the advice given by a Munich savant to fat people who wish to reduce their bulk. This appears to be an underhand blow aimed at one of the noblest of our American institutions—the bar-room free lunch.

TALLEYRAND, the Prime Minister of Napoleon, was disliked by Madame de Staël. It so happened that Talleyrand was lame and Madame cross-eyed. Meeting one day, Madame said, "Monsieur, how is that poor leg?" Talleyrand quickly replied: "Crooked, as you see."

"ARE you going to the ball this evening?" asked Jones of Smith. "Yes,"

replied Smith, "I am going to the bawl this evening. I've got to stay at home and take care of the baby."

"WHAT do you want to set such a tough chicken before me for?" indignantly exclaimed a fair damsel in a restaurant the other day. "Age before beauty always, you know, ma'am," replied the polite attendant.

"WELL," said George, "I must go," and then he said good night with the Emma Abbot attachment thereunto appertaining. "If you must, you mussed," replied Linda; "look at my hair and ruffle." And he ruffled.

"ALWAYS drop the h," said a school-master to a pupil who had emphasised the aspirate in the word "honor." The boy went about his tasks, but remembered the counsel. Some days afterwards his master sent him out for a muffin, and bade him take it to the fire and heat it. The pedagogue, on inquiring for the muffin some while later, was told by his pupil, "I have eat it, as you bid me, sir." "Eat, you young rascal! what do you mean?" "Why, sir," was the reply, "you taught me always to drop the h!"

UNDUE convivality is said to have compelled a well-known poet to retire from a certain London club. His last freak there was trying on in succession of all the hats that hung in the hall. On finding that one would not fit, he would throw it down and trample it under foot, exclaiming, "No, that isn't mine," until the head-gear of all the unsuspicious members inside strewed the passage. "If you please, sir," said the always respectful footman, "what are you looking for?" "My hat—my hat?" said the poet unsteadily. Then came the information, "If you please, sir, I noticed that, when you came in, you hadn't one on."

AN exchange says "round waists are still in fashion." We should hope so. What would become of us if it gets to three-cornered or pentagonal waists?

IT was the custom in olden times to drink to the health of the ladies. Nowadays the ladies find their health a good deal better when their husbands don't drink to it.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JANUARY, 1885.

Notes on Current Topics.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS and a Happy New Year to all our patrons. "May they live long, and die happy."

VERY REV. EDWARD SORIN, C. S. C.—We give elsewhere a portrait of the venerable founder of Notre Dame University, together with a sketch of that famous institution of learning, furnished us by PROF. A. J. STACE. It will be found extremely interesting. What other Catholic College in the country can show such a record?

THE CATHOLIC HERALD has left Boston, and is now published at 29 Park Row, New York. We are sorry to lose the Herald, but as New York gives greater scope to the ability of its able editor, Peter McCorry, Esq., we may expect even a better paper, if that can be, than we had in Boston. Mr. McC. made many warm friends in Boston, who regret his departure from among us. The patrons of the paper in Massachusetts will not lose by the change.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., dedicated its forty-sixth Catholic Church recently.

WHEN O'CONNELL began his struggle for Catholic Emancipation, he had no greater support than the late Bishop England. The Liberator once remarked—"With Bishop England at my back, I would not fear the whole world before me."

ARCHBISHOP RYAN'S SERMON.—We give the report of the *Catholic Standard*. Let it be read and reread.

\$300,000! THE BUFFALO CATHOLIC UNION AND TIMES: We have just heard from what we regard a reliable source, that Bishop Spaulding has received the magnificent donation of three hundred thousand dollars, from a lady in New York, for the endowment of an institution for higher education.

THE ST. JEROME TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, of Holyoke, Mass., celebrated its fifteenth anniversary on the eighth of September last. The exercises, consisted of Mass in the morning, and a sermon by Father Harkins, in which he outlined the good work done by the society since its earliest existence. After this a procession and general holiday. The Society has a membership of some four hundred and sixty in good standing, and exerts a high moral and educational influence on the rising Catholic generation of young men in the town. The Society owns the building which it occupies on Maple Street, a large and commodious brick structure, consisting of reading-room, gymnasium, and two large halls, the whole valued at some fifteen thousand dollars, which is clear of debt with money in the treasury. Weekly debates are the order during the winter season, and are a source of much interest and instruction. It is to be regretted that there are not more such societies in our

large towns and cities. If the young men of our Catholic communities knew, or could be made to appreciate the blessings and advantages arising from such societies, we, as a people, would be better citizens and more temperate.

VISITOR.

MITCHEL.—The last part of Mitchell's Jail Journal is unavoidably crowded out.

FR. ROCHE'S WORKING BOYS' HOME.—The efforts of the Rev. Fr. Roche, Director of the Working Boys' Home on Eliot Street, Boston, to secure more commodious quarters for the object of this most commendable charity seem likely to be now realized. A lot of land on which to build a new Home has been purchased on North Bennet Street, at a cost of \$12,500. Of this amount \$6,000 has been paid, and \$1,000 additional is to be paid one month from the date of purchase. At the last meeting of the trustees it was voted not to proceed with the building until the land was paid for, but circumstances may alter this determination. It is proposed to erect a brick building four stories high, with large dormitories and play rooms. There will also be a chapel, reading room and gymnasium, rooms for bathing also being provided. It is expected that the building will accommodate 200 boys, and everything will be done to make it a model institution of its kind.

A good portion of the money paid down on the property just purchased was realized from the picnic given in aid of the Home last summer.

It must prove a highly gratifying circumstance to the Catholics of the Archdiocese of St. Louis, that the venerable Archbishop Kenrick celebrated the Mass at the opening of the Plenary Council, and that their late Coadjutor Prelate, Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, preached at the Baltimore Cathedral the first of the brilliant series of sermons delivered at Baltimore during the Council.

THE CORNER-STONE of the Passionist Monastery of St. Joseph, two miles west of Baltimore, was laid on the afternoon of Sunday, November 16th, with imposing ceremonies, in the presence of upwards of five thousand people. Bishop Gross, of

Savannah, made an address in English, and Bishop Marty of Dakota, made an address in German.

THE BENEDICTINE PRIORIES of Newark, N. J., and of Gaston, N. C., have been raised to the rank of Apostolically constituted Abbeys.

THE DEATH is announced of Madame Lynch, widow of Commodore Lynch, and mother of the Comtesse de Kessler, a lady well known in Parisian society. By this lady's decease many prominent Irish families are placed in mourning.

THE REV. LORD PETRE—the first Catholic priest who has sat in the House of Lords since the time of James the Second—took the oath and his seat on Wednesday, Oct. 22d. "The Rev. Peer," says a metropolitan contemporary, "has a markedly ascetic and clerical appearance. Beneath his robes he wore the black garb (*sic*) and Roman collar of the Catholic priesthood."

ALL SOULS' DAY IN PARIS.—The commemoration of the faithful departed was celebrated all over France with great fervor; in Paris alone the number of people visiting the cemeteries on Sunday last reached 173,000. Although some of these may have been animated by no Catholic spirit, the sentiment of reverence for the dead brought them to Père Lachaise and Montmartre.

KING LEOPOLD, of Belgium, is a constitutional sovereign and a lover of law and order. In an interview, which he had recently with a certain statesman, he is reported to have said in answer to the question, "Why do you prefer the Liberals to the Catholics?" "*Mon Dieu!* the reason is very simple. When the Liberals are in power, there are no disturbances in the streets. Catholics band themselves together, and prepare to take their electoral revenge by pacific and legal methods. The moment the Catholics attain to power, the Liberals rush into the streets; the period of riot, of insult to my person, and revolution even, begins." Yes; King Leopold is a constitutional sovereign, and a lover of law and order, observes the *Liverpool Catholic Times*.

CROWING! *Lake Shore Visitor*: Much money has been spent in political processions and useless blowouts. Men who could not find money for necessary purposes, could find it for the purpose of going to distant cities with their respective clubs. Now that the thing is over, how much will many of the poor men, who shouted themselves hoarse, be benefited by the election.

ALEXANDER SULLIVAN SPEAKS.—At a banquet, in Brooklyn, N. Y., after the election, Mr. Sullivan said:—Not only had his countrymen of Irish birth sustained his efforts, but Americans received him cordially because of the people and the cause he represented. If, he said, there had been walls in the past between the American people and the Irish, it was not the desire of the former that such had been the case. In justice to the races there should not, and there would not be any such boundary lines in the future. Irish-Americans emancipated from the control of the party bosses, would henceforth assert their rights as intelligent citizens to do that which they thought was best for the land of their adoption, which they placed next in their affections to the dear old land of their birth.

TRUE AS STEEL.—Miss Charlotte O'Brien, the eminent philanthropist, writing on the subject of Irish Emigration to America, points out one danger, by quoting the words of an honest and earnest Irishman who has been impressed with the "hood-lum"-ism among the children of Irish parents in Eastern cities. She says: "The Irish children, here, are a terror. They would know more evil in ten years, than they would if they lived to the end of their years in Ireland."

BOSSUET.—An interesting account of the exhumation of the remains of Bossuet, which have lain at Meaux, France, for a century and a half, has been published. On lifting the lid of the leaden coffin enclosing the body of the bishop, the silken winding sheet was removed with care, disclosing to view the head slightly inclined to the left, and so little defaced that the likeness to the portrait by Rigand was discernable. The silver white hair of the Bishop remains as in life. Into the lid of the coffin a glass plate was inserted, and the remains were thus exposed to the public for two days.

ROBERT EMMET was hanged by the neck from a scaffold in Thomas Street in Dublin, on the 20th of September, 1803. The same morning the death of his mother was announced to him in his prison.

PARTRIDGE vs. COW.—When a man goes out to shoot partridges one would expect that he would bring down the toothsome bird, and not lodge his charge in the hide of a cow instead. Yet a Mr. O'Neill Power, who resides in the county of Galway, Ireland, went out shooting on certain lands (without authority, as the agent of the lands said), accompanied, it was stated, by a red-haired dog. While out on Colonel Daly's lands to shoot he fired at a covey of partridge which rose in the air. Whether it was owing to Mr. Power's want of precision in pointing the gun, or to the presence of the red-haired representative of the genus *canus* doth not appear; but anyhow he succeeded in lodging his charge in the hide of a cow, the result being that the animal died shortly afterwards. The owner of the cow, Martin Lydon, sued Mr. Power at the Quarter Sessions in Galway, when the Recorder granted a decree for twelve pounds. Now, the moral is, that Mr. O'Neill Power should practise at a haystack before going shooting, else he will be likely to injure other people's property and let the game go free.

It is stated that the Abbe Liszt, the illustrious musician, whose prolonged retirement has not detracted from his popularity, will shortly visit Paris to lend his aid in a concert for the benefit of the Austro-Hungarian charitable fund.

MR. D. F. MURPHY, has been the official stenographer of the U. S. Senate for the past thirty-five years, and gives an appreciative sketch of his services in that capacity. Mr. Murphy has the pleasant distinction of receiving the highest salary of any officer serving the United States except the President, his annual compensation being \$25,000. Out of this, however, he must pay his assistants. He stands at the head of his profession in the world, and the *Congressional Record* will be an enduring monument to his ability. Mr. Murphy is a member of St. Aloysius' Church, and I won't offend his modesty by recording the warm expressions of

esteem with which the Rev. Fathers speak of him.

At the third plenary council there were present thirteen archbishops, sixty bishops, five visiting bishops, seven abbots, one prefect apostolic, eleven monsignors, besides vicars-general, superiors, rectors and theologians in proportionate numbers. Or, to place it in another light, the numbers of the hierarchy have about doubled, and they represent 8,000 priests, who attend the spiritual welfare of 8,000,000 people.

Western Watchman, St. Louis:—Blaine ascribes his defeat to three causes: Prohibition, Burchard and a rainy day. St. John withheld a strong Republican contingent when they were needed in the thick of the fight. Burchard threw a brand that blew up a magazine when powder was sorely needed. Then, as is usual, rain came at the close of the day, putting an end to the carnage and leaving a victorious army stuck in the mud. St. John was a traitor. Burchard was an *enfant terrible*. But Providence was most to blame. It threw cold water on the whole business.

BEER.—Twelve countries in Europe have 60,356 breweries and the United States 3,000. But those in the United States are so large they might safely be put down as equal to 20,000 of the usual European style. This would make the number of breweries in the United States and Europe, or rather in the twelve countries of Europe, as noted above, equal to 80,356, a very large number. These breweries yield a total of 3,246,250,000 gallons! Taking the population of the earth at as high a figure as 1,300,000,000 this would give about two and a-half gallons to every man, woman and child on the face of the globe! The consumption of beer in England beats creation. It amounts to four gallons for every soul in the country, including Wales. These figures present a terrible showing to the temperance reformer. This quantity of beer, if gathered into one great reservoir, would float the largest navy in the world. The money cost at only ten cents a gallon would amount to \$324,625,000.

THEATRE SCARE.—A terrible disaster befell the city of Glasgow one Saturday

night recently, by which fourteen lives were lost and a large number seriously, perhaps, fatally, injured. During the performance in the Star Theatre of some trapeze artistes, a cry of fire was raised in the top gallery. A panic, so easily caused in places of the kind, was the immediate result, and in the wild and frenzied rush to the doors 14 persons were either crushed or trampled to death. The means of egress were as usual utterly inadequate for the speedy emptying of the hall.

United Ireland states that it is the intention of the Nationalists to impeach Earl Spencer, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, for conspiracy to murder. It says that the Irish party is determined to force a public inquiry into Earl Spencer's crimes.

NECESSITY OF REVELATION.—Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour in his sermon in Baltimore said:—"At the present moment thought has started a current of exaggerated humanity by which man is pitted against God, and under the cry of liberty, progress, and the rights of man God and religion are assailed—in Europe by open hostility to the Catholic church, in America by wide-spread indifference to religion. Outside of the Catholic church religion is banished from the school, and our youths are reared without God or religion. Morality is on the wane, and the standard of truth and justice steadily sinks. Our public men are no longer chosen for their honesty and ability, but for their availability. The unity of marriage has ended in divorce and polygamy. Our youth are irreverent; blasphemy stalks through the land, and drunkenness and lust are a stench in the nostrils. Material progress has replaced religion; the temporal is preferred to the eternal, the body to the soul to God. If we will save our laws and institutions we must build on truth and justice. We must cease permitting sentiment to rule, teach religion, and replace God in society. The state must take from the church as the church takes from God, and both must work to a common end. It is folly to assert that the state can prosper without religion. Religion must be accepted and revelation maintained."

THEATRICAL MANAGERS.—What a simple thing it is for a man to be the cause of the destruction of hundreds and

thousands of persons, and how easy it would be for a person to save the lives of many people by a single word or action. The recent catastrophe in the Star Theatre in Glasgow shows how, through the fault of one man the lives of many may be lost. Dr. Holmes Joy, of Tamworth, points out how, by a simple action, a number of victims might have been spared. He believed that had a notice board or placard containing the words "False alarm; there is no fire," been at once brought to the footlights, the audience would have immediately taken up the cry, and many valuable lives would have been saved. It would be well if a curtain were always kept in readiness for lowering having in large letters on it, "False Alarm." Had they such a contrivance at the Star Theatre the sad calamity would have been averted. Managers of public entertainments would do well to bear this in mind.

JUST SO! *Catholic Union and Times*, Buffalo, N. Y.:—Bulwer is the latest gazetted addition to the ranks of literary bruisers who thrash and bite their wives in brutal fashion. And yet the depth of sentiment and tenderness of soul in their writings, over which many an eye grows moist! Experience shows that most of "those literary fellows" make wretched husbands. They are only fit to woo and wed the muse; and the woman who doesn't quite covet martial indifference and neglect—not to mention Bulwer-like brutality—had better give a wide berth to the Byrons, the Dickens and Carlyles that seek to ensnare her heart.

"IT WAS A GLORIOUS VICTORY."

HON. HUGH O'BRIEN, was elected Mayor of Boston, Dec. 9, by a very handsome majority over all opponents, Aldermen, Councilmen, Street Commissioner, and School Committee were also elected by the Democrats.

COLONEL STEWART.—Colonel Stewart, whose sad death is reported from Berber, was, it may not be very generally known, an Irishman. He was the eldest son of Mr. John Stewart, a nephew of the first Sir John Stewart of Bollygawley, who was attorney-general at the time of the

union. Colonel Stewart obtained a commission, without purchase, in the Eleventh Hussars in recognition of his high answering at Sandhurst. Since his military career commenced he has distinguished himself on many occasions, and his eminent services in Egypt and the Soudan marked him out as General Gordon's companion for the expedition to Kartoum. He was for some years employed by Lord Beaconsfield's government in assisting Lord Dufferin in Constantinople, and for his services during that time was gazetted C. M. G. Colonel Stewart was the owner of considerable property in Down, Tyrone and Antrim. Colonel Stewart was unmarried.

OUR ELEMENT IN CONGRESS.—The Irish-Americans seem to have secured their full share of political honors this year. The following is a list of Congressmen that were elected to represent them in Congress.

P. Dunn, of Arkansas.
W. H. Crain, Texas.
C. L. Mitchell, Conn.
Charles Dougherty, Florida.
N. J. Hammond, Georgia.
John C. Black and James McCartney, Illinois.
Robert Lowry, Indiana.
J. H. Murphy, Iowa.
Thomas Ryan, Kansas.
J. B. McCreary, Kentucky.
S. R. Martin and A. B. Irwin, Louisiana.
S. E. McCormac, Maryland.
Patrick A. Collins, Massachusetts.
James T. O'Donnell and J. E. Fitzgerald, Michigan.
J. B. Gilfillan, Minnesota.
A. M. Dockery, John J. O'Neill, M. L. Clardy, W. Dawson, Mississippi.
William McAdoo, New Jersey.
Peter P. Mahoney, Felix Campbell and A. Dowdney, New York.

A DRUNKEN FLOCK OF CROWS.—Charles Fogg is a married man and lives with his father-in-law near Waterbury, Conn. There is also engaged upon the place an ingenious young fellow who does all kinds of work. Crows had become very troublesome and destructive in the corn fields, and this lad had read in some wise agricultural paper that corn boiled in alcohol and distributed over the fields would be freely taken by the crows, and the birds would become intoxicated, and

could be easily captured. Not having alcohol, he took cider and added a bottle of laudanum, boiling his corn and distributing it in the field. He acted privately, preferring to experiment without telling the family. Nothing came of it for several days, and the lad himself had almost forgotten it; but one morning an old lady of the neighborhood came in and requested the men folks to come up and see what was the matter in the corn field. She said millions of crows were there, and would not fly away nor budge for her, but were "acting awful funny." Sure enough, when the men and the lad went out there, they found hundreds of crows rolling about on the ground, flapping their wings, cawing, and making themselves generally ridiculous. In fact, they were all drunk as lords and a number of them were easily despatched.

Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.—Some gifted poet should write an epic upon Rev. Samuel Burchard, who made himself famous in a day. Like Cæsar, he might exclaim: *veni, vidi, vici*, which, being liberally translated means: "I came, on the invitation of Mr. Blaine's friends; I saw, an opportunity to acquire fame: I slew thousands of my friend's (!) votes with my jawbone."

In his recent lecture on "England's Lost Opportunities," delivered before the Young Ireland Society of Cork, Mr. William O'Brien, M. P., spoke in the following comfortable fashion anent the advent of Mr. Campbell-Bannerman to the post of Chief Secretary for Ireland: "It will be, please God, our business to teach every Englishman who attempts to govern Ireland, and who allies himself with the Castle gang in Ireland—to teach him that he is tying himself to a corpse that will sooner or later drag him down."

ROME AND FLORENCE.—A report that appeared in the *Gazette of the Cross*, of Berlin, to the effect that the Italian Government have deemed it fitting to transport the capital from Rome to Florence, on account of the difficulties felt with regard to the Pope's presence in Rome, has stirred up the animosity of the Italian Radical journals. The correspondent, who sent the information "under reserve," is characterized as a reactionist, a Papal standard-bearer, and in other

similar terms. The idea of a transfer of the capital to a more suitable site has been mooted again and again. The King dislikes Rome, and the sentiment of the Queen towards it is close upon hatred. The Florentines are exceedingly anxious that the capital should be restored to their city, and the report in the Berlin journal has embodied these desires. Hence the outburst of feeling in the Radical Journals.

THE IRISH CAUSE IN AMERICA.—The American contest is over, says the *N. Y. Star*, but the Irish cause remains. There has been in a lull in the business of the National League for months past. The Municipal Council, the Executive Committee, the various branches throughout the city—we may say through the whole of the continent—have been influenced by the overmastering spell of party politics. Irish-American citizens have ranged themselves under different banners in the contest, and have fought with fervor for the interests of the candidates of their choice, if not for the principles represented by those candidates respectively; in some advocacy was given and votes deposited, not that they hated one particular man less, but that they hated the other more, applying the Brutus consolatory logic to what might otherwise have appeared as inconsistency. There was great excitement invoked in course of the campaign, and language was used in crimination and recrimination which nothing but an American election contest could bring forth.

IRISH PROSPECTS.—The Irish News Agency, under date of Nov. 4th, says: The Irish-American readers should be warned on one point. It is more than probable that nothing will be heard of the Nationalizers for some time to come. It is part of their policy when they are confronted and things are getting too hot for them, to seek cover, and not to show themselves again until the fire has ceased. Now that they have been attacked and exposed by an organ so influential as *United Ireland*, they will probably keep silence. But let this be well understood; though they are invisible, they are not inactive; that they have not abandoned their designs, and that they are ever on the watch for some moment of weakness or depression to attack the Parliamentary Party, and through them the National

Unity. They are in fact, incorrigible, and a graver danger to the future of Ireland than any weapon in the hands of our English enemies themselves. So far as the success of the Home Rule movement is concerned, that is taken for granted. Even the officials in the Government employment now take it for granted that they will soon have a change of masters, and are preparing for the hour when they will be under a native Government. The coolest political calculators are already computing the time which it will take to carry Home Rule. Thus Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, recently on a flying visit to London from his residence in Nice, expressed the opinion that he would have Home Rule in three years. Is it not heart-breaking in this hour of impending and splendid triumph that a peril to the success of the whole movement should be threatened from the Irish people themselves, and from those who profess to be consumed by their ardent love of the national cause?

With regard to the present aspect of things, most people believe that there cannot be a compromise of the fight between the Ministry and the House of Lords, and that accordingly we shall have the General Election upon us immediately—some people say in January. The accession of the Bishops to the National Party will add some to the already large list of places which the Irish Party is expected to win. It drives all the nominal Home Rulers definitely out of public life, their last hope being that they would provoke a conflict between the Parnellites and some of the less advanced Bishops. Thus Mr.—or as he chooses to call himself Count—Moore was known to be regarded with some friendliness by the Bishop of Waterford, who is also Parish Priest of Clonmel, and this gentleman accordingly was buoyed up with the hope that at the last moment by making some half-hearted and, of course, insincere promises to the Parnell Party, he would escape the general deluge. But now that on the one hand Mr. Parnell has pronounced definitely against him, and that the Bishop on the other hand has definitely joined in the entrusting of the Education question to the Parnell Party, Count Moore is gone. There are some sanguine calculators who now think that the Parnellites will carry eighty seats at the Election.

Catholic Union and Times:—It is amusing to hear certain pseudo-Irishmen

bewail the alleged death of the Irish National League, who never gave a penny towards its cause.

OUR English Catholic exchanges speak in very kindly and favorable terms of the deceased Mr. Fawcett, who was Postmaster-General of England. This good man, becoming totally blind at the age of 25, found sight, encouragement and a perpetual spur to his ambition in the devoted love of his wife. That noble woman herself possessed of remarkable acquirements, gave her life up, cheerfully, to her husband's advancement. Such devotion of the wife is worthy of special mention, because similar instances are so rare.

THANKSGIVING day was duly celebrated at the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, New York City, of which Rev. J. C. Drumgoole is pastor. The children at this Mission, as also at Mt. Loretto, S.L., under charge of the Sisters of that title, to the number of a thousand in all, were made happy by a special dinner and a sermon, both of which they appreciated.

THERE are at present seventeen ladies in France who have received the distinction of the Order of the Legend of Honor. The last of them is Mdme. St. Julien, the superior of the Sisterhood of St. Vincent of Paul, who has been engaged at the Marseilles military hospital for thirty years. The Order is mostly given for devotion to the sick and wounded; Lady Pigott, for instance, besides several Frenchwomen, has received the order as a reward for services to the wounded in the Franco-German war. But the name of Rosa Bonheur, *artiste-peintre*, is also in the list, and we are told that Mdme. Abicot was decorated for defending the house of the maire of Oison, her husband, against "armed men," and that Mdme. Régis, who is the first decorated Frenchwoman, earned her distinction in 1849 for "resisting the mob."

SISTER MARY LOUIS, a member of the Presentation Order at Milltown, County Cork, has started for Dakota. Sister Mary Louis has been a member of the Order for nearly thirty years; and when the Superioress of a community out West wrote to Ireland asking that an experienced nun might be sent to her, Sister Mary Louis at once volunteered to go.

THE NUN OF KENMARE IN AMERICA.

AMONG the passengers by the steamer Alaska, which arrived at New York on the 15th of November, three persons alone seemed to retain their serenity and good temper. Clad in ecclesiastical raiment, two being nuns and one a priest, they sat composedly in a corner of the great building and surveyed the bewildering scene around them with amused eyes. Few noticed them. None approached them. And yet one of the placid, motherly-looking nuns was the lady who was known many years ago in Dublin society as Miss Cusack, and who subsequently became famous throughout the Catholic world as the "Nun of Kenmare." Her companions were Canon Monaghan, of Nottingham, England, and Sister Evan-relist.

A reporter approached the little group, and after introducing himself to Rev. Mother Mary Francis Clare, asked her how she had enjoyed her trip across the Atlantic.

"Oh, it was terrible; but the vessel is such a splendid one, it is hard for any one to complain.

"And now you want to know something about my late labors. Well, I spent three months of this year in Rome. I had a private audience with the Pope at the Vatican, and was invested by him with the insignia of a new Order—that of the Sisters of the Peace.

"After I left Rome," the lady went on, "I returned to Nottingham and busied myself about the Training and Industrial School for girls which I have established there. The English Conservatives, especially the Protestants, are helping me greatly, and I have already succeeded in accommodating over thirty girls."

"Do you think Ireland has improved during these late years?"

"Unquestionably it has. In 1879 and later on the peasantry were starving; now they are, at least, free from famine. Yes, rents are being paid now with some regularity, simply because the people are able to pay them. Hitherto they have been divided into two camps, and I need not tell you that without concerted action on the part of her natural leaders Ireland can never hope to gain her ends."

"What did you think of Miss O'Brien's article on Ireland in the Nineteenth Century?"

"The task before her was not an easy one, and she is not accountable for its

failure. I purpose to write a book on America, especially in its bearing on Ireland and the Irish, and in order to attain my object I must, of course, see how this country affects Irish emigrants. But again I say, all praise to Charlotte O'Brien."

"Have you written any new literary work lately, Reverend Mother?"

"No, I have not written anything for some months. My 'Life of Daniel O'Connell' and my 'History of Ireland' are being reprinted in London, at present. A publisher paid me £3,000 for the copyright. Give you a list of my other works? Perhaps the best known are my lives of St. Patrick, S. Bridget and St. Columba."

"It is rumored, Reverend Mother, that your object in coming to America is to collect funds for your Industrial and Training School at Nottingham. Is that true?"

"Ah! now you come to the main point, and yet, as a personal favor, I beg that you will not press the question until I have had a few hours sleep. I am worn out to-night, and cannot be as clear as I would wish. But you may say frankly that I have long desired to see America, and that I hope that whatever I may be privileged to do here will be productive of good. Besides, remember that my ambition is to write a book on the country."

"Will you think me impertinent, Reverend Mother, if I ask you whether or not it is true that you are a convert to Roman Catholicism?"

"A convert or pervert, which?" was the laughing reply. "Yes, sir, I am a member of the old Protestant family of the Cusacks. My cousin, Sir Francis Cusack, the head of the house, is well known in Dublin. I embraced the Roman Catholic religion at an early age, and have never seen any reason to change."

The following note is addressed to the Editor of *The Pilot*: "It is most important, now that the work has already begun, that we should have sufficient funds to extend it, and I shall feel deeply grateful to any of your readers who will send me the least help. My plans are plain and practical, and I have had, as your readers are probably aware, the sanction and blessing of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. for my work. One of my great objects is to prepare girls for emigration. I wish with all my heart that our girls were not obliged to leave their own country; but since they will do so, it is a most

urgent duty of charity, and it would be, undoubtedly, a public benefit both to America and Ireland, to help them to prepare for their future life.

"Those who wish to see me while I am in America, or who will kindly send me help for our girls, will please address to Sister Mary Francis Clare, care of James Rogers, Esq., 156 Post-Office Box, New York.

"As I propose, please God, to return very soon, I shall be obliged for very early communications. Yours faithfully,

SISTER MARY FRANCIS CLARE.

MOST REV. DR. MORAN, Archbishop of Sydney, N. S. W., was received in his diocese with every mark of respect. A fleet of steamers went out to meet him, the wharves were densely thronged, the city was decorated, and as least 20,000 people accompanied him to the Cathedral. Replying to an address of the clergy he said: You refer to the efforts being made here and elsewhere to introduce secularism and infidelity into the educational systems of the present day. We may not wonder, perhaps that those who openly assail the Catholic Church and make it their boast that they are forging fetters for the Spouse of Christ should thus seek to obscure the mind and corrupt the heart of our Catholic youth. But I trust no statesmen, deserving the name, shall lend himself in this free country to impose the tyranny of infidelity and secularism upon the conscious of our Catholic people. It will be my duty to co-operate with you in using every legitimate means to resist such tyranny; and I trust that the Australian people will never forget that it was by educational freedom all those great institutions have sprung up and been matured and flourished which are now the glory and the pride of the empire in the mother countries.

WARNING TO STUDENTS.—Gladstone, the British Premier, ended his Rectorial Address at the University of Glasgow, in 1879, with these words of warning to the students:—"Do not believe those who too lightly say that nothing succeeds like success; effort, gentlemen,—honest, manful, humble effort—succeeds by its reflected action upon character, especially in youth, better than success. Success indeed too easily and too early gained,

not seldom serves, like winning the first throw of the dice, to blind and stupefy. Get knowledge all you can; and the more you get, the more you breathe upon its nearer (sic? clearer) heights their invigorating air, and enjoy the widening prospects, the more you will know and feel how small is the elevation you have reached in comparison with the immeasurable altitudes that yet remain unscaled. Be thorough in all you do, and remember that, though ignorance often may be innocent, pretension is always despicable. Quit you like men, be strong, and the exercise of your strength to-day will give you more strength to-morrow. Work onwards and work upwards; and may the blessing of the Most High soothe your cares, clear your vision, and crown your vision with reward.

THE ages of the sovereigns of the world, as given by *Les Annales Catholiques*, are as follows: The Holy Father is 73 years old, the Emperor of Germany 87 years, the King of Holland 67 years, the King of Denmark 66 years, Queen Victoria 65 years, the King of Wurtemberg 61 years, the Emperor of Brazil 58 years, the King of Saxony 56 years, the King of Sweden and Norway 55 years, the Emperor of Austria, 53 years, the King of the Belgians 49 years, the King of Portugal 45 years, the King of Roumania 45 years, the Sultan 41 years, the King of Italy 40 years, the Emperor of Russia 39 years, the King of Bavaria 38 years, the King of Greece 38 years, the King of Servia 29 years, the King of Spain 26 years.

POTTERY.—The first general meeting of the Belleek Pottery Company has just been held at Belleek, and it is pleasant to learn that this charming Irish ware is greatly in demand, marked success having followed the new effort to push it into general notice. A high class manager has been engaged to superintend the manufacture, and about 130 of the operatives of the old company have returned to the works. It is now proposed largely to increase the number of hands, and to offer immediately to the public 3,000 shares of the remaining 13,000, reserving the balance for future allotment at the discretion of the directors. Orders come in daily from Ireland, Great Britain, America, and Australia.

After the Battle.

Western Watchman.—The cable dispatches from London informed us on Wednesday last that the English government had liberated a large number of suspects. Score one victory for the Democracy. The tone of British impudence dropped a whole octave when it was learned in the United States the snobs have gotten notice to go.

Irish-American.—Now that the Blaine organs are "taking it out" of Dr. Burchard, they cannot find anything too hard to say of him; but the cruelest cut of all comes from Chicago in the declaration that he stole his alliteration from a prominent Republican preacher in that city, who more than eight years ago created a sensation by a discourse on "Rum, Romanism and Rationalism."

"Papa," (who is a doctor) said a little girl to her father, "don't you hope the Republicans will be beaten?" "Yes, dear." "I thought you would. And won't you make lots of money?" "No, why do you think so?" "Well, you know it will make them so sick that they'll have to send for you." "Well, if the Democrats were beaten wouldn't it make them sick, too?" "Oh, no, papa, they're used to it."

San Francisco Monitor.—Irishmen who differed during the late electoral struggle should "agree to disagree." Their differences of opinion have resulted in un-mixed good to themselves and the country. But for the men who revolted against the nomination of Cleveland all of them would still be regarded as the mere serfs and blind tools of the professional politicians who live by trafficking in Irish votes. Irish citizens are now respected as they never were before, and those of them who remain in the Democratic party are of infinitely greater consequence than they ever hoped to be. Such must ever be the result of honest and manly independence in politics. Time will confirm this view.

Church Progress, Monshell, Ill.—"Let the shoemaker stick to his last," would be a serviceable adage to all preachers. Would it not be better for Blaine that preachers did not publicly endorse him in New York? We would ask President Cleveland to pull Dr. Burchard out of the

mud and give him a Cabinet position. Finnerty, who boycotted the Pope, was boycotted by the voters of Chicago. His opponent was elected by a large majority. We would advise preachers to stick to their pulpit; they make poor politicians. Every one that interfered in the last campaign "stuck in the mud." Blaine can console himself that others are beaten as well as himself. Belva Lockwood seems to come out best; she made one hundred and twenty-five dollars clear during the campaign. In the just ended Presidential campaign, the Catholics of the United States have been treated by both the Democratic and Republican party with the greatest courtesy. This is an exception to the rule.

THE English enemy is already beginning to show his fangs. The *Toronto Telegram*, a bitter pro-English sheet, exults over the result of our election in this fashion: "Two of England's enemies have been made to bite the dust. Both Robinson and Finnerty, who distinguished themselves in Congress by making terrible onslaughts on the British Lion, have been slaughtered at the polls.

Chicago Herald.—Drowned in the red sea. Some weeks ago, commenting upon the Irish defection to Blaine, which proves to have been larger than was anticipated, the *Herald* said that it would be a cruel stroke of fate if after loyally marching for a quarter of a century with the Democratic Moses toward the promised land, Irishmen should turn back just in time to be drowned with Pharaoh in the Red Sea. Whether or not the rank and file of the Irish vote which went to Blaine shall consider this movement merely temporary and shall again seek old party associations is not as important as that the sentiment shall be cultivated that politicians shall not play with nationalities or sects, but that all American citizens shall exercise the election franchise as intelligent individuals.

Catholic Telegraph, Cincinnati, O.—Preacher Burchard's speech "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion," at the Blaine banquet in New York, had its effect. Jim might justly exclaim, "If it were my enemy I would care not; but you, my friends."

Personal.

THE Rt. Rev. John Loughlin, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is the senior in consecration of all the bishops in the country.

BARONS PITTEURS, at present Belgian Minister at Stockholm, has been appointed to represent Belgium at the Vatican.

RT. REV. BISHOP GRACE, of St. Paul, has retired to the Dominican convent in Kentucky, to spend the remaining years of his life.

THE Rev. John W. Murphy, pastor of St. Mary's Church in Bangor, Me., has been appointed Vicar-General of the diocese of Portland.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK is about to build a large Catholic Church at Lewes. Within the past fifteen years it is said that he has devoted £500,000 (\$2,500,000), to church uses.

AN addition will, it is stated, be made to the eight Cardinals who were created in the recent Consistory. According to the Paris *Univers*, this prelate is Bishop O'Connor, of Nebraska.

EMPRESS EUGENIE met with a serious accident, recently, when on a visit to the Imperial Mausoleum at St. Mary's, Chislehurst. As she was stepping out of her carriage, the door suddenly swung to, knocking her down and injuring her left leg.

TIMOTHY M. HEALY, Esq., M. P. for Wexford borough, has been called to the Irish bar. The first brief which he received after his installation as a barrister was one for the defence of Frederick J. Allen of the *Freeman's Journal* staff, who is under arrest for treason-felony.

THE Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, D. D., LL. D., is at present travelling through Ireland taking notes of the country, and giving his impressions in highly interesting letters to some of the American papers, of all he now sees and hears, after fifty years absence from his native land. His striking sketch of Cape Clear Island, published in the *Boston Catholic Herald*, and copied into the *Cork Examiner*, has attracted much notice in Ireland. Father O'Reilly is well known as the author of *The Mirror of True Womanhood*, published first in America, and afterwards by Messrs. Gill, of Dublin. Father O'Reilly

is accompanied by his sister, Mrs. Rhoda White, who is collecting materials for a book upon Ireland. Mrs. White is a niece of our brilliant novelist, tender poet, and meek Christian Brother, Gerald Griffin, of happy memory.

O'KEEFFE.—While in the literary and journalistic professions Irishmen and Catholics in England more than hold their own, it must be conceded that the scientific prizes, which have hitherto fallen to their lot, are few and far between. A peculiar interest, therefore, attaches to the appointment of a young Irishman, Mr. E. A. O'Keeffe, to the Demonstratorship of Physical Science in Bristol University, under the distinguished scientist, Professor Sylvanus Thompson. Mr. O'Keeffe hails from Cork, and is a University graduate. It was not to be expected that a post so important should not attract a large amount of competition, and the successful candidate has every reason to congratulate himself on an appointment justly regarded as affording that opportunity of achieving distinction for want of which so many lives spell failure.

MOST REV. JAMES GIBBONS, D. D., Archbishop of Baltimore, is a native of Baltimore; several of the churches were the scenes of his earliest labors in the ministry. He was born on the 23d of July, 1834, being baptized in the Cathedral by Rev. C. I. White, D. D. When very small he was taken to Ireland by his father and there received his first education. Entering St. Charles' College on his return he graduated in 1857. From St. Charles' College he was transferred to the Seminary of St. Sulpice and St. Mary's University, whence graduating he was ordained, June 30, at St. Mary's Chapel by Archbishop Kenrick. He was then connected with various churches in succession until the second Plenary Council, at which Father Gibbons acted as *Cellararius Assistens*, he was named to the Vicariate Apostolic of North Carolina, succeeding in 1872 to the see of Richmond. Having become coadjutor to Archbishop Bayley he succeeded him in 1877, and now, in this year 1884, he presided over the Plenary Council following that in which he appeared as simple Father Gibbons. His Grace will probably be the next Cardinal.

Notices of Recent Publications.

The Baltimore Publishing Company.

THE WORKS OF THE RT. REV. JOHN ENGLAND, Bishop of Charleston, S. C. With memoirs, memorials, notes and full index. By Hugh P. McElrone. In two volumes. Vol. I.

We welcome with great pleasure the appearance of this book. The edition published some years ago in five volumes was full of extraneous matter not suited to the work. Mr. McElrone has divested the present edition of irrelevant matter and given us the cream of the labors of the great England. The subjects treated of in the present volume are: "Memoirs of Bishop England;" "Memorials;" "Epochs of Irish History;" "The Pleasures of the Scholar;" "Duelling;" "Classical Education;" "Descent of Æneas into Hades;" "The Character of Washington;" "Discourse before Congress;" "Religion of American Indians;" "Pen Pictures of Rome;" "The Waldenses;" "Historical Sketches of Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Russia, European Turkey," "The Great Schism," "St. Peter's Roman Episcopate;" "The Irish Franchise." Vol. I makes a book of over five hundred octavo pages, is well printed, with good paper and print, well and handsomely bound, and sold for \$2.50. Well worth the money. We hope to see it in every family and library in the country. The volume is embellished with a good portrait of the Bishop, whom we had the pleasure of knowing.

Charles A. Rogers, Louisville, Ky.

THE CENTENARY OF CATHOLICITY IN KENTUCKY. By Hon. Benj. Webb, author of "Letters of A Kentucky Catholic," "Biographies of Governors L. W. Powell and John L. Helm;" and editor of The Catholic "Guardian's" and "Advocate's" Newspapers. In addition to the history of the Church in Kentucky for the century of its existence just closing, the volume contains the details of Catholic emigration to the State from 1785 to 1814, with life sketches of the more prominent among the colonists, as well as of the early missionary priests of the State and very many of their successors.

The author of this valuable book says in the preface that the writing of this work was suggested to him by a clerical friend of Boston, now deceased. The book is decidedly the best contribution to the early settlement of the State or any other of the States yet published. It is not only interesting to the people of that State, but to every Catholic in the country. The embellishments are: Rev. Stephen Theodore Badin, Rt. Rev. Bene-

dict Joseph Flaget, Rev. Robert A. Abell, M. Henry DeGallou, and the author.

The book comprises a volume of 600 octavo pages and is sold for \$3 a copy. It is richly worth the money. We hope the talented author will realize a good sale for the best chapter of the church yet published of any of our States.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., and St. Louis.

LIFE OF RIGHT REV. JOHN NEPOMUCENE NEUMANN, D. D., of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, fourth Bishop of Philadelphia. Translated from the German of Rev. John A. Berger, C. SS. R., by Rev. Eugene Grimm, C. SS. R. 12mo. cloth, \$1.50.

The author says in the preface to this book: "Although twenty years have elapsed since the death of Bishop Neumann, he still lives in the hearts of all that knew him; and many have expressed the wish that his memory should be preserved, his biography written for the edification of posterity." The book is embellished with a portrait of the sainted bishop and with a good engraving of the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul. The book is well gotten up by these enterprising publishers.

CATHOLIC CHRISTIANITY AND MODERN UNBELIEF.

A plain and brief statement of the real doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, as opposed to those falsely attributed to her, by Christians who reject her authority, and by unbelievers in Revelation; that thus a Contrast may be easily drawn between the "Faith once delivered to the saints," and the conflicting Theories, and Scientific Guesses of the present age; and serving as a refutation to the assaults of modern Infidelity. By the Right Rev. Jas. D. Ricards, D. D., Bishop of Retimo, and Vicar Apostolic of the Eastern Vicariate of the Cape Colony. 12mo. Cloth, net, \$1.00.

The book is written in a plain, straightforward style, peculiarly suited to the tastes of this country, and its logical method must carry conviction to the hearts of many, or, at least, set a thinking. The Right Rev. author left his native place Wexford, Ireland, thirty-five years ago, to devote his life to missionary labors in South Africa, and the notices from the local press testify to the high esteem in which he is held by all creeds.

Buffalo Catholic Publication Company.

NOTES ON INGERSOLL By Rev. Louis A. Lambert.

The publishers are now engaged on the 8th edition, 30,000 copies, which will bring the total number published, up to 130,000. Two editions have been "pi-

rated" in England, one in Canada; and the publishers have printed a large edition in London. In addition the work has been translated into half a dozen different languages in as many different countries. This in one year can be taken as some criterion of what the number will be, say in five years. Price 25 cts. As anticipated, Col. Ingersoll has publicly declined to reply. The book can be had of all booksellers.

ALL of the above books can be obtained of Messrs. Noonan & Co., as well as of the publishers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PRACTICAL INSTRUCTIONS for hearing Holy Mass attentively and devoutly, with an appendix on the administration of the last sacraments, by Rev. J. A. Fappe. Approved and recommended by the Rt. Rev. F. Jansens, bishop of Natchez. Price 5 cts.

CHRISTIAN MANHOOD AND ITS DUTIES. — Rev. James J. Moriarty, A. M., Pastor of St. John the Evangelist Church, Syracuse, N. Y., recently delivered a sermon, on the above subject. Like everything from his lips, it is practical and convincing. We wish it could be read and reread in every Catholic family in the country.

THE Catholic Publication Society Co., 9 Barclay Street, New York have published a sermon against Drunkenness, by the distinguished Bishop Ullathorne, of England. \$6 per thousand copies. Temperance Societies should scatter this sermon broad-cast throughout the country.

HAVERTY'S ILLUSTRATED IRISH-AMERICAN ALMANAC FOR 1885.—This is the fifteenth year of this interesting annual. 124 pages. Price 25 cents. Sent free by mail on receipt of amount in money or postage stamps, by P. M. Haverty, Publisher, 14 Barclay St., New York.

A TRANSLATION into Italian has been made of his Eminence Cardinal Manning's book on the "Eternal Priesthood," by the Rev. Benedetto Melata, of Rome. The work is dedicated to his Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop as a memorial of the third centenary of St. Charles Borromeo. In reviewing it, the *Voce della Verità* says:—It has the merit of novelty, not only in regard to its form, but also because of its substance, containing as it does observations which are not found in

other books, and which reveal in Cardinal Manning an extensive knowledge of the human heart.

THE fourth volume of the *Lives of the Irish Saints* (the book for April,) by the Rev. John O'Hanlon, has been issued in Dublin. Some years ago Father O'Hanlon began this enormous work, and since then has labored with untiring zeal, the result being, up to the present, the four heavy tomes now completed. Until Father O'Hanlon undertook the weighty task there had been attempted no full record of the Irish Saints except that of Colgan in the seventeenth century. Colgan was a Franciscan friar in the Irish convent at Louvain, born in the county of Donegal. The work he left behind him is learned and complete, as far as it goes, but he died having only accomplished it as far as the first three months of the year were concerned. Ware, writing of his *Acto Sanctorum*, says, "Into this volume he hath brought all the saints of Ireland who died during the first three months of the year, and, I fear, some Scots and English, such as he could lay the best claim to; yet is far short of making sufficient reprisals on Mr. Dempster, who, with too bare a face hath plundered the Irish calendar, and from thence got the nick-name of the 'Saint-stealer.'" Colgan's work ends with the month of March. Father O'Hanlon has now given us the Saints of the month of April, and we are already looking forward to the volume for May. Father O'Hanlon's work is most voluminous and full of research, and, though not exactly a book that every one may run and read, is a highly interesting study for lovers of sacred and antiquarian lore. The notes and references alone must have cost him exceeding toil. The volumes are plentifully illustrated with wood-cuts of the ancient churches and ruined monasteries of Ireland, the scenes of the labors of our Saints; and though these illustrations are in many instances a little crude, yet they answer their purpose to a great degree and enhance the interest of the volumes.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Poor Little Johnny," Song and Chorus, by C. A. White. "Now is Christ Risen," Bass Solo and Chorus, by E. A. Jones. "Sing we to the Lord,"

Chorus, by same author. "The Christmas Tree," Carol by E. H. Bailey, also "The Song that shall never Cease," and "Ring the Christmas Bells," by same author. "I've called you Back Again, Kathleen," Song, words by Earl Marble, music by C. A. White. "My Charming Little Belle," Song and Dance, melody by G. E. and A. L. written and arranged by Frank Wilder. "Angels Singing Peace on Earth," Carol, by E. H. Bailey. "Down By De Sunrise," Song and Chorus by Sam Lucas.

Instrumental: "Paul and Virginia," Grand Potpourri, by Chas. D. Blake. "Sounds From the Mountain Cave," Grand March by same. "Fantasma," Grand March by same. "Maiden's Reverie," Nocturne, by L. M. Hervey, "Perfection Waltz," by Chas. D. Blake, "Silver Moon Galop," by same. "Song of the Fisher Maiden," by same. "La Paloma," as sung by Aimee, arranged for Piano by same. "Hymn," Transcribed for Piano, by Edwin M. Lott. "The Trinity Bells," for Piano, by Ernst Jonas. "The Spring Holiday of Flowers," by A. Jungmann. "Peep O'Day Polka," by Geo. Fox. "Appreciation March," by Marcus M. Blum. "The Poet's Dream," by Jas. W. Cheeney. "Pearl of Love," Valse Elegante, by Chas. D. Blake. "Joyous Life Waltz," by W. L. Stover. "New Flower Song," by Gustav Lange.

THE Sacred Congregation of Propaganda has decided, and the Sovereign Pontiff has ratified, the division of the Diocese of Three Rivers in Canada, by the creation of a new Diocese at Nicolet. This division will be executed by the new Apostolic Commissary whom the Holy See is about to send to Canada.

THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT AND THE DELEGATE APOSTOLIC OF INDIA.—The *Moniteur de Rome* learns that the English Government has sent a ship of war before Mgr. Agliardi to render honors to the new Delegate-Apostolic to India. There is in this mark of respect and deference of a Protestant Government, continues the *Moniteur*, to an envoy of the Holy See and a Catholic missionary, a lesson and example to certain Governments in Europe. England understands and appreciates the services which the Church can render her in her colonies, and the protection of Catholics is an act of good and prudent policy, at the same time that it is most honorable for the English Government.

WIDOW OF THE LATE A. M. SULLIVAN.—A meeting was recently held in the Conference-room of the House of Commons in connection with the fund which is being raised for the widow and family of the late Mr. A. M. Sullivan. His Eminence Cardinal Manning, the president, occupied the chair; and Mr. Charles Russell, M. P., and Mr. Caine, M. P., were appointed secretaries to the fund. A large number of subscriptions were announced, including £50 from his Eminence Cardinal Manning, £100 from the Attorney-General for England, £100 from Mr. C. Russell, M. P., £50 from Mr. Caine, M. P., £50 from Mr. S. Smith, M. P., £50 from Mr. Labouchere, M. P., £50 from Sir Wilfrid Lawson, M. P., and £50 from Sir Thomas Brassey, M. P. On the motion of Sir Henry James a vote of condolence with the bereaved family was passed.

THE FUND collected to save Mr. O'Brien, M. P., harmless from the very large costs and damages which he has, in the cause of morality, incurred, has been closed at his own request, so that full scope should be given to those who are collecting for the widow and children of the universally esteemed Alexander M. Sullivan. The O'Brien fund reached nearly £7000. The Sullivan fund is going on well, and has already nearly reached £3000. It is most pleasing thus to see national gratitude substantially shown of those who have so well deserved it.

DARING impudence often goes much further than calm dignity. So we find it in the case of the recent Belgian elections. The infidels, to whom the existence of a Catholic government, in that Catholic country, is gall and wormwood, are seeking to make the outer world believe that these elections went entirely in their favor. Now it so happens that the exact contrary is the case. The Catholics may have failed in seeking to snatch seats from their opponents; but, on the whole, they have held their own, and, besides, been gainers in a great many instances.

ARCHBISHOP GIBBONS, in a letter to the Maryland Historical Society, states that he will endeavor to discover what papers there are relating to the early history of Maryland among the documents preserved by the College of the Propaganda.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

THE recently deceased Rev. Fr. Anthony Ravalli, S. J., of Montana, was a missionary in the Rocky Mountains for forty years.

THE Rev. P. Kent, P. P., Waterford, died on October 27, at his residence, Lady lane. The deceased, who had reached the ripe age of seventy-six, was one of the most popular and beloved priests in the diocese. He spent all his life in his native city,—first as professor in the Diocesan College, then as curate of Trinity Without, and finally as pastor of the parish of St. Patrick's, over whose interests he presided for the last thirty years.

THE Rev. Dr. Hayden, parish priest of St. Patrick's, Kilkenny, and Vicar-General of Ossory, died on October 28. Dr. Hayden was born in 1811, and completed his classical course in old Burrell's Hall, Kilkenny; from that he went to Maynooth, where he read his theology and philosophy, and was ordained in 1837; and after being several years on the mission, he succeeded the late Rev. James Ryan as pastor of St. Patrick's.

The *Antigonish Aurora* announces the death of Rev. Joseph Stanislas Quinan, D.D., on the 19th of November, at the age of twenty-nine years. He was a native of Halifax.

DIED.—June 23d, 1884. At Portugal Cove, Newfoundland, the venerable Archdeacon, Thomas O'Connor P. P. V. G., Aged 71 years, a native of Cahir, Co. Tipperary, Ireland, being a resident in this country 44 years, and pastor of Portugal Cove parish 40 years. R. I. P.

REV. FATHER GERALD O'FARRELL, for four years assistant pastor at Norwich, Conn., and for the past seven months connected with the Cathedral in Hartford, died Sunday night, Nov. 30, aged thirty-two, of spinal meningitis.

WE (*Catholic Review*) greatly regret to hear of the death of a distinguished Irish Dominican, the Most Rev. Dr. Hyland, O. P., Coadjutor to the Archbishop of Trinidad, West Indies, whose premature

demise occurred on the 9th of October, after an illness of twenty-seven days. The cause of death was malignant fever, which was contracted by his Grace while administering the last Sacraments to a lay brother in Trinidad. Dr. Thomas Raymond Hyland was born in Dublin on the 3d November, 1837. He entered the Dominican Order in Tallaght in February, 1856, and was ordained priest in Rome, December 22, 1864. On the death of the Most Rev. Dr. O'Carroll, Coadjutor Archbishop of Trinidad to Archbishop Gonin, Dr. Hyland was selected as his successor by the Holy See. He was accordingly consecrated in Rome by Cardinal McCabe on the 30th of April, 1882, as Bishop of Ennea, *in partibus*, and appointed Coadjutor of the Most Rev. Dr. Gonin, Archbishop of Trinidad. *May he rest in peace!*

VERY REV. DEAN O'REILLY, pastor of St. Augustine's parish, Dundas, Canada, died at the House of Providence, in that town, on November 14. The deceased priest was born in the county Cavan, Ireland, on the 1st of March, 1818. He came to Canada in 1842, studied philosophy in Chambly College, Quebec, and theology in the Grand Seminary, Montreal. He was ordained priest on the 5th of July, 1846, by the Right Rev. Dr. Powers, and was appointed pastor in Dundas in the autumn of that year. When the emigrant fever broke out in Toronto he was called by his bishop to attend the dying there, and himself became a victim to the plague, suffering from the fever for a long time. When he recovered he returned to his parish in Dundas, which included at that time Hamilton, Oakville, Freelon, Waterdown, Streetsville, Acton, Milton, Trafalgar, and Guelph. He labored actively and zealously in this large field until more priests came, when he was relieved of these out missions. When his small church on King street was burned, he set to work and built the magnificent church on Sydenham street. He then built new Separate schools, which have flourished ever since. About a year ago his health began to fail. His constitution was broken, after thirty-eight years of hard

work in the ministry. He became weaker every day, until death brought his busy career to a close.

SISTERS.

AT Mount Hope Orphan Asylum, London, Ont., on the 8th November, Sister Alphonsus (in the world Miss Annie Sullivan), a native of Massachusetts, but for years a resident of Maidstone parish. The deceased Sister had been ailing for nearly a year, and at length fell a victim to consumption. She was in the ninth year of her religious life.

MOTHER MARY AGNES DOYLE died at the Convent of the Carmelites, at Dalgany, on October 28, in the fifty-second year of her age, and the thirty-third year of her religious profession. She was the youngest daughter of the late M. Doyle, Esq., Ballina Park, county Wicklow.

DEATH OF A GREAT RELIGIOUS.—Died at Loretto Convent, Marion County, Ky., Sister M. Elizabeth Hayden, better known as Mother Elizabeth. She was an example of religious virtue and piety, laboring for God and his glory alone. A most zealous and devoted member of the Society of Loretto, she was also a lady of superior mental powers, one of the most gifted members of the Loretines. She held the most prominent offices in her Order, being also Mother Superior for two terms. May she rest in peace.

LAY PEOPLE.

MISS KATIE MCINTYRE of Kindrum, Crunty Donegal, aged nineteen years, died recently at the residence of her uncle, Mr Edward McBride, South Boston. She enjoyed perfect health until last May, at which time she became a victim of quick consumption, which prostrated her so quickly that medical aid seemed to be of no avail. Through the kindness of her good and devoted uncle, she was surrounded by all the comforts that the world could give; and being young and hopeful, she clung to life with a tenacity such as is known only to the young heart. However, when her confessor announced that it was impossible for her to recover, she became equally reconciled, and submitted herself to the will of her Divine Redeemer without a murmur. During her illness she exhibited the greatest patience, and passed

away from life to enjoy the reward of a pure and well-spent life. The funeral took place from St. Peter and St. Paul's Church, and the interment at Cedar Grove Cemetery.

LAND IN ENGLAND.—The falling off in the value of land in England may be judged of from the circumstances connected with the sale of the Yaxley Hall estate in Suffolk. The property, containing 378 acres, consists of two farms and a mansion house in a small park. A few years ago £21,000 was refused for the property, which was actually sold a few days ago for £7,600. About the same time a farm of 252 acres in Cambridgeshire was disposed of for £11,000, which in 1874 was purchased for £17,000. During the week unsuccessful attempts were made to dispose of other estates in Leicestershire, Gloucestershire, and Hertfordshire, and, as one of the London papers remarks, it is now next door to an impossibility to get a purchaser for a large English estate.

It is announced that the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda has determined, and the Holy Father has approved, the division of the diocese of Three Rivers, Canada, by the creation of a new see at Nicolet, which decree and division will be carried into effect by the new Commissary Apostolic whom the Holy See will shortly send to Canada.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

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"THE future of the Irish race in this country, will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

PASTORAL LETTER

OF THE ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS OF THE UNITED STATES ASSEMBLED IN THE THIRD PLENARY COUNCIL OF BALTIMORE, TO THE CLERGY AND LAITY OF THEIR CHARGE.

The Archbishops and Bishops of the United States, in Third Plenary Council assembled to their Clergy and Faithful People — "Grace unto you and Peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ."

Venerable Brethren of the Clergy, Beloved Children of the Laity:

Full eighteen years have elapsed since our predecessors were assembled in Plenary Council to promote uniformity of discipline, to provide for the exigencies of the day, to devise new means for the maintenance and diffusion of our holy religion, which should be adequate to the great increase of the Catholic population. In the interval, the prelates, clergy and faithful have been taught by a wholesome experience to appreciate the zeal, piety and prudence that inspired the decrees of those venerable Fathers, and to listen with cheerful submission to their authoritative voice, whether uttered in warning, in exhortation or positive enactment. And the whole American Church deeply feels and cordially proclaims her gratitude for the treasure bequeathed to us by their wise and timely legislation. Its framers, in great part, have gone before us with the sign of Faith, and now sleep the sleep of peace. But their work, after following them (Apoc.) to the dread tribunal of the great Judge to plead on their behalf and insure their reward, has remained upon earth a safe-guide and rich blessing for the clergy and people of their generation.

Since then, however, our ecclesiastical body of clergy and religious has grown to wonderful dimensions, our Catholic institutions have been multiplied tenfold, with a corresponding increase in the members of our faithful laity. The territory, likewise, over which they are spread, has been greatly en-

larged. The land of the far West that was once desolate and impassable, through God's providential mercy, now rejoices and flourishes like the lily. Under His guiding hand it has been taught to bud forth and blossom and rejoice with joy and praise. The wilderness has exchanged its solitude for the hum of busy life and industry; and the steps of our missionaries and Catholic settlers have invariably either preceded or accompanied the westward progress of civilization. Forests have given way to cities, where Catholic temples re-echo the praises of the Most High; where the priceless perfume of the "Clean Oblation," foretold by Malachi, daily ascends to heaven, and where the life-giving sacraments of Holy Church are dispensed by a devoted clergy. In view of this great progress of our holy religion, this marvellous widening of the tabernacles of Jacob, it has been judged wise and expedient, if not absolutely necessary, to examine anew the legislation of our predecessors, not with any purpose of radical change, much less of abrogation, but to preserve and perfect its spirit by adapting it to our altered circumstances. And as every day gives birth to new errors, and lapse of time or distance of place allows abuses to gradually creep into regular discipline, we have judged it the duty of our pastoral office to check the latter by recalling and enforcing established law, and to guard our flock against the former by timely words of paternal admonition.

Such, too, has been the expressed wish and injunction of our Holy Father Leo XIII., happily reigning, to whom, as Supreme Pontiff and successor of the Prince of the Apostles, by inherent right belongs the power of convoking and holding this our Third National or Plenary Council, and of appointing (as he has graciously done) an Apostolic Delegate to preside over its deliberations.

One of the most important events that our age has witnessed was the assembling by Pius IX., of happy memory, of the General Council of the Vatican. It was held three years after the close of our Second Plenary Council, and all, or nearly all, of its members, and many besides of the prelates now assembled in this Third Plenary Council, enjoyed the rare privilege of sitting with the other Princes of the Church in the only Ecumenical Synod vouchsafed these latter ages. Its appointed task was to condemn the most influential and insidious errors of the day, and to complete the legislation on weighty matters of discipline that had been contemplated and discussed, but left undecided, by the Council of Trent. Like its predecessor, the Council of the Vatican was interrupted by the disturbed condition of Europe; and the Fathers, leaving the work of their deliberations unfinished, returned to their homes,—some to this Western continent, others to remote regions of Asia. But we would fain cherish the hope, and lift up to heaven our earnest prayer, that the Father of mercies and God of all comfort, who is ever ready to comfort His Church in all her tribulations, who holds in His hand the counsels of princes and the devices of peoples, may deign in his own good time to reunite the prelates, or their successors, over the tomb of St. Peter or elsewhere, as may seem best to His infinite wisdom. The Vatican Council, however, during its short session of seven months, gave solemn, authoritative utterance to some great truths which the Church had unvaryingly held from the days of Christ and His Apostles; but which she found it once more necessary to recall and inculcate against the widespread skepticism and unbelief of our day. Besides condemning the philosophy, no less wicked than false, and teeming with contradictions, of the two last centuries, and especially of our own times, she had to uphold (such is the lamentable downward course of those who rebelled against her divine commission to teach all nations!) the truth and divinity of the Sacred Books against the very children of those who once appealed to Scripture to disprove her teachings, and to

maintain the dignity and value of human reason against the lineal descendants of those who once claimed reason as the supreme and only guide in picking out from her creed what mysteries they would retain, what mysteries they would reject. Nobly did she perform her duty, and assert, in the face of a forgetful or unbelieving world, that reason is God's highest and best gift to man in the natural order, and that this most salutary aid of his weakness is not only not impaired, but strengthened, supplemented, and ennobled by the supernatural gift of Divine revelation.

We have no reason to fear that you, beloved brethren, are likely to be carried away by these or other false doctrines condemned by the Vatican Council; such as materialism, or the denial of God's power to create, to reveal to mankind His hidden truths, to display by miracles His Almighty power in this world, which is the work of His hands. But neither can we close our eyes to the fact that teachers of skepticism and irreligion are at work in our country. They have crept into the leading educational institutions of our non-Catholic fellow-citizens, they have (though rarely) made their appearance in the public press and even in the pulpit. Could we rely fully on the innate good sense of the American people, and on that habitual reverence for God and religion which has so far been their just pride and glory, there might seem comparatively little danger of the general diffusion of those wild theories which reject or ignore Revelation, undermine morality, and end not infrequently by banishing God from His own creation. But when we take into account the daily signs of growing unbelief, and see how its heralds not only seek to mould the youthful mind in our colleges and seats of learning, but are also actively working among the masses, we cannot but shudder at the dangers that threaten us in the future. When to this we add the rapid growth of that false civilization which hides its foulness under the name of enlightenment, — involving, as it does, the undisguised worship of mammon, the anxious search after every ease, comfort, and luxury for man's physical well-being, the all-absorbing desire to promote his material interest, the unconcern or rather contempt for those of his higher and better nature, — we cannot but feel that out of all this must grow a heartless materialism, which is the best soil to receive the seeds of unbelief and irreligion, which threaten to desolate the country at no distant day. The first thing to perish will be our liberties; for men who know not God or religion can never respect the inalienable rights which man has received from his Creator. The State in such case must become a despotism, whether its power be lodged in the hands of one or many.

To you, beloved brethren, who possess the treasure of Catholic faith, we may safely address the reiterated injunctions of the Lord to the chosen leader of his people.

"Take courage and be strong . . . take courage and be very valiant . . . Behold I command thee, take courage and be strong. Fear not and be not dismayed, because the Lord thy God is with thee."* The latter clause gives the reason why we should take courage and be strong. An intermediate verse gives the means of securing God's assistance: 'Let not the book of this law depart from thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate on it day and night, that thou mayest observe and do the things that are written in it.' Keep, then, day and night, before your eyes the law of God and His teachings through that Holy Church that He has appointed mother and mistress of all men. Fly the reading of all infidel books, and keep them from your children, as you would the poison of asp or basilisk. Teach them that you

* Josue, i, 6, 7, 8, 9.

and they, in listening to Holy Church, have the guidance of Him who said, "I am the way, the truth and the life." Let others doubt or deny, but, with the Apostle, you know whom you have believed, and you are certain that He will make good the trust you have reposed in Him.*

Christ our Lord commissioned His Apostles to teach mankind the truths they had been taught by Him. They received no commandment to write on any doctrine, much less to draw up a body of articles of faith such as our children now learn from the catechism. They preached and taught by word of mouth; or, when occasion offered itself, they wrote as the Divine Spirit prompted them. What they wrote and what they delivered by oral instruction are equally God's Word. And this twofold Word, written and unwritten, is the Deposit of divine truth, committed to the keeping of the Catholic Church, and chiefly to him on whom the Church was built — the only Apostle who, in the full sense of the words, yet lives and rules in the person of his successors, and from his unfailing chair imparts to all who seek it the truth of Christian faith.† It is his office to confirm his brethren; and the history of the Church exhibits him, from the beginning and through all ages, as faithfully fulfilling the charge entrusted to him by his Master.‡ From the earliest ages down to our own the voice of Peter has been foremost in condemning all deviations from apostolic doctrine. No threats of worldly power could subdue or silence that voice. To such threats Peter, through his successors, has ever given the same answer that he gave at Jerusalem to the assembled priests and ancients.§ No pleading of princes and potentates could ever win Rome's sympathy for error; no heresy under false semblance of Catholic truth ever yet eluded her vigilant eye.|| As soon as any novelty appeared, all hearts and eyes were turned towards the Chair of Peter; and when that Chair gave its decision, the Christian people yielded obedience. Those who would not were cut off from the communion of the Church, and became thenceforth as the heathen and the publican.

This doctrine, therefore, which had so thoroughly wrought itself into the life and action of the Church, the Vatican Council deemed proper to consecrate by a solemn definition. Hence, that no one in future may craftily pretend not to know how and whence to ascertain what the Church officially teaches; above all, that no one may henceforth scatter the baneful seeds of false doctrine with impunity, under the mask of an appeal from the judgment of the Holy See (whether it be to learned universities or State tribunals, or future councils, particular or general, as was done by Luther and the Jansenists) — the Church of the living God, through the Fathers of the Vatican Council, has unequivocally declared that her authentic spokesman is the successor of St. Peter in the Apostolic See of Rome, and that what he, as Head of the Church, officially decides is part of the Deposit of Faith intrusted to her keeping by Christ our Lord, and hence subject to neither denial, doubt, nor revision, but to be implicitly received and believed by all.

In this authoritative declaration there is nothing new, nothing to give cause for wonder. It is only setting the solemn seal of definition upon what has always been the belief and practice of the Church. Yet "the gates of Hell," the powers of darkness that forever assail the Church built on St. Peter, — though knowing (for the very devils believe and tremble in believing) ¶ that they cannot prevail against it nor make void God's promise,** — seem to have been stirred to their very depths by the proclamation of this great truth. And their impotent rage has found its echo upon earth. The

* 11 Tim., i. 12. † See Epist. S. Petri Chrysologi inter Epp. S. Leonis M. ‡ Luke xxii. 32. § Acts iv. 19, 20. || Cf. St. Cyprian. Ep. lix. ¶ Credunt et contremiscunt, James ii. 19. ** Matt. xvi. 18.

definition evoked a storm of fierce obloquy and reckless vituperation such as has been seldom witnessed amongst our opponents. A wretched handful of apostate Catholics "went out from us, but they were not of us."*

But, what was far more serious, the kings of the earth stood up, and the princes assembled together, against the Lord † and against His anointed Vicar, because of the definition. They revived the old war-cry raised by the Jews against our Saviour, ‡ and so often renewed by the persecutors of the Church. They pretended that by defining the infallibility of St. Peter's successor she had made herself the enemy of Cæsar. Herein she plainly verified the strong language of Scripture: "Iniquity hath lied to itself." § The Pope, even after the proclamation of his infallibility, is no more the enemy of Cæsar and of human governments than was the infallible Peter the enemy of Nero, or Christ our Lord, who is infallible truth itself, the enemy of Augustus and Tiberius, under whom He was born into the world, taught and suffered. The governments by which, three centuries ago, the new tenets of Luther, Zwingli, and Calvin had been imposed on reluctant peoples by the sword, were the first, indeed the only ones, to unsheathe it against Catholic believers, and especially against the bishops and clergy. It was their purpose to exterminate by degrees the Catholic hierarchy, and replace it by a servile priesthood that would subordinate its preaching and ministry to the will of the State. To do this they had to trample on solemn treaties and organic laws. But the Catholics of Prussia, clergy and people, while proving themselves most devoted and faithful to their country's laws, stood up like a wall of adamant against the tyranny of its rulers. With generous vigor and admirable constancy, they availed themselves of every legal and constitutional means to check the advances of despotism and save their own freedom and that of their country. They have given to the world a glorious example, which, it is to be hoped, the victims of tyrannous Liberalism in Catholic countries may some day have the wisdom or the courage to imitate. The struggle has now lasted fourteen years; but the very friends of this persecuting legislation have been driven at last to acknowledge that it has proved to be a miserable failure; and no better proof of it could be found than the fact that the rulers of Prussia have had to fall back on the patriotism of the Catholic body to stay the threatening march of socialism and revolution. In Switzerland, too, the persecution has yielded to the policy of mildness and conciliation adopted by Our Holy Father, Leo XIII.

Beloved brethren, we have no need to encourage you to hold steadfastly to this doctrine of the Vatican Council; for you were trained from infancy to believe it, as were your fathers before you, while it was not yet invested with the formalities of a definition, just as the early Christians held firmly to the divinity of the Son and of the Holy Ghost three hundred years before the Church found it necessary to define them in the Councils of Nice and Byzantium.

And in our own country, writers and speakers who knew the Church only by the caricatures drawn by prejudice, have occasionally re-echoed the same charge; but despite local and temporary excitements, the good sense of the American people has always prevailed against the calumny. We think we can claim to be acquainted both with the laws, institutions and spirit of the Catholic Church, and with the laws, institutions and spirit of our country; and we emphatically declare that there is no antagonism between them. A Catholic finds himself at home in the United States: for the influence of his Church has constantly been exercised in behalf of individual rights and popular liberties. And the right-minded American nowhere finds himself more

* 1 John ii. 19. † Acts iv. 26. ‡ John xix. 12, 15. § Ps. xxvi. 19.

at home than in the Catholic Church, for nowhere else can he breathe that atmosphere of Divine truth, which alone can make us free.*

We repudiate with equal earnestness the assertion that we need to lay aside any of our devotedness to our Church, to be true Americans; the insinuation that we need to lay aside any of our love for our country's principles and institutions, to be faithful Catholics. To argue that the Catholic Church is hostile to our great Republic, because she teaches that "there is no power but from God; † because, therefore, back of the events which led to the formation of the Republic, she sees the Providence of God leading to that issue, and back of our country's laws the authority of God as their sanction,—this is evidently so illogical and contradictory an accusation, that we are astonished to hear it advanced by persons of ordinary intelligence. We believe that our country's heroes were the instruments of the God of Nations in establishing this home of freedom; to both the Almighty and to his instruments in the work, we look with grateful reverence; and to maintain the inheritance of freedom which they have left us, should it ever—which God forbid—be imperilled, our Catholic citizens will be found to stand forward, as one man, ready to pledge anew "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor."

No less illogical would be the notion, that there is aught in the free spirit of our American institutions, incompatible with perfect docility to the Church of Christ. The spirit of American freedom is not one of anarchy or license. It essentially involves love of order, respect for rightful authority and obedience to just laws. There is nothing in the character of the most liberty-loving American, which could hinder his reverential submission to the divine authority of our Lord, or to the like authority delegated by Him to His Apostles and His Church. Nor are there in the world more devoted adherents of the Catholic Church, the See of Peter, and the Vicar of Christ, than the Catholics of the United States. Narrow, insular, national views and jealousies concerning ecclesiastical authority and Church organization, may have sprung naturally enough from the selfish policy of certain rulers and nations in by-gone times; but they find no sympathy in the spirit of the true American Catholic. His natural instincts, no less than his religious training, would forbid him to submit in matters of faith to the dictation of the State or to any merely human authority whatsoever. He accepts the religion and the Church that are from God, and he knows well that these are universal, not national or local—for all the children of men, not for any special tribe or tongue. We glory that we are, and, with God's blessing, shall continue to be, not the American Church, nor the Church of the United States, nor a Church in any other sense exclusive or limited, but an integral part of the one holy Catholic and Apostolic Church of Jesus Christ, which is the Body of Christ, in which there is no distinction of classes and nationalities—in which all are one in Jesus Christ.‡

While the assaults of calumny and persecution directed against the Church, since the Vatican Council, have abundantly shown how angry the powers of evil have been at the Council's luminous utterances of divine truth, our Holy Father, the Pope, has been, naturally enough, the main object of attack. And Divine Providence has been pleased to leave him, for awhile, at the mercy of his enemies, in order that their impious violence might work out the demonstration of its own injustice; that the true character and the indestructibility of the office of St. Peter might be made manifest to the world; that the wisdom of the Providence which has guarded the independ-

* John viii. 32. † Rom. xiii. 1. ‡ Gal. iii. 28.

ence of that office in the past might be vindicated and reaffirmed for the future. The great and beloved Pius IX. died the "Prisoner of the Vatican," and Leo XIII. has inherited his apostolic trials, together with his apostolic office. Day after day he has seen the consecrated patrimony of religion and charity swept into Cæsar's coffers, by the ruthless hand of spoliation and confiscation. At this moment he sees that same grasp laid upon the property of the Propaganda, piously set apart for spreading the Gospel of Jesus Christ throughout the missionary countries of the world. So utterly unjustifiable an act has called forth a cry of indignant protest from the Catholics of all countries; and from no country has the cry gone forth clearer and louder than from our own. We thank our government for the action that saved the American College from confiscation; and we hope that the protest and appeal of all governments and peoples that "love justice and hate iniquity" may yet shame the spoiler into honesty. Meanwhile the hearts of all Catholics go out all the more lovingly towards their persecuted chief pastor; and from their worldly means, be they abundant or scanty, they gladly supply him with the means necessary for carrying on the administration of his high office. Such has been your liberality in the past, beloved brethren, that we hardly need exhort you to generosity in the collection for the Holy Father, which will continue to be made annually throughout all the dioceses of the country. Let your devoted affection be shown by your deeds, and the persistency of injustice be more than matched by the constancy of your faithful and generous love.

While enduring with the heroism of a martyr the trials which beset him, and trustfully awaiting the Almighty's day of deliverance, the energy and wisdom of Leo XIII. are felt to the ends of the earth. He is carrying on with the governments of Europe the negotiations which promise soon to bring peace to the Church. In the East he is preparing the way for the return to Catholic unity of the millions whom the Greek schism has so long deprived of communion with the See of Peter, and is following the progress of exploration in lands hitherto unknown or inaccessible with corresponding advances of Catholic missions. To the whole world his voice has again and again been lifted up in counsels of eloquence and wisdom, pointing out the path to the acquisition of truth in the important domain of philosophy and history; the best means for the improvement of human life in all its phases, individual, domestic, and social; the ways in which the children of God should walk,—"that all flesh may see the salvation of God."

But in all the wide circle of his great responsibility, the progress of the Church in these United States forms, in a special manner, both a source of joy and an object of solicitude to the Holy Father. With loving care his predecessors watched and encouraged her first feeble beginnings. They cheered and fostered her development in the pure atmosphere of freedom, when the name of Carroll shone with equal lustre at the head of her new-born Hierarchy, and on the roll of our country's patriots. Step by step they directed her progress, as with marvellous rapidity the clergy and the dioceses have multiplied; the hundreds of the faithful have increased to thousands and to millions; her churches, schools, asylums, hospitals, academies, and colleges, have covered the land with homes of divine truth and Christian charity. Not yet a century has elapsed since the work was inaugurated by the appointment of Baltimore, in 1789; and as we gaze upon the results already reached we must exclaim: "By the Lord hath this been done, and it is wonderful in our eyes."*

* Matt. xxi. 42; Ps. cxvii. 22.

In all this astonishing development, from the rude beginnings of pioneer missionary toil, along the nearer and nearer approaches to the beautiful symmetry of the Church's perfect organization, the advance so gradual, yet so rapid, has been safely guided in the lines of Catholic and Apostolic tradition, by the combined efforts and wisdom of our local Hierarchy and of the successors of St. Peter. It was in order to take counsel with the representatives of the American Hierarchy concerning the important interests of religion in this country, that the Holy Father, last year, invited the archbishops of the United States to Rome. And the object of the present Council is to put into practical shape the means of religious improvement then resolved upon or suggested.

EDUCATION OF THE CLERGY.

One of our first cares has been to provide for the more perfect education of aspirants to the holy Priesthood. It has always been the Church's endeavor that her clergy should be eminent in learning. For she has always considered that nothing less than this is required by their sacred office of guarding and dispensing Divine truth. "The lips of the priest shall keep knowledge," says the Most High, "and the people shall seek the law at his mouth." This is true in all times; for no advance in secular knowledge, no diffusion of popular education, can do away with the office of the teaching ministry, which our Lord has declared shall last forever. In every age it is and shall be the duty of God's priests to proclaim the salutary truths which our Heavenly Father has given to the world through His Divine Son; to present them to each generation in the way that will move their minds and hearts to embrace and love them; to defend them, when necessary, against every attack of error. From this it is obvious that the priest should have a wide acquaintance with every department of learning that has a bearing on religious truth. Hence in our age, when so many misleading theories are put forth on every side, when every department of natural truth and fact is actively explored for objections against revealed religion, it is evident how extensive and thorough should be the knowledge of the minister of the Divine Word, that he may be able to show forth worthily the beauty, the superiority, the necessity of the Christian religion, and to prove that there is nothing in all that God has made to contradict anything that God has taught.

Hence the priest who has the noble ambition to attain to the high level of his holy office may well consider himself a student all his life; and of the leisure hours which he can find amid the duties of his ministry he will have very few that he can spare for miscellaneous reading, and none at all to waste. And hence, too, the evident duty devolving on us to see that the course of education in our ecclesiastical colleges and seminaries be as perfect as it can be made. During the century of extraordinary growth now closing, the care of the Church in this country has been to send forth as rapidly as possible holy, zealous hard-working priests, to supply the needs of the multitudes clamoring for the ministrations of religion. She has not on that account neglected to prepare them for their divine work by a suitable education, as her numerous and admirable seminaries testify; but the course of study was often more rapid and restricted than she desired. At present our improved circumstances make it practicable both to lengthen and widen the course, and for this the Council has duly provided.

We are confident, beloved brethren, that you feel as deeply interested as ourselves in the accomplishment of these great results. This you have hitherto manifested by the zealous liberality by which you have enabled us to build and support our seminaries; and we are well assured that you will

not be found wanting, should even greater efforts be necessary, to enable us to make the education and usefulness of the clergy as perfect as we desire. In the future, as in the past, look upon your annual contribution to the Seminary fund as one of your most important duties as Catholics; and let your generosity be proportioned to the dignity and sacredness of the object for which you offer it.

And here we remind those among our Catholic people to whom God has been pleased to give wealth, that it is their duty and their privilege to consider themselves the Lord's stewards, in the use of what His Providence has placed in their hands; that they should be foremost in helping on the work of the Church of Christ during life, and make sure to have God among their heirs when they die; and we recommend to them as specially useful the founding of scholarships, either in their diocesan or provincial Seminaries, or in the American College in Rome, or elsewhere, as circumstances may suggest.

PASTORAL RIGHTS.

No small portion of our attention has been bestowed on the framing of such legislation as will best secure the rights and interests of your pastors, and of all ranks of the clergy in this country. It is but natural, beloved brethren, that the first and dearest object of our solicitude should be our venerable clergy. They are our dearest brethren, bound to us by ties more sacred than those of flesh and blood. Our elevation to a higher office only draws them to us more closely, since their happiness and welfare are thereby made the first object of our responsibility, and since upon their devoted labors must mainly depend the welfare of the souls entrusted to our charge. We need not tell you, beloved brethren, how admirably they fulfil their sacred trust. You are witnesses to their lives of toil and sacrifice. And to them we can truly say, in the words of St. Paul, "You are our glory and our joy."*

The rights of the clergy have reference chiefly to their exercising the sacred ministry in their missions, to the fixity of their tenure of office, and to the inviolableness of their pastoral authority within proper limits. It is the spirit of the Church that the various grades of authority in her organization should in no wise be in rivalry or conflict, but orderly and harmonious. This she has secured by her wise laws, based upon the experience of centuries, and representing the perfection of Church organization. It is obvious that in countries like our own, where, from rudimentary beginnings, our organization is naturally advancing towards perfection, the full application of these laws is impracticable; but in proportion as they become practicable, it is our desire, not less than that of the Holy See, that they should go into effect. For we have the fullest confidence in the wisdom with which the Church devised these laws, and we heartily rejoice at every approach towards perfect organization, in the portion of the vineyard over which we have jurisdiction. This has been to some degree accomplished by regulations enacted during recent years, and still more by the decrees of the present Council.

But while it is our desire to do all on our part that both justice and affection can prompt, for fully securing all proper rights and privileges to our priests, let us remind you, beloved brethren, that on your conduct must their happiness depend. A grateful and pious flock is sure to make a happy pastor. But if the people do not respond to their pastor's zeal, if they are cold and ungrateful or disedifying, then indeed is his lot sad and pitiable.

* 1 Thes. ii. 20.

Since, therefore, the Priests of God leave all things to devote themselves to your spiritual welfare, show by your affection, by your cooperation with their efforts for your spiritual improvement, and even by your care for their physical comfort, that you appreciate their devotedness and the reciprocal obligation which it imposes. Look upon your priests as your best friends, your trustiest advisers, your surest guides. If duty sometimes calls upon them to admonish or rebuke you, remember that the reproof is meant for your good, and take it in the spirit in which it is given. And if perchance they have to speak to you oftener than is pleasant about church finances and the demands of charity, understand that it must be at least as disagreeable to them as it is to you; that it is not for themselves, but for the needs of the parish church or school, which are intended for your benefit, or of the parish poor, who are your charge, that they have to plead; and that, while they are to bear in mind the advisability of speaking of money as seldom as possible, you must be mindful to make your generosity equal to the need, and thereby save both your pastors and yourselves the painful necessity of frequent appeals.

And here we deem it proper to say a few words concerning church properties and church debts. The manner of holding the legal title to these properties is different in different places, according to the requirements of local civil laws; but whether the title be held by the bishop, or by boards of diocesan or parish trustees, it always remains true that the properties are held in trust for the Church for the benefit of the people. One generation buys or builds, another generation improves and adorns, and each generation uses, and transmits for the use of others yet to come, bishops and priests having the burden of the administration and being sacredly responsible for its faithful performance.

In the discharge of this duty it often becomes necessary to contract church debts. Where the multiplication of the Catholic population has been so rapid, rapid work had to be done in erecting churches and schools. And if, under such circumstances, pastors had to wait till all the funds were in hand before beginning the work, a generation would be left without necessary spiritual aids, and might be lost to the Church and to God. We fully appreciate, beloved brethren, how strictly we are bound to prevent the contraction of debts without real necessity; and this we have endeavored to secure by careful legislation; still despite all our efforts it must inevitably happen that the burden imposed on us by our gigantic task of providing for the spiritual wants of the present and the rising generation will always be heavy, and will weigh upon us all. But the special Providence of God towards our country, which has made the work and the need so great, has never failed hitherto to inspire our people with a zeal equal to the demand. You have rivaled your pastors in the ardor of their desire for the building up of the Church of Christ and the extension of His Kingdom; and we are confident that you will preserve your zeal unto the end, and transmit it undiminished to your descendants. It is our earnest wish that existing debts should be liquidated as soon as possible, in order that the money now consumed in paying interest might be employed in the great improvements still to be made, and especially in helping on the glorious work of Christian education.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

Scarcely, if at all, secondary to the Church's desire for the education of the clergy is her solicitude for the education of the laity. It is not for themselves, but for the people, that the Church wishes her clergy to be learned, as it is not for themselves only, but for the people that they are priests. Popular education has always been a chief object of the Church's care; in

fact, it is not too much to say, that the history of civilization and education is the history of the Church's work. In the rude ages, when semi-barbarous chieftains boasted of their illiteracy, she succeeded in diffusing that love of learning which covered Europe with schools and universities; and thus from the barbarous tribes of the early middle ages, she built up the civilized nations of modern times. Even subsequent to the religious dissensions of the sixteenth century, whatever progress has been made in education is mainly due to the impetus which she had previously given. In our own country, notwithstanding the many difficulties attendant on first beginnings and unexampled growth, we already find her schools, academies and colleges everywhere, built and sustained by voluntary contributions, even at the cost of great sacrifices, and comparing favorably with the best educational institutions in the land.

These facts abundantly attest the Church's desire for popular instruction. The beauty of truth, the refining and elevating influences of knowledge, are meant for all, and she wishes them to be brought within the reach of all. Knowledge enlarges our capacity both for self-improvement and for promoting the welfare of our fellow-men; and in so noble a work the Church wishes every hand to be busy. Knowledge, too, is the best weapon against pernicious errors. It is only "a little learning" that is "a dangerous thing." In days like ours, when error is so pretentious and aggressive, every one needs to be as fully armed as possible with sound knowledge — not only the clergy, but the people also, that they may be able to withstand the noxious influences of popularized irreligion. In the great coming combat between truth and error, between Faith and Agnosticism, an important part of the fray must be borne by the laity, and woe to them if they are not well prepared. And if, in the olden days of vassalage and serfdom, the Church honored every individual, no matter how humble his position, and labored to give him the enlightenment that would qualify him for future responsibilities; much more now, in the era of popular rights and liberties, when every individual is an active and influential factor in the body politic, does she desire that all should be fitted by suitable training for an intelligent and conscientious discharge of the important duties that will devolve upon them.

Few, if any, will deny that a sound civilization must depend upon sound popular education. But education, in order to be sound and to produce beneficial results, must develop what is best in man, and make him not only clever, but good. A one-sided education will develop a one-sided life; and such a life will surely topple over, and so will every social system that is built up of such lives. True civilization requires that not only the physical and intellectual, but also the moral and religious, well-being of a people should be promoted, and at least with equal care. Take away religion from a people, and morality will soon follow, — morality gone; even their physical condition will ere long degenerate into corruption which breeds decrepitude, while their intellectual attainments would only serve as a light to guide them to deeper depths of vice and ruin. This has been so often demonstrated in the history of the past, and is, in fact, so self-evident, that one is amazed to find any difference of opinion about it. A civilization without religion would be a civilization of "the struggle for existence, and the survival of the fittest," in which cunning and strength would become the substitutes for principle, virtue, conscience, and duty. As a matter of fact, there never has been a civilization worthy of the name without religion; and from the facts of history the laws of human nature can easily be inferred.

Hence education, in order to foster civilization, must foster religion. Now, the three great educational agencies are the home, the Church, and the school. These mould men and shape society. Therefore each of them,

to do its part well, must foster religion. But many, unfortunately, while avowing that religion should be the light and the atmosphere of the home and of the Church, are content to see it excluded from the school, and even advocate as the best school system that which necessarily excludes religion. Few surely will deny that childhood and youth are the periods of life when the character ought especially to be subjected to religious influences. Nor can we ignore the palpable fact that the school is an important factor in the forming of childhood and youth,—so important that its influence often outweighs that of home and Church. It cannot, therefore, be desirable or advantageous that religion should be excluded from the school. On the contrary, it ought there to be one of the chief agencies for moulding the young life to all that is true and virtuous and holy. To shut religion out of the school, and keep it for home and the Church, is, logically, to train up a generation that will consider religion good for home and the Church, but not for the practical business of real life. But a more false and pernicious notion could not be imagined. Religion, in order to elevate a people, should inspire their whole life and rule their relations with one another. A life is not dwarfed, but ennobled, by being lived in the presence of God. Therefore the school, which principally gives the knowledge fitting for practical life, ought pre-eminently to be under the holy influence of religion. From the shelter of home and school, the youth must soon go out into the busy ways of trade or traffic or professional practice. In all these, the principles of religion should animate and direct them. But he cannot expect to learn these principles in the workshop, or the office, or the counting-room. Therefore let him be well and thoroughly imbued with them, by the joint influences of home and school, before he is launched out on the dangerous sea of life.

All denominations of Christians are now awaking to this great truth, which the Catholic Church has never ceased to maintain. Reason and experience are forcing them to recognize that the only practical way to secure a Christian people is to give the youth a Christian education. The avowed enemies of Christianity in some European countries are banishing religion from the schools, in order gradually to eliminate it from among the people. In this they are logical, and we may well profit by the lesson. Hence the cry for Christian education is going up from all religious bodies throughout the land. And this is no narrowness and “sectarianism” on their part; it is an honest and logical endeavor to preserve Christian truth among the people by fostering them in the young. Nor is it any antagonism to the State; on the contrary it is an honest endeavor to give to the State better citizens by making them better Christians. The friends of Christian education do not condemn the State for not imparting religious instruction in the public schools as they are now organized; because they well know that it does not lie within the province of the State to teach religion. They simply follow their conscience by sending their children to denominational schools, where religion can have its rightful place and influence.

Two objects therefore, dear brethren, we have in view, to multiply our schools, and to perfect them, we must multiply them, till every Catholic child in the land shall have, within its reach, the means of education. There is still much to be done ere this is attained. There are still thousands of Catholic children in the United States deprived of the benefit of a Catholic school. Pastors and parents should not rest till this defect be remedied. No parish is complete till it has schools adequate to the needs of its children, and the pastor and people of such a parish should feel that they have not accomplished their entire duty until the want is supplied.

But, then, we must also perfect our schools. We repudiate the idea that

the Catholic school need be in any respect inferior to any other school whatsoever. And if hitherto our people have acted on the principle that it is better to have an imperfect Catholic school than to have none, let them now push their praiseworthy ambition still further, and not relax their efforts till their schools be elevated to the highest educational excellence. And we implore parents not to hasten to take their children from school, but to give them all the time and all the advantages that they have the capacity to profit by, so that, in after life, their children may "rise up and call them blessed."

THE CHRISTIAN HOME.

We need hardly remind you, beloved brethren, that while home life would not, as a rule, be sufficient to supply the absence of good or counteract the action of dangerous influences in the school, it is equally true that all that the Christian school could accomplish would be inadequate without the co-operation of the Christian home. Christian schools sow the seed, but Christian homes must first prepare the soil, and afterwards foster the seed and bring it to maturity.

1. *Christian Marriage.*—The basis of the Christian home is Christian marriage; that is, marriage entered into according to religion, and cemented by God's blessing. So great is the importance of marriage to the temporal and eternal welfare of mankind, that, as it had God for its Founder in the Old Law, so, in the New Law, it was raised by our Divine Lord to the dignity of a sacrament of the Christian religion. Natural likings and instincts have their own value and weight; but they ought not by themselves to be a decisive motive in so important a step as Christian marriage; nor are they a safe guarantee for the proper fulfilment of the high ends for which marriage was ordained. That Christian hearts and lives may be wisely and rightly joined, God must join them, and religion sanctify the union; and though the Church sometimes permits the contraction of mixed marriages, she never does so without regret, and without a feeling of anxiety for the future happiness of that union and for the eternal salvation of its fruit.

2. *The Indissolubility of Marriage.*—The security of the Christian home is in the indissolubility of the marriage tie. Christian marriage, once consummated, can never be dissolved save by death. Let it be well understood that even adultery, though it may justify "separation from bed and board," cannot loose the marriage tie so that either of the parties may marry again during the life of the other. Nor has "legal divorce" the slightest power, before God, to loose the bond of marriage and to make a subsequent marriage valid. "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."* In common with all Christian believers and friends of civilization, we deplore the havoc wrought by the divorce laws of our country. These laws are fast loosening the foundations of society. Let Catholics, at least, remember that such divorces are powerless in conscience. Let them enter into marriage only through worthy and holy motives, and with the blessings of religion, especially with the blessing of the Nuptial Mass. And then, far from wishing for means of escape from their union, they will rejoice that it cannot be divided but by death.

3. *Home Virtues.*—The pervading atmosphere of the Christian home should be Christian charity—the love of God and of the neighbor. It should be the ambition and study of Christian parents to make their home a sanctuary, in which no harsh or angry, no indelicate or profane word should be uttered—in which truth, unselfishness, self-control, should be carefully cultivated; in

* Matt., xix.

which the thought of God, the desire to please God, should be sweetly and naturally held before the children as their habitual motives. From the home sanctuary the incense of prayer should ascend as a most sweet morning and evening sacrifice to the Lord. How beautiful and rich in blessings is the assembling of parents and children for morning and evening prayer! Our hearts are filled with consolation when, in the course of our pastoral visits, we meet families in which this holy practice is faithfully observed. In such families we are sure to find proofs of the special benedictions of heaven. Faith, religion, and virtue are there fostered to luxuriant growth; and final perseverance almost assured. We earnestly exhort all parents to this salutary custom. And if it be not always feasible in the morning, at least every evening at a fixed hour, let the entire family be assembled for night prayers, followed by a short reading from the Holy Scriptures, the Following of Christ, or some other pious book.

4. *Good Reading.*—Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting, and profitable books. No indelicate representation should ever be tolerated in a Christian home. Artistic merit in the work is no excuse for the danger thus presented. No child ought to be subjected to temptation by its own parents and in its own home. But let the walls be beautified by what will keep the inmates in mind of our Divine Lord, and of His Saints, and with such other pictures of the great and the good as will be incentives to civic and religious virtue.

The same remark applies equally to books and periodicals. Not only should the immoral, the vulgar, the sensational novel, the indecently illustrated newspaper, and the publications tending to weaken faith in the religion and the Church of Jesus Christ, be absolutely excluded from every Christian home, but the dangerously exciting and morbidly emotional, whatever, in a word, is calculated to impair or lower the tone of faith and morals in the youthful mind and heart, should be carefully banished. Parents would be sure to warn and withhold their children from anything that would poison or sicken their bodies; let them be at least as watchful against intellectual and moral poison. But let the family book shelves be well supplied with what is both pleasant and wholesome. Happily the store of Catholic literature, as well as works which, though not written by Catholics nor treating of religion, are pure, instructive, and elevating, is now so large that there can be no excuse for running risk or wasting one's time with what is inferior, tainted, or suspicious. Remember, Christian parents, that the development of the youthful character is intimately connected with the development of the taste for reading. To books, as well as to associations, may be applied the wise saying: "Show me your company and I will tell you what you are." See, then, that none but good books and newspapers, as well as none but good companions, be admitted to your homes. Train your children to a love of history and biography. Inspire them with the ambition to become so well acquainted with the history and doctrines of the Church as to be able to give an intelligent answer to any honest inquiry. Should their surroundings call for it, encourage them, as they grow older, to acquire such knowledge of popularly mooted questions of a scientific or philosophic character as will suffice to make them firm in their faith and proof against sophistry. We should be glad to see thoroughly solid and popular works on these important subjects, from able Catholic writers, become more numerous. Teach your children to take a special interest in the history of our own country. We consider the establishment of our country's independence, the shaping of its liberties and laws, as a work of special Providence, its framers "building wiser than they knew," the Almighty's hand guiding them. And if ever the glorious

fabric is subverted or impaired, it will be by men forgetful of the sacrifices of the heroes that reared it, the virtues that cemented it, and the principles on which it rests or ready to sacrifice principle and virtue to the interests of self or party. As we desire therefore that the history of the United States should be carefully taught in all our Catholic schools, and have directed that it be specially dwelt upon in the education of the young ecclesiastical students in our preparatory seminaries; so also, we desire that it form a favorite part of the home library and home reading. We must keep firm and solid the liberties of our country by keeping fresh the noble memories of the past, and thus sending forth from our Catholic homes into the arena of public life not partisans, but patriots.

5. *The Holy Scriptures.*—But it can hardly be necessary for us to remind you, beloved brethren, that the most highly valued treasure of every family library, and the most frequently and lovingly made use of, should be the Holy Scriptures. Doubtless you have often read A'Kempis's burning thanksgiving to our Lord for having bestowed on us not only the adorable treasure of His Body in the Holy Eucharist, but also that of the Holy Scriptures, "the Holy Books, for the comfort and direction of our life."* And you have before your eyes, prefixed to the Douay version of the Holy Bible, the exhortation of Pope Pius the Sixth in his letter to the Archbishop of Florence, that "the faithful should be moved to the reading of the Holy Scriptures; for these," he says, "are most abundant sources which ought to be left open to every one to draw from them purity of morals and of doctrine, to eradicate the errors which are so widely disseminated in these corrupt times." And St. Paul declares that "what things soever were written, were written for our learning, that, through patience and the comfort of the Holy Scriptures, we might have hope."† We hope that no family can be found amongst us without a correct version of the Holy Scripture. Among other versions, we recommend the Douay, which is venerable as used by our forefathers for three centuries, which comes down to us sanctioned by innumerable authorizations, and which is as suitably annotated by the learned Bishop Challoner, by Canon Haydock, and especially by the late Archbishop Kenrick.

But in your reading remember the admonition of A'Kempis: "The Holy Scriptures must be read in the same spirit in which they were written. If thou wilt derive profit, read with humility, simplicity, and faith."‡ And keep ever before your mind the principle laid down by St. Peter in the first chapter of his second Epistle: "Understanding this first, that no prophecy of Scripture is made by private interpretation, for prophecy came not by the will of man at any time, but the holy men of God spoke, inspired by the Holy Ghost." And this other given by St. John, in the fourth chapter of his first Epistle, in the name of the Apostolic teaching Church: "Dearly beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits if they be of God. We are of God; he that knoweth God heareth us; he that is not of God heareth us not; by this we know the spirit of truth and the spirit of error." In these two divinely inspired rules you have always a sure safeguard against the danger of error.

6. *The Catholic Press.*—Finally, Christian parents, let us beg your earnest consideration of this important truth, that upon you, singly and individually, must practically depend the solution of the question, whether or not the Catholic press is to accomplish the great work which Providence and the Church expect of it at this time. So frequently and so forcibly has the providential mission of the press been dwelt upon by Popes and prelates and distinguished Catholic writers, and so assiduously have their utterances been

* Fol. of Christ, B. 4, c. ii. † Rom. xv. 4. ‡ B. I, c. v.

quoted and requoted everywhere, that no one certainly stands in need of arguments to be convinced of this truth. But all this will be only words in the air unless it can be brought home to each parent and made practical in each household. If the head of each Catholic family will recognize it as his privilege and his duty to contribute towards supporting the Catholic press, by subscribing for one or more Catholic periodicals, and keeping himself well acquainted with the information they impart, then the Catholic press will be sure to attain to its rightful development, and to accomplish its destined mission. But choose a journal that is thoroughly Catholic, instructive and edifying; not one that would be, while Catholic in name or pretence, un-Catholic in tone and spirit, disrespectful to constituted authority, or biting and uncharitable to Catholic brethren.

Beloved brethren, a great social revolution is sweeping over the world. Its purpose, hidden or avowed, is to dethrone Christ and religion. The ripples of the movement have been observed in our country; God grant that its tidal wave may not break over us. Upon you, Christian parents, it mainly depends whether it shall or not; for such as our homes are, such shall our people be. We beseech you, therefore, to ponder carefully all that we have said concerning the various constituents of a true Christian home, and, to the utmost of your ability, to carry them into effect. And we entreat all pastors of souls to bear unceasingly in mind, that upon the Christian school and the Christian homes in their parishes must mainly depend the fruit of their priestly labors. Let them concentrate their efforts on these two points, — to make the schools and the homes what they ought to be; then indeed will they carry to the Lord of the harvest full and ripe sheaves, and the future generation will bless them for transmitting unimpaired the priceless gifts of faith and religion.

THE LORD'S DAY.

There are many sad facts in the experience of nations, which we may well store up as lessons of practical wisdom. Not the least important of these is the fact that one of the surest marks and measures of the decay of religion in a people, is their non-observance of the Lord's Day. In travelling through some European countries, a Christian's heart is pained by the almost unabated rush of toil and traffic on Sunday. First, grasping avarice thought it could not afford to spare the day to God; then unwise governments, yielding to the pressure of mammon, relaxed the laws, which for many centuries had guarded the day's sacredness; — forgetting that there are certain fundamental principles which ought not to be sacrificed to popular caprice or greed; and when, as usually happens, neglect of religion had passed, by lapse of time, into hostility to religion, this growing neglect of the Lord's Day was easily made use of as a means to bring religion itself into contempt. The Church mourned, protested, struggled, but was almost powerless to resist the combined forces of popular avarice and Cæsar's influence, arrayed on the side of irreligion. The result is the lamentable desecration which all Christians must deplore.

And the consequences of this desecration are as manifest as the desecration itself. The Lord's Day is the poor man's day of rest: it has been taken from him, — and the laboring classes are a seething volcano of social discontent. The Lord's Day is the home day; drawing closer the sweet domestic ties, by giving the toiler a day with wife and children; but it has been turned into a day of labor — and home ties are fast losing their sweetness and their hold. The Lord's Day is the church-day, strengthening and consecrating the bond of brotherhood among all men, by their kneeling together

around the altars of the one Father in heaven. But men are drawn away from this blessed communion of Saints, — and as a natural consequence they are lured into the counterfeit communion of socialism, and other wild and destructive systems. The Lord's Day is God's Day, rendering ever nearer and more intimate the union between the creature and his Creator, and thus ennobling human life in all its departments; and where this bond is weakened an effort is made to cut man loose from God entirely, and to leave him, according to the expression of St. Paul, "without God in this world."* The profanation of the Lord's Day whatever be its pretext, is a defrauding both of God and His creatures, and retribution is not slow. In this country there are tendencies and influences at work to bring about a similar result; and it behooves all who love God and care for society, to see that they be checked. As usual, greed for gain lies at the bottom of the movement. Even when the pretence put forward is popular convenience or popular amusement, the clamor for larger liberty does not come so much from those who desire the convenience or the amusement, as from those who hope to enrich themselves by supplying it. Now, far be it from us to advocate such Sunday-laws as would hinder necessary work, or prohibit such popular enjoyments as are consistent with the sacredness of the day. It is well known, however, that the tendency is to rush far beyond the bounds of necessity and propriety, and to allege these reasons only as an excuse for virtually ignoring the sacredness of the day altogether. But no community can afford to have either gain or amusement at such a cost. To turn the Lord's Day into a day of toil is a blighting curse to a country; to turn it into a day of dissipation would be worse. We earnestly appeal, therefore, to all Catholics, without distinction, not only to take no part in any movement tending towards a relaxation of the observance of Sunday, but to use their influence and power as citizens to resist in the opposite direction.

There is one way of profaning the Lord's Day which is so prolific of evil results, that we consider it our duty to utter against it a special condemnation. This is the practice of selling beer or other liquors on Sunday, or of frequenting places where they are sold. This practice tends more than any other to turn the Day of the Lord into a day of dissipation, to use it as an occasion for breeding intemperance. While we hope that Sunday laws on this point will not be relaxed, but even more rigidly enforced, we implore all Catholics, for the love of God and of country, never to take part in such Sunday traffic, nor to patronize or countenance it. And we not only direct the attention of all pastors to the repression of this abuse, but we also call upon them to induce all of their flocks that may be engaged in the sale of liquors to abandon as soon as they can the dangerous traffic, and to embrace a more becoming way of making a living.

And here it behooves us to remind our workingmen, the bone and sinew of the people and the specially beloved children of the Church, that if they wish to observe Sundays as they ought, they must keep away from drinking places on Saturday night. Carry your wages home to your families, where they rightfully belong. Turn a deaf ear, therefore, to every temptation; and then Sunday will be a bright day for all the family. How much better this than to make it a day of sin for yourselves, and of gloom and wretchedness for your homes, by a Saturday night's folly or debauch. No wonder that the Prelates of the Second Plenary Council declared that "the most shocking scandels which we have to deplore spring from intemperance." No wonder that they gave a special approval to the zeal of those who, the better to avoid excess, or in order to give good example, pledge themselves to total absti-

* Ephes. ii. 12.

nence. Like them we invoke a blessing on the cause of temperance, and ne all who are laboring for its advancement in a true Christian spirit. Let the exertions of our Catholic Temperance Societies meet with the hearty cooperation of pastors and people; and not only will they go far towards strangling the monstrous evil of intemperance, but they will also put a powerful check on the desecration of the Lord's Day, and on the evil influences now striving for its total profanation.

Let all our people "remember to keep holy the Lord's Day." Let them make it not only a day of rest, but also a day of prayer. Let them sanctify it by assisting at the adorable Sacrifice of the Mass. Besides the privilege of the morning Mass, let them also give their souls the sweet enjoyment of the Vesper service and the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. See that the children not only hear Mass, but also attend the Sunday-school. It will help them to grow up more practical Catholics. In country places, and especially in those which the priest cannot visit every Sunday, the Sunday-school ought to be the favorite place of reunion for young and old. It will keep them from going astray, and will strengthen them in the faith. How many children have been lost to the Church in country districts, because parents neglected to see that they observed the Sunday properly at home and at Sunday-school, and allowed them to fall under dangerous influences.

FORBIDDEN SOCIETIES.

One of the most striking characteristics of our times is the universal tendency to band together in societies for the promotion of all sorts of purposes. This tendency is the natural outgrowth of an age of popular rights and representative institutions. It is also in accordance with the spirit of the Church, whose aim, as indicated by her name, Catholic, is to unite all mankind in brotherhood. It is consonant also with the spirit of Christ, who came to break down all walls of division, and to gather all in the one family of the one heavenly Father.

But there are few good things which have not their counterfeits, and few tendencies which have not their dangers. It is obvious to any reflecting mind that men form bad and rash, as well as good and wise designs; and that they may band together for carrying out evil or dangerous, as well as laudable and useful, purposes. And this does not necessarily imply deliberate malice, because while it is unquestionably true that there are powers at work in the world which deliberately antagonize the cause of Christian truth and virtue, still the evil or the danger of purposes and associations need not always spring from so bad a root. Honest, but weak and erring, human nature is apt to be so taken up with one side of a question as to do injustice to the other; to be so enamored of favorite principles as to carry them to unjustifiable extremes; to be so intent upon securing some laudable end as to ignore the rules of prudence, and bring about ruin instead of restoration. But no intention, no matter how honest, can make lawful what is unlawful. For it is a fundamental rule of Christian morals that "evil must not be done that good may come of it," and "the end can never justify the means" if the means are evil. Hence it is the evident duty of every reasonable man, before allowing himself to be drawn into any society, to make sure that both its ends and its means are consistent with truth, justice, and conscience.

In making such a decision every Catholic ought to be convinced that his surest guide is the Church of Christ. She has in her custody the sacred deposit of Christian truth and morals; she has the experience of all ages and all nations; she has at heart the true welfare of mankind; she has the perpetual guidance of the Holy Ghost in her authoritative decisions. In her

teaching and her warnings, therefore, we are sure to hear the voice of wisdom, prudence, justice and charity. From the hill-top of her divine mission and her world-wide experience she sees events and their consequences far more clearly than they who are down in the tangled plain of daily life. She has seen associations that were once praiseworthy become pernicious by change of circumstances. She has seen others, which won the admiration of the world by their early achievements, corrupted by power or passion or evil guidance, and she has been forced to condemn them. She has beheld associations, which had their origin in the spirit of the ages of Faith, transformed by lapse of time, and loss of faith and the manipulation of designing leaders, into the open or hidden enemies of religion and human weal. Thus our Holy Father, Leo XIII., has lately shown that the Masonic and kindred societies — although the offspring of the ancient Guilds, which aimed at sanctifying trades and tradesmen with the blessings of religion ; and although retaining, perhaps in their “ritual” much that tells of the religiousness of their origin ; and although in some countries still professing entire friendliness toward the Christian religion — have, nevertheless, already gone so far in many countries as to array themselves in avowed hostility against Christianity, and against the Catholic Church as its embodiment, that they virtually aim at substituting a world-wide fraternity of their own, for the universal brotherhood of Jesus Christ, and at disseminating mere Naturalism for the supernatural revealed religion bestowed upon mankind by the Saviour of the world. He has shown too, that even in countries where they are as yet far from acknowledging such purposes, they, nevertheless, have in them the germs, which, under favorable circumstances, would inevitably blossom forth in similar results. The Church, consequently, forbids her children to have any connection with such societies, because they are either an open evil to be shunned, or a hidden danger to be avoided. She would fail in her duty if she did not speak the word of warning, and her children would equally fail in theirs if they did not heed it.

Whenever, therefore, the Church has spoken authoritatively with regard to any society, her decision ought to be final for every Catholic. He ought to know that the Church has not acted hastily, or unwisely, or mistakenly ; he should be convinced that any worldly advantages which he might derive from his membership of such society, would be a poor substitute for the membership, the Sacraments and the blessings of the Church of Christ ; he should have the courage of his religious convictions, and stand firm to faith and conscience. But if he be inclined or asked to join a society on which the Church has passed no sentence, then let him, as a reasonable and Christian man, examine into it carefully, and not join the society until he is satisfied as to its lawful character.

There is one characteristic which is always a strong presumption against a society, and that is secrecy. Our divine Lord Himself has laid down the rule : “ Every one that doth evil, hateth the light and cometh not to the light that his works may not be reproved. But he that doth truth cometh to the light that his works may be made manifest, because they are done in God.”* When, therefore, associations veil themselves in secrecy and darkness, the presumption is against them, and it rests with them to prove that there is nothing evil in them.

But if any society's obligation be such as to bind its members to secrecy, even when rightly questioned by competent authority, then such a society puts itself outside the limits of approval ; and no one can be a member of it and at the same time be admitted to the sacraments of the Catholic Church.

*John iii. 20, 21.

The same is true of any organization that binds its members to a promise of blind obedience — to accept in advance and to obey whatsoever orders, lawful or unlawful, that may emanate from its chief authorities: because such a promise is contrary both to reason and conscience. And if a society works or plots, either openly or in secret, against the Church, or against lawful authorities, then to be a member of it is to be excluded from the membership of the Catholic Church.

These authoritative rules, therefore, ought to be the guide of all Catholics in their relations with societies. No Catholic can conscientiously join, or continue in, a body in which he knows that any of these condemned features exist. If he has joined it in good faith, and the objectionable features become known to him only afterwards, or if any of these evil elements creep into a society which was originally good, it becomes his duty to leave it at once. And even if he were to suffer loss or run risk by leaving such a society or refusing to join it, he should do his duty and brave the consequences, regardless of human consideration.

To these laws of the Church, the justice of which must be manifest to all impartial minds, we deem it necessary to add the following admonition of the second Plenary Council: * "Care must be taken lest workingmen's societies, under the pretext of mutual assistance and protection, should commit any of the evils of condemned societies, and lest the members should be induced by the artifices of designing men to break the laws of justice, by withholding labor to which they are rightfully bound, or by otherwise unlawfully violating the rights of their employers."

But while the Church is thus careful to guard her children against whatever is contrary to Christian duty, she is no less careful that no injustice should be done to any association, however unintentionally. While therefore the Church, before prohibiting any society, will take every precaution to ascertain its true nature, we positively forbid any pastor, or other ecclesiastic, to pass sentence on any association, or to impose ecclesiastical penalties or disabilities on its members without the previous explicit authorization of the rightful authorities.

CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

It is not enough for Catholics to shun bad or dangerous societies, they ought to take part in good and useful ones. If there ever was a time when merely negative goodness would not suffice, such assuredly is the age in which we live. This is pre-eminently an age of reaction, and what we need to-day is active virtue and energetic piety. Again and again has the voice of the Vicar of Christ been heard giving approval and encouragement to many kinds of Catholic associations, not only as a safeguard against the allurements of dangerous societies, but also as a powerful means of accomplishing much of the good that our times stand in need of. Not only should the pastors of the Church be hard at work in building up "the spiritual house," † "the tabernacle of God with men," ‡ but every hand among the people of God should share in the labor.

In the first place, we hope that in every parish in the land there is some sodality or confraternity to foster piety among the people. We therefore heartily endorse anew all approbations previously given to our many time-honored and cherished confraternities, such as those of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, of the Blessed Sacrament, and of the Blessed Virgin.

Next come the various associations for works of Christian zeal and

*No. 519.

†Pet. ii. 5.

‡Apoc. xxi. 3.

charity; the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and the Holy Childhood, than which there are none more deserving: societies for the support of Catholic education; Christian doctrine societies for the work of Sunday-school; societies for improving the condition of the poor, among which stands pre-eminent the Society of St. Vincent de Paul; church-debt societies; societies for supplying poor churches with vestments and other altar requirements; local sanctuary societies; and other methods of uniting the efforts of the people of the parish for holy and useful purposes. It ought to be the comfort and the honest pride of every Catholic to take an active part in these good works; and if any are hindered from contributing a portion of their time and labor, they should contribute as liberally as they can out of their pecuniary resources.

Then there are associations for the checking of immorality, prominent among which are our Catholic temperance societies. These should be encouraged and aided by all who deplore the scandal given and the spiritual ruin wrought by intemperance. It is a mistake to imagine that such societies are made up of the reformed victims of intemperance. They should be, and we trust that they everywhere are, largely composed of zealous Catholics who were never tainted by that vice, but who mourn over the great evil and are energetically endeavoring to correct it.

We likewise consider as worthy of particular encouragement associations for the promotion of healthful social union among Catholics, and especially those whose aim is to guard our Catholic young men against dangerous influences, and to supply them with the means of innocent amusement and mental culture. It is obvious that our young men are exposed to the greatest dangers, and therefore need the most abundant helps. Hence, in the spirit of our Holy Father Leo XIII., we desire to see the number of thoroughly Catholic and well-organized associations for their benefit greatly increased, especially in our large cities; we exhort pastors to consider the formation and careful direction of such societies as one of their most important duties; and we appeal to our young men to put to good profit the best years of their lives by banding together, under the direction of their pastors, for mutual improvement and encouragement in the paths of faith and virtue.

And in order to acknowledge the great amount of good that the "Catholic Young Men's National Union" has already accomplished, to promote the growth of the Union, and to stimulate its members to greater efforts in the future, we cordially bless their aims and their endeavors, and recommend the Union to all our Catholic young men.

We also esteem as a very important element in practical Catholicity the various forms of Catholic beneficial societies and kindred associations of Catholic workingmen. It ought to be, and we trust is, everywhere their aim to encourage habits of industry, thrift, and sobriety; to guard the members against the dangerous attractions of condemned or suspicious organizations; and to secure the faithful practice of their religious duties, on which their temporal as well as their eternal welfare so largely depends.

With paternal affection we bestow our blessing upon all those various forms of combined Catholic action for useful and holy purposes. We desire to see their number multiplied and their organization perfected. We beseech them to remember that their success and usefulness must rest in a great measure upon their fidelity to the spirit of the Church, and on their guarding carefully against influences that might make them disloyal. The more closely pastors and people are united in good works, the more abundantly will those associations be blessed and their ends accomplished; the more perfectly will all Christians be united in fraternal charity, and the more widely and firmly will the kingdom of Christ on the earth be established.

HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The duties of a Christian begin with his own household and his own parish, but they do not end there. The charity and zeal in his heart must be like that in the heart of the Church, whose very name is Catholic, like that in the heart of Christ, who "died for all men, and gave Himself a redemption for all."* The Divine commission to the Church stands forever,— "Go teach all nations; preach the Gospel to every creature;"† and every one who desires the salvation of souls should yearn for its fulfilment, and consider it a privilege to take part in its realization. The more we appreciate the gift of faith, the more must we long to have it imparted to others. The heart of every true Catholic must glow as he reads of the heroic labors of our missionaries among heathen nations in every part of the world, and especially among the Indian tribes of our country. The missionary spirit is one of the glories of the Church, and one of the chief characteristics of Christian zeal.

In nearly all European countries there are Foreign Mission Colleges, and also associations of the faithful for the support of the missions by their contributions. Hitherto we have had to strain every nerve in order to carry on the missions of our own country, and we were unable to take any important part in aiding the missions abroad. But we must beware lest our local burdens should make our zeal narrow and uncatholic. There are hundreds of millions of souls in heathen lands to whom the light of the Gospel has not yet been carried, and their condition appeals to the charity of every Christian heart.

Among our own Indian tribes, for whom we have a special responsibility, there are still many thousands in the same darkness of heathenism, and the missions among our thousands of Catholic Indians must equally look to our charity for maintenance. Moreover, out of the six millions of our colored population there is a very large multitude who stand sorely in need of Christian instruction and missionary labor: and it is evident that in the poor dioceses in which they are mostly found, it is most difficult to bestow on them the care they need, without the generous co-operation of our Catholic people in more prosperous localities. We have, therefore urged the establishment of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in every parish in which it is not yet erected, and also ordered a collection to be made yearly in all the dioceses for the foreign missions and the missions among our Indians and Negroes. We have done this through a deep sense of duty, and we trust that our noble-hearted people will not regard it as a burden imposed on them, but as an opportunity presented to them of co-operating in a work which must be specially dear to the Heart of our Divine Saviour.

These are the leading matters, venerable and beloved brethren, which have engaged our attention during this Council. The objects of our deliberations have been the same that have occupied the energies of the Church and her pastors ever since the days of the Apostles; namely, the extension of the kingdom of God, the building up of the body of Christ, the giving greater "glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good-will," by shedding abroad more abundantly the blessings of religion and the graces of redemption. Our legislation is not intended to impose burdens or limitations upon you; but, on the contrary, to enlarge and secure to you the "liberty of the children of God." The path of duty and virtue is clearly marked and pointed out, not to restrain your freedom, but that you may journey safely, that you may live wisely and virtuously, that you may have happiness temporal and eternal.

* II Cor. v. 15; I Tim. ii. 6. † Matt. xxviii. 19; Mark xvi. 15.

And now we write you these things, that you may be partners in our solicitude; that every heart may cry out, "Thy Kingdom come;" that every hand may be active in establishing and extending it. Accept with willing and loving minds these lessons which spring from hearts full of love for you, and entirely consecrated to your service. Give joy to us and to our Divine Lord by putting them faithfully in practice. And may the blessings of Almighty God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, descend upon you abundantly, and abide with you forever.

Given at Baltimore, in the Plenary Council, on the 7th day of December, in the year of our Lord 1884.

In his own name and in the name of all the Fathers,

JAMES GIBBONS,

Archbishop of Baltimore and Apostolic Delegate.

Be Careful What You Say.

IN speaking of a person's faults,
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember those with homes of glass
Should seldom throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do
But talk of those who sin,
'Tis better we commence at home,
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried;
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults — and who has not?
The old as well as young;
Perhaps we may, for aught we know,
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
And find it works full well:
To try my own defects to cure
Before of others tell;
And though I hope sometimes to be
No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me let
The faults of others go.

Then let us all when we commence
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one may do
To those we little know.
Remember curses, sometimes, like
Our chickens, "roost at home;"
Don't speak of others' faults until
We have none of our own.

A DRAMATIC incident occurred at a public lecture in Dublin. The lecturer recited "Shamus O'Brien," and graphically described the scaffold scene. Just at the most thrilling part of the recital a piercing shriek rang out from the body of the hall, and a woman was seen struggling in hysterics. Several men rushed to her assistance, but it was found impossible to restrain her frantic gestures until she fainted from exhaustion. She was carried from the hall to a druggist's shop, where restoratives were applied. When she recovered consciousness it was found that she was a sister of Joe Brady, who was hanged for complicity in the murder of Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke, in Phoenix Park.

The Irish Mother's Story.

AN! lady dear, you ask me why I'm always lone and sad,
 An' why the salt tears fill my eyes whin all around are glad;
 I'm sorry ma'am, if e'er I've cast across your path a blight,
 I thry to hide my grief, *asthore*, but my heart will ne'er be light.
 You're kind— God bless your sunny smile— you've done your gener-
 ous part

To cheer me,— but the sorrow, ma'am, will never lave my heart.

My story is it, that you'd hear? *Foreer! Foreer! Movrone!*

'Tis hard to spake in the stranger's tongue, an' you'll not sense my own;
 But, lady kind, even now, I see from your eyes the tear dhrops start,
 So I know, what I'll tell in my broken way, you'll undherstand with
 your heart.

A lighter-hearted *colleen*, sure, ne'er thripped ould Ireland's green
 Than I when Patrick tuk me to be his thrue heart's queen;
 That was in fair Kilkenny, just in sight of Slievenamon,—
 Oh! how those dear ould Irish names bring back the days now gone.
 But, *movrone!* my joy oft shadowed was, though his love shed such light,
 For our land was dark with slavery's curse, and wake with the famine's
 blight.

Six little ones God kindly sent our faithful love to bless,
 Our fainting hearts awhile they cheered with prattle and caress;
 But soon, alas! they paled and died— just one our love did save;
 In the land where we could not get them bread, we begged for them a
 grave.

God knows our hearts were almost broke with sorrow, pain and loss.
 But, love for one another gave us strength to bear our cross
 Until the times grew worse and worse,— we couldn't pay the rint;
 In those days of death and sickness, sure every penny wint.
 Thin, wake with hunger, Patrick fell beneath the faver's blight,
 An', on the roadside, sure he died, one blessed Christmas night.
 He seemed a little betther, only just the day before,
 An' I hoped to me and Willie he'd be spared a few years more;
 But, our time was up, the bailiff came, an' turned us from our home,
 That very night, in these poor arms, he breathed his last sad moan.
 We knelt beside his ice-could corpse, my only child and I—
 Oh! God thin seemed so far above the pitiless, dark sky—
 But, down beside me, in the snow, my darlin' Willie knelt;
 I could not see him in the gloom, but his sthrong young arms, I felt.
 Says he, "Mother *avourneen*, let us pray for the soul that's gone to God,
 Then ask the neighbors help us lay him 'neath the blessed sod.

And so they did,— God bless them all — but they'd no more help to give.
 In those dark days, I hardly know how Willie and I did live.
 But Heaven be praised! God helped us ma'am;— an' so — from year
 to year,
 The times a little brighter grew, my life a bit less drear.

Mabouchal bawn a man became like his father thrue and brave,
 O Willie *machree*! why did you e'er your poor ould mother lave?
 Dear lady, may God bless you for the sympathy you show.
 Yes, *alanna*, my darlin' left me, nearly twenty years ago.
 A blighted crop brought grief once more—the people starved and died—

The tyrants smiled while our land became a graveyard lone and wide.

Thin my Willie swore he'd not stand by an' see such deep wrongs done,
 But would work his way across the sea, to the land of the settin' sun,
 An' would seek for me and himself a home, far out in the noble West,
 Where the young and sthrong can labor find, and weary ones find rest.
 An' soon as he'd be able, thin, he said he'd sind for me,
 To rest my poor ould weary head in that home beyant the sea.

Oh, ma'am, I think I see him still, as he looked on that black day,
 With his brave eyes thryin' to smile through tears, while standin on the quay.

Acushla! close to his breakin' heart he dhrew and held me there,
 I could feel his could lips thrimblin' as they kissed my face and hair.
 But to cheer his poor ould mother, before that heartless crowd,
 He thried to keep his courage up, my boy so brave and proud.
 It is often still in my sleep I hear the flappin' of the sail,
 An' I'm wakened nearly every night by the sad, heart-broken wail
 From fathers, mothers, childher, and lovin' friends that day,
 Whin the waves that rolled between thim sobbed "your darlins are away."

Thin weary days an' weeks wint by, with my heart upon the sea;
 At last, a letter brought me news from my boy so far away,
 An' afther that, he often wrote, and tould me keep good cheer,
 And money, too, he sent me that he needed himself, I fear.
 A twelve month near went by — my heart with hope was almost gay,
 For Willie wrote he'd sind for me to come to him that May.
 Instead o' that — a letther came — oh! I cannot blame my son,
 'Twas the blood sure, of Irish heroes that inspired the deed he done.
 That letther, lady, here it is, — I keep it next my heart,
 The last words that my darlin' wrote, with thim I ll never part.
 I cannot read them, lady, my eyes are blind with tears,
 But they're writ inside my achin' breast these many long, long years.

"My dearest mother, sad am I to grieve your loving heart,
 But still, I know you wish your son to do a thrue man's part:—
 This very month, I hoped to have you cross the ocean's foam,
 An' with your son, in this free land, to find a happy home.
 But, mother dear, since last I wrote, base treason's dangerous power
 Has raised its brazen head here, and now doth boldly tower;
 The country is in danger, and Columbia's glorious stars
 Are dim, while base disunion now, her lovely banner mars.
 You know how kindly welcome here the exile e'er is made,
 An' well you know, in Irish hearts, doth gratitude ne'er fade;

So then, of course, you may be sure, that when this danger came,
 Ould Ireland's sons proved worthy of their ancient name and fame.
 Where'er the starry banner floats above a loyal band,
 Beneath its folds, to Freedom true, are boys from the ould land.
 I thried to close my eyes and ears, an' only think of you,
 But, every time I did, I heard you say — 'My son be thue!
 Heroic blood your mother gave you from her Irish breast,
 Be brave, stand ever by the land that welcomes the oppress.'
 One eve, with these thoughts in my head, I walked along the street,
 And soon, I heard the sound of drums, and the tramp of marching feet;
 They came, the gallant fellows, with their banners floating high,
 Each one of them a soldier brave, defiance in his eye.
 My Irish blood leaped in my heart, while gazing on the scene,
 And my very veins ran fire when I saw they bore the green;
 For a moment, I seemed standing by Kilkenny's river banks,
 And then, with martial heart and tread, I sprang into their ranks.
 Within a month the stars and the harp waved proudly o'er the foe,
 Their folds in beauty blending, where Potomac's waters flow;
 With a cheer for Mother Ireland, for Columbia on we pressed,
 And, with victory, our banners twain, the God of battles blest.
 Through all the fight, my mother dear, I know God heard your prayer.
 The blessed cross you gave me, on my breast I always wear;
 And, though the green flag that I bore beside the stripes and stars,
 Is burnt and rent, thank God, your boy is free from wounds and scars,
 The war will soon be over, we'll return then and disband.
 Ere long, I hope to welcome you to a happy, peaceful land;
 For with the little I have saved, I've this day your passage paid,
 Get ready then and come to me, I'll meet you — don't be afraid.
 By the time that you will reach here sure the war will all be done.
 And, in New York, you'll be met by your loyal, loving son."

Well, for the present and the past, my heart was torn with grief,
 But kneeling o'er my loved ones graves, I tried to find relief;
 And there, *mavrone*! I'd think, may hap, I'd never see them more.
 Never weep above those cherished graves beside the River Nore.
 It seemed again like parting with the loved ones lying there;
 With heaving sobs my bosom shook, I could hardly say a prayer.
 At last, I thought — the Lord is good, I will no longer weep.
 My boy an' I may yet come back and with these loved ones sleep.
 I kissed the clay above them and the grass that o'er them grew,
 And vowed to Erin and her Faith, I ever would be thue:
 Then I cut a sod of shamrocks for the exile far away,
 To mind him of the loved ones he had left beyant the sea.
 I tuk it on the ship with me, I watched it all the way,
 I put it in the sunshine, and wathered it each day;
 Its green leaves opened slowly then, but surely in the air,
 In free breezes from America, it grew more fresh, and fair.
 We came at last to big New York, Castle Garden was the place,
 Oh, ma'am; the crowd around us — but I missed my Willie's face.

But he'd promised sure to meet me—so I wouldn't yet despair.
 I looked around and questioned, but my darlin' wasn't there.
 At last, I saw a boy from home, though scarcely him I knew,
 He looked so scarred and haggard, an' he dhressed all up in blue.
 He threw his arms around me—the poor boy couldn't spake,—
 My Willie! O my Willie! 'twas thin my heart did break.
 "Spake out, boy!" says I to him—and then, the words he said,
 How did I ever bear it?—"Your darlin' boy is dead."

Yes, "dead," he said—and the cruel war had only just begun,
 'Twas in the second battle he was lost, my only son;
 Before this letther reached me, ma'am, instead of peace, *mavrone*,
 The bullet sped that reached his breast, and left my poor heart lone.
 He lay for hours there on the field, but, just before he died,
 He whispered, to this comrade that lay wounded by his side,—
 "My mother lands two weeks from now; if you get a furlough, Ned,
 For friendship's sake, for God's sake, go meet her in my stead,
 And do your best to comfort her—oh! tell her, tell her thrue,
 The stars and the harp are waving still above the boys in blue.
 And tell her that, though long a slave—how proud I was to fight,
 That God might bless with liberty the black as well as white.
 Tell her, the green flag never drooped, our blood like water ran,
 While led by Cass and Meagher, brave Shields and Sheridan."
 And thin, he wake and waker grew, his last thought of home and me,
 "God comfort my poor mother, and make ould Ireland free."

This boy that brought these words to me—God bless him every day—
 Recovered quickly from his wound, and then without delay,
 He dacintly my son prepared, then got a furlough home,
 And laid him on yonder hillside, far, far from all his own.
 My weary limbs I dragged there, that sad, that mournful day,
 And placed the sod of shamrocks green, above my darlin's clay.

O Willie dear! my poor ould heart is torn a' most in two,
 Half's with my dead in Ireland, an' half in the grave with you.
 I always hoped to sleep, dear, in Ireland with my own,
 But I can't lave you, *avick machree*, in the strhanger's land alone.
 The shamrocks blest that o'er you wave, I've kept green with my tears,
 And prayed each day for rest beneath, through all these weary years.
 Fair flowers, too, I've planted there upon the verdant slope,
 An' tried to cheer my spirit low, with this bright, happy hope,
 That you would smile with joy from Heaven to see your own loved green,
 With roses red, and bluebells bright, and lilies snow-white sheen,
 An' that you'd know your mother finds in them consoling types,
 That her Irish boy died not in vain for Columbia's stars and stripes.

Yes, Willie, darlin Willie, God has comforted your mother,
 He answered one part of your prayer, may he answer soon the other,
 He will—although dark clouds now lower, they usher in the dawn,
 And Freedom's light once more shall shine, ould Ireland's hills upon.
 It will, plaze God, e'en my dim eyes now see its glimmer bright.
 But—lady—now my story's done—God bless you, and good night.

Popularity.

ARISTOTLE says, that if a just man should ever come on earth, he would be out of place, or outlandish. He would certainly not be popular. This takes for granted that the multitude is not just. The Athenians were tired of hearing Aristides called "the just:" and they banished him. This, again, implies that the popular opinion of Athens was impatient of a just man. He was to them an eyesore, and a heart sore. If such was the state of the most civilized people of the old world, it is clear that to be popular among them would be no sign of moral elevation. The most popular among them were the Cleons and the Demagogues, who pandered to their injustice. Père Gratry has left on record that the Sophists have come back upon us; that is, the school of mental distortion which maintains the truth of intellectual contradictions in the same categories of time, circumstance, and relations. Happily, this school is narrow, for it is unintelligible; but we fear that the Demagogues, too, have come back upon us in force, for we have many Cleons, both of high and low degree, who hunt popularity with insatiable thirst. Popularity means many things. It means the having the good-will of the people at large, or their admiration, or their kindly feeling, or their confidence. These are four distinct kinds of legitimate popularity. But such popularity can be gained only by good men, great men, benevolent men, or wise men. There are many kinds also of spurious popularity, which are soon gained and soon lost, for they are founded on nothing durable. The Lion or Lioness of the season is popular: and most adventurers have their day. So also have popular orators, popular preachers, popular singers, and popular diners-out. But this is a popularity which is confined to classes and sections, or to the upper ten thousand at most. It comes and goes; it rises and falls, and in the end it goes out like a rushlight, leaving little that is pleasant behind it.

There are many ways in which men seek popularity. The Greeks called certain popularity-hunters "pleasers;" or, as we should say, "complaisant." They tried to please everybody. The Romans called them "assenters," because they were of the opinions of everybody they met, and contradicted nobody. This is, perhaps, the original meaning of an "agreeable person;" that is, one who agrees with everybody in everything. St. Paul calls these "men pleasers." And moral theology teaches us that an interested obsequiousness descends from Simon Magus, and after him is called the simony of the tongue. All this birdlime to catch popularity seldom catches much. Men that have no opinions of their own have no convictions; and without convictions it is not possible to have much will, or perhaps any conscience. These human chameleons have no color of their own. They put on and put off the hues and tints of those they live with, or talk to. They hunt for popularity, but are never popular; they are tolerated in society, but are never trusted. In the midst of such men it would be refreshing to come across Dr. John-

son's "good hater:" for to be open in friendship and hatred, the philosopher says, is a sign of magnanimity.

Another way of seeking popularity is by a studied art of conversation. A man, who was rather a good than a great man, has left behind him a journal, in which are noted the subjects he had prepared to talk about when he dined out. Sydney Smith described another leading man of his time as a "diner-out of the first water." Such men win a certain popularity in private life. They are amusing companions; and they make less intolerable the greatest of human depressions, which are called "dinner parties." And yet, the popularity of such social talkers has its limits. For, it is an axiom in the science of talk, that good people are dull. They never backbite their neighbor, nor retail gossip, nor hint scandals, nor embitter private malignities, nor reveal the skeleton in the closet of other people's homes, nor ridicule their infirmities, nor even their virtues, nor spice their talk with words of double meaning. Half the flavor and stimulant of their talk is lost; it becomes flat and insipid, for it is never personal, never malicious, and always charitable. Such men are to most people somewhat heavy in hand; they are provokingly good, and a check upon the social license of speech. They are decidedly not popular.

But, if we pass from speech to action, we shall limit still more the range of popularity. There are some good and humble men who escape through life, as the Greek sage counselled, unobserved, before men are aware they have lived and are gone. Such men can be neither popular nor unpopular, because they are unknown. There are others of a nature so passive, that all men who have to deal with them leave in turn their impression on them. They are in the power of the last speaker; and you can often tell with whom they have been talking from the turn of their thoughts, and almost from the tone of their voice. Such men, again, are not substantive enough to be popular or unpopular. There is no taste in the white of an egg.

Again, there are others who cannot help knowing their own minds, and saying what they mean, and meaning what they say. They are too impatient to waste words, too high-tempered to be insincere, and too intent on what needs to be done to deal in ceremonies. The Italians would call them *irruenti*, because they make ugly rushes at men and things. Such people are apt to expect a good deal from others, because they take for granted that everybody ought to aim above themselves. They are somewhat exacting, outspoken, and aggressive. They work and make others work. They are not unkind, nor unsympathetic; but they are like fast-walkers, who make their companions to amble and to trot, sometimes to their discomfort. St. Augustine says that it is a duty of charity for those that can walk fast to walk slow; for they can do that; but the slow walkers cannot keep up with their pace. Such men are not popular; but others come to them in trouble, though they stand off from them in fair weather. They are like what are called red-hot soldiers, exact and punctual in discipline and spirit, troublesome companions in peace; but they are the men to whom all turn in the battle. Nevertheless, they are not popular; for they suit only those who understand them and have the

same aims. To others they are distinctly disagreeable. In this easy-going, jovial, unscrupulous world they are always saying or doing something that spoils the sport of the careless, and sometimes alarms the conscience of the guilty. If the majority of the world were just and upright, temperate and generous, then to be popular would be the countersign of all these moral excellences in the man whom the majority reveres. But if the majority of the world be the reverse of all these things, then we can readily understand the words, "Woe be unto you, when all men shall speak well of you." In truth, he that seeks popularity will never reach it; and he that thinks nothing about it will find it come to him unawares. A popularity-hunter betrays himself and spoils his trade. His attitude and pose are self-conscious; as the Americans say, "like his own statue put up by universal subscription."

The most popular man in life is sometimes of little repute after he is gone; and the least popular now, in this world of conflict, come out in history with a veneration unknown before. When Sir Robert Peel opposed the first Reform Bill, he was about the most unpopular man in England. When he abolished the Corn Laws, he was the most popular in the homes and the hearts of the English race. Mr. Bright has for thirty years enjoyed the popularity of a Tribune; yet his name was hissed not long ago. If either of these statesmen had sought for popular applause, their names would not go down in the history of England as leaders and benefactors of the people. Unpopularity is the fate of those who know how to stand alone and to leave their mark upon other men. But time rights the momentary wrongs of those who cannot be swayed by the fickle breath of popular applause.

HENRY EDWARD, CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP.

Icy Sidewalks.

Is there anything which will take the natural dignity out of a man quicker than an icy sidewalk?

Let the most self-sufficient individual that ever stepped feel that at any moment he is liable to come down at full length, and that every looker-on will feel tickled, and every young girl will giggle, and every bad boy will shout with glee, and every stray dog in the village will be there to bark over him, and his self-sufficiency will leave him, and he will shuffle along as meek as Moses, avoiding every very slippery-looking spot, and shying around the places where the gutters drip, and the housemaids have washed the windows.

Ice may be delightful in its place, which is in lemonade on the Fourth of July or thereabouts, but as a pavement, it is a failure.

You start out some fine morning to do a little shopping. You know you are looking well. You feel sure that if Mrs. A. should meet you, she would die of envy to see how well your new hat becomes you,

and Mrs. B. would turn green if she should notice the stylish hang of your overskirt. You trip along, looking in the shop windows to see the pretty thing, and admiring the reflection of yourself in the polished glass, with the silks and satins for the background of the mirror.

You arrange your frizzes in the jeweller's window, while pretending to look at the watches, and you step daintily along, and wonder what does make women wear those ugly rubbers, and you think of your own French kid boots, with their charming heels and—

Well, it has happened to many. You are lying at your length on the sidewalk, and your hat is crushed, and a dog is worrying your muff and your paper parcels are blowing hither and thither—for the wind generally blows a hurricane when it is icy—and everybody that you know is there exclaiming and condoling, and trying to assist, and Mrs. A. and Mrs. B, securely braced, with rubbers on, are standing by and wondering how it happened, and if you are hurt, and how you ever were so imprudent as to come out without overshoes.

And they take note of the fact that you wear false bangs, and that the feather in your hat is ruined, and they tell each other that poor, dear Annie Marie must use powder, for one side of her face looked quite dark, where the ice had melted, and, oh, dear! dear! it is so strange that ladies will do such things, they say, and fondly imagine that nobody ever mistrusted them of anything of the kind.

When one falls down on the ice, everybody else laughs. It seems to be just as natural as breathing. And the one who falls down is invariably mad. Mad is the word. He feels as if he could break somebody, or something. He wishes everybody else would fall down; and lie there, too. He'd be glad to see all creation heels up. He is savage with himself, and with those who are laughing at him. He wishes he he had gone on the other side. He wishes he had taken the middle of the street. He wishes he had worn his other boots, or taken his cane. He wonders what ice is made for. He surveys his sodden pantaloons, and looks at his disconsolate hat, and vows he will sue the city, or the householders, or the state, or somebody, for damages!

Damages? Yes, that is a word full of meaning to the American citizen, and when there is a chance of damages he is resigned to almost any casualty.

And he buttons up his coat, puts his mashed beaver on his head, and walks off where the ice is melted most, and hears the suppressed giggle of a bevy of school girls, and feels as if he could annihilate the whole tribe from the face of the earth.

Ah, well! icy sidewalks are one of the evils of existence, and we must take them along with other troubles, and be thankful that we do not have them all the year, as they do at the North Pole.

THOUGH the sky rain chickens, they must be roasted before they are good for the table.

Washington Declines a Dictatorship.

TOWARDS the close of the Revolution, both officers and men were getting very restless over the prospects before them, and indignant at the neglect of Congress to pay them their wages and provide for their wants, while their families were suffering at home.

In the uncertainty and dread which surrounded them, the officers instinctively turned to Washington for safety. A paper embodying their views was drawn up, and Colonel Nicola — an old officer held high in esteem and confidence by Washington — was selected to present it. Riding up to the headquarters, one morning, he asked to see Washington on important business. Conducted into his presence, he presented him with the paper. This document, after describing the perilous state of feeling in the army and the dangerous aspect of affairs, and showing the necessity of settling at once on a form of government, now peace was assured, showing, also, that it must be a strong one, took up the several forms of government in the world, discussed the good and bad features of each, and summed up by declaring that a republican government was the most unstable and insecure of all, and a constitutional monarchy, with certain modifications, like that of England, the strongest and safest; and continued, "such being the fact, it is plain that the same abilities which have led us through difficulties apparently insurmountable by human power to victory and glory, those qualities that have merited and obtained the universal esteem and veneration of the army, would be most likely to conduct and direct us in the smoother path of peace." In short, it declared that he alone could uphold the nation he had saved by his valor, and offered to make him dictator, and concluded by saying that "owing to the prejudices of the people, it might not at first be prudent to assume the title of royalty; but if all other things were adjusted, we believe strong arguments might be produced for admitting the title of king."

When Washington had read this paper the light died out of his eyes, and a look of inexpressible sadness stole over his countenance. Had he borne and suffered so much for these seven long years to have it all end in this? The emotion that crowded his heart and shook his strong soul to its centre may be gathered from the sudden burst of indignation with which this proposition to make him king was received. "Sir," said he, "it is with a mixture of surprise and astonishment I have read the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, sir, no occurrences in the course of the war have given me more painful sensations than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army as you have expressed, and which I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to such an address, which to me seems fraught with the greatest mischief that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. Let me conjure you, then, as you have regard for your country, for yourself, or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind."

Idle Musing on a Time-worn Theme.

"Ist es besser, ruhig bleiben?" — GOETHE.

IN that most memorable month in Irish History, the April of 1782, when the impassioned and delicately framed leader, who impersonated the cause of Ireland before the world, had moved his resolutions of independence in a speech distinguished "for its firm sublimity and immense reach of thought," the young manhood of the country, in whatever stage of nerveless romance, of bucolic, or commercial indifference, or of undeveloped activity, was, of course, powerfully and momentarily shaken into the seething waves of political passion and expectation of the hour.

Few things could more startlingly convince us of the immense dissimilarity and similarity of ages only separated by a brief span, than letting our imagination pause before the life of a hundred years ago, charged as it is with strong and many-touched memories, and penetrated with the broad, deep sameness of human needs and passions; of the causes of joy and sorrow; where the shapes and images of beauty awaken their varied emotions, and prayers and smiles and tears, seem little altered since that far-off period of the world's childhood. Then, too, as now, men and women in the same precipitated eagerness, chased happiness and success through the glittering prism of hope, and quick-following mist of tears, and missed them, with the same hungry sense of helplessness and anguish, defying all possible change. Now, as then, the downfall of blindly soaring hope, the change of desire, showing the changelessness of unrest, and the stars, looking down in their eternal tranquillity, meet upturned eyes haggard with straining after the immeasurable circle of ambition, or dreamy with the study of their own bright bodies, or dim with the hidden ravages of grief, or glistening in the first fond flush of irresponsible existence, are still the unaltered proofs of our resemblance to other centuries. The current of dissimilarity merely runs itself out in new shapes of old deeds and expressions; new plans to stay old hungers; new streams to feed old thirsts; new excitement to meet old weariness; new disappointments to succeed the old, but always the same:—hunger, thirst, pain, disappointment, unuttered yearnings and unsatisfied needs. For the history of most nations, as well as of most lives, only embodies variations of unforeseen calamities, or sternly-faced woes, with transient measures of respite and bright fortunes.

But in those days,—coming after, and followed by, the seeming

inevitable accompaniment of Pale Famine, the grim tragedy of a nation's abortive insurrections, the sorrowful waking of deep and long enduring discontent, wistfully wondering if the dawn of a better and brighter hour, so patiently watched for, so cruelly deferred, will ever rise out of the ashes of years of sustained wrong and shame, hard-handed poverty and sickness and sorrow,—the voice of a people was not so easily silenced as it is to-day. Then the volunteers were able to resolve "that a claim of any body of men other than the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland, to make laws to bind this Kingdom, is unconstitutional, illegal, and a grievance," without the inconvenient and immediate pressure of Royal hospitality, which is one of the developments of latter-day civilization, heaven be praised! Progression is undoubtedly a fine thing, even the progression (rapid be it confessed) of governmental stupidity. Each year adds its mite towards fresh discovery, and it lies not in man's power to foretell the possibilities into which Posterity may be urged. Tradition in remote times may represent us as in a hopelessly undeveloped condition, as regards the brilliant region of coercion and refined inhumanities, where nothing shocks the sight or sensibilities, except of those of defective intelligence, and which the impulsive and ignorant of to-day, are inclined to judge rather harshly. Such, alas! are the blind prejudices of the simple-minded.

But their Ministries fell amidst universal unpopularity, and even Grand Juries shared in a measure the national, not convulsive, revolutionary purposes of the great national Whig and his friends, too distant from those of the French Revolutionists to have effected permanent beneficial results, and too closely resembling English Liberalism to thrive on alien soil. Yet for a brief period the grand and vehement cry, "No time! No time!" sent by this passionate and youthful leader to the English government through Lord Charlemont, was, indeed, a splendid triumph, and we can imagine the vivifying thrill of eager expectation, and undying nationality, which swept in one electric wave over the country, the throb of immense wonder, and the purple flush of hope it brought into the monotonously-sad, grey political horizon, when the heavy atmosphere was momentarily cleared of a depression which seemed fixed though met with unconquerable resistance, and a despair which a love that deepens with life, and holds more trust and endurance and heroism than any other, alone has prevented from at any time mingling with the Lethe-like waters of resignation. Youth and inexperience could not foresee misuse and abuse of such advantages, and Grattan was the idol of the hour. His name echoed fondly on all lips in cities and counties "who breathed a spirit that would have done honor to old Rome when Rome did honor to mankind.

"A voice from America shouted Liberty," said Flood, "and every hill and valley of this rejoicing island answered 'Liberty.'" It is true metaphysical speculators were dreamily agitated by the vexed question of "Simple Repeal," and tried to discover the tangible existence of the unrenounced principle after the repeal of the declaratory law, and faint evidences of public childishness and irresolution were beginning to dim the bright purple of unanimity and hope.

Well, well, peering through the continual mists and rains and shadows of Irish History, eyes and hearts tired alike with the weight of unavailing struggle, we can all imagine, who have the same family tenderness for the mosses and shamrocks, of that "sorrow-crowned land, where sorrow sweetest sings;" her mountain shadows and valleys, her dark woods and broad fields, her river banks and cities, her wrinkled peasants, with their virtues and their vices, her bright-eyed maidens and good-humored lads, faultful as they are, her wide-eyed children, all holding in their unconscious faces memories of sorrowful and needful, aye, and shameful centuries; the wild and mournful music of that sea-bound country lying on the sea's breast like a maimed and lonely child,—we can all imagine in what lovely vividness the rare sunlight of spring, renewed life and vigor, and the glow of promise, unequalled elsewhere, in those long annals of suffering, shone in the words uttered with thrilling emphasis on the 16th of April, 1782, in the Irish House of Commons, by the great Poet-Orator: "I am now to address a free people: ages have passed away, and this is the first moment in which you could be distinguished by that appellation.* * * Ireland is now a nation! in that new character I hail her! and bowing to her august presence I say *Esto Perpetua!*" And Henry Grattan with his luminous mind and fancy dreams freshened in his vague wanderings along the banks of the Liffey, with metallic brilliancy of antithesis and splendid fervor of language, stood out as a conspicuous example of lofty, unprejudiced patriotism and enthusiasm, of religious and social generosity, a freedom from bigotry in which Protestant and Catholic pulses throbbed in unison; believing in one great belief, and uniting exertion in one common field; vibrating to the echo of one mighty passion, and reading in each other's faces the strong and simple bond of brotherhood. Remembering these things, is it any wonder that the gathered sympathies of to-day, lie as closely and tenderly round Grattan, as they did when once the fierce wave of party passion had subsided, though we may unhesitatingly acknowledge, with our depth of knowledge he could never have had, and the experience of each added year, his life not to have been altogether undeserving of grave censure? The idol of a hundred years

ago was "spotted, but it is not therefore in vain that his mighty heart is laid on the altar of men's highest hopes;" and under his influence, doubtless, the unformed boyhood of the nation, were storing up passionate memories, sufficient to guard them from ever sinking under endurance seemingly useless, or forgetting that they were part of the people, in whose cause he and men like him, had struggled willingly, as long as nature enabled them, to continue the hard fight. For next to the impersonal love of country which belongs to no particular condition, no particular temperament, there is, perhaps, no greater incentive to heroism and disinterestedness than high human trust, deep personal love. To believe profoundly in one individual, brings an added dignity to life, a wider scope of virtue, an unalterable beauty, which those only who have doubled the storm-washed Cape of Doubt can fully realize.

But the outline, as well as the spirit, which animates the city of the Poet-Orator, has greatly altered since his days. Now there would be little left to remind his shade of old haunts, old buildings and streets, and his sense of change would be far keener than that of familiarity. He would remember the place where the old Carlisle Bridge used to be at that time a new speculation, which was regarded as a probable stumbling-block in the interests of the old town, but would hesitate in recognizing its splendid substitute, or the wide, asphalted streets, with their plate-glass windows, palatial offices, banks and gaily-decorated shops. College Green, with its memories of gardens and orchards, and Chichester House, formerly Carey's Hospital, he would find transformed; though the old House of Parliament remains in its familiar beauty, a silent testimony of past glory and shame; and the College which cradled his youth of culture when even the artificiality of Pope's influence was not able to quench the warm breathing ardor of his nature. He would miss the pleasant sensationalism of Cork Hill, with its recent fame of Lucas's and the Eagle, and its older memories of Sainte-Marie-del-Dam, Cork House and Cork Change, its printing houses and Swan Alley, "where the gentle beau joined in wise debate, adjusted his cravat, and reformed the state," and where gambling resorts flourished more openly than would be possible in our century. But he would remember the site of the "Mercury," on the western side of Parliament street, and the corner occupied by Thady O'Shaughnessy, the witty shoe-black of Dublin, and the new Bridge now called after himself. On looking at the western portion of Wellington Quay, he would think of the old Custom House, and its young representative, our pleasant blue-domed building, guarding the entry of the Liffey. Yes, and the Four Courts with its faded green dome, is still there, and

the mountains on which the gathered rain-clouds linger, in varying mists of rose-color, deep purple and soft blue, and the Park washed by the river whose lovely bends and shadowy foliage fed his glowing imagination at that far-off period of dreamhood before the eagerness of activity had entered his life. These things are not changed. The grassy slopes, he would remember; but he would miss the famous baths, the quaint shops, the coaches bowling along towards the suburbs, the open country, pushing its way pleasantly into the city, undeterred by smoke or traffic, or buildings or streets. The splendid wit, the brilliant society, and all the enviable memories of a time when Dublin was a centre of gaiety, for which the wonder of O'Connell Bridge, a few uncouth statues and memorials, modern improvements, well-advertised meetings to be addressed by popular politicians, an introduction of provincial dowdiness into the feminine and masculine attire, and a general outward lifelessness would ill recompense. And where were the old theatres of that theatre-delighting city? he would naturally ask, and pause in wonder before the miserable apology in King Street, where now, in these days of enlightenment, culture and progression, melodramas of questionable talent and questionable morals, political and social squibs, and a combination of catching airs and cheap harmony, understood by modern taste to be operas, seem to be the popular conception of amusement:—a refined realization of the Music Hall and Variety Theatre. O shades of Smock-Alley Theatre, made memorable by the "Matchless Orinda," Ashbury, Wilks and Tom Elrington, and later on by the beautiful Peg Woffington, and Garrick! And the famous Beef-steak club founded by Sheridan under the shelter of its wing, with a most lovely and fascinating president in Peg Woffington; the rival theatre in Crow Street, where Barry and Mrs. Cibber thrilled their sympathetic audiences, and Macklin produced his well-known "Man of the World;" Fishamble Street with the long list of names of those who by tragic passion, pathos, sparkling graces and beauty, held so many eager and world-worn hearts enthralled in hushed interest, all these have passed away.

Turning from King Street he would gaze in equal amazement mixed with admiration probably, at the artificial beauty of Stephen's Green, with its miniature bridge and lake, its rockery and plants, the fountains flinging up merrily their water-sprays to catch the falling sunbeams, and reflect them back in many-tinted prisms, and the children playing in ragged ease and joy among the flower-beds and walks. Nothing is as it used to be in his time, and dwelling on the changes, he would probably decide that the old condition was preferable and much more enjoyable. Life in Dublin then had a zest, and was not without its

tinge of romance. Perhaps it had its scandals and gossip, and social narrowness too, and men were not universally quite so generous and virtuous and disinterested as they represented themselves; but is it the kindly veil of the past which somehow makes those ugly details less glaringly apparent? The waters if stirred were black and sullen enough, but the shallow smoothness was not without its attraction. Then, too, the political mood was more brilliant and outwardly inspiring, when the house on College Green was a kind of animated club where politics, wit, beauty, literature and society seemed to mingle in genial harmony. Patriotism, no less enthusiastic and earnest, was pleasant, less moody and more exciting generally; for those were the days of duelling, lavish hospitality, epigram, sparkling metaphor, philippics, and racy stories. It is true, there were tithes and the Catholic portion of a community unrepresented and murmuring; there were commercial grievances and restrictions, the abolition of which we have happily seen, and if there were few clubs, there seemed to be a more general distribution of enjoyment and delightful ease, and the spirit of chivalry had not altogether passed out of memory with the advent of modern practical commerce; there was more outward passionate intensity with that Irish devil-may-care indifference so rarely met with now. Then self-indulgence and levity were accounted attractions before the widespread growth of mental unrest and wavering speculation of our century had disturbed the easy complacency of the human conscience, and flung us on the vexed sea of self-analysis and doubt. Then one's neighbor was not conscious of the need of appearing graver than nature or the exigencies of the moment required of him, and our faces had not learnt the fixed uncertainty of watchful questioning; then, pretensions to culture or consistency were, perhaps, rarer; young ladies had not learnt to criticise Aristotle and Homer, but were none the less charming; German metaphysics or short roads to science had not entered into popular education; the cramming system of the intermediate had not undertaken to repress young intellectual growth; and classical music was revered at an exceeding distance indeed, although some of Handel's finest strains first rose in the old theatre near the Liffey. To philosophical questions in general, the times might have said to those who attempted to solve them what was said by a scholar of the Basque people: "It is asserted they understand one another, but I do not believe it." This, doubtless, was a bad state of affairs; and if it involved much ignorance, it was not without the bliss of ignorance.

But a hundred years ago men and women were more than a century away from our rapidly progressive and marvellous order of things; personal invective was stronger, digestions and appetites better, nerves

less susceptible, and suicide, the result of dyspepsia or melancholia probably unknown. Thus the benefits and evils of change are providentially balanced: the blessing of to-day may prove the curse of to-morrow. And yet the needs to which the human hearts of this century, and of every century, pulsate, have not changed. The shadows vary and deepen, but the sunlight breaks out suddenly now as it did then, and dark clouds show their silver linings, sometimes faint, often but visible. Man scores follies as great to his account, but no greater, and deeds of devotion and sacrifice are revered just as much, while baseness and falsehood, hold the same firm, familiar footing in our midst. Much heroic and silent endurance, much anguish lie shrouded in unvisited graves; unuttered sobs vibrate within us, and we smile as pleasantly as we can; our life's best hopes are shipwrecked, and others pass on in kindly but indifferent courtesy. We still acknowledge that grief to be greatest which is too deep for tears, and that joy most perfect which is nearest akin to grief; those in whom we place our dearest trust are just as apt to betray that trust, as we are to mar our own influence where most we need to guard it; men and women are forever beggared of their best blessings, and the dignity of life sinks irrevocably in the restless, hungry waves of failure and disappointment, bringing self-contempt, where ideal exaltation was yearningly expected. These things must be whether for good or evil, for who can arrest the fatal hand of failure tracing its black mark across the fairest pages of existence? Centuries and nations and individuals change, but human life and human needs, like time, remain the same.

HANNAH LYNCH.

Southern Sketches.

BEAUTIES OF CHARLESTON AND SUMMERVILLE,

VI.

THE railroad over which I rode to Charleston, presented a far different appearance now to what it did during the late war, when bridges and trestles were destroyed, rails and sleepers torn up, depots ruined, and general travel interrupted by hostile armies. The dreary pine barrens of North Carolina, and vast regions of scrub oak, were passed during the night, and now the fresh, beautiful morning opened to my delighted gaze the charming suburbs of Charleston. Fruitful fields of rice, cotton, sweet potatoes and garden vegetables of various

kinds were spread on each side of the track, and large, handsome oak-trees draped with Spanish moss together with tall pines, cypress, and other forest growths stood proudly up, sometimes alone, and often in groups, near pretty cottages, extending their grand limbs and branches over them like loyal and loving guardians. A genuine negro log cabin appeared here and there, amid groves of shrubs and oleanders. Their one-storied, double-room size, blackened appearance, and conical, rude, clay chimneys, standing outside the walls at particular ends of the shanties made them look truly representative. The smoke curled up in light blue volumes from the cheerful pine fires of the huts, and odd, bright-eyed, white-teethed pickaninies, gathered frequently around the doorways, amid chickens and dogs, while their playful and innocent movements, were satisfactorily observed by their swarthy, grinning mothers. A long row of colored men passed by the side of the track on their way to work, carrying their dinners with them in old tin pails. The air of this Southern land was exceedingly balmy. It swept over the woods, the flowery gardens, and blossoming wild vines laden with health and sweetness. A lazy man would certainly drop immediately to sleep under its soft and soothing influence; but I was too inquisitive to yield to its potent spell. When we entered the depot I found the negroes as numerous there as cat-fish in a Northern mill pond. Most of them were drawn to the place by curiosity, and they assumed almost every imaginable attitude. As the passengers filed out the darkies eyed them very inquisitively, and usually lowered their eyelids, looking bashful when they were in turn surveyed. The colored hackmen were drawn up in a line at the entrance and looked rather picturesque with their forms projected and their whips gracefully extended, while they shouted and gesticulated vociferously to the travellers to enter their respective cabs. Amid the general excitement, I selected a lithe and pretty young darky who shouldered my valise and undertook to conduct me to the Charleston Hotel. The moment I set my foot on the street I thought at once that I had fallen into a unique and charmingly curious old town. The lanes, houses, trees, walls, men, women — everything seemed to me to be weather-mellowed and delightful forms as different from city scenes in the North as old, gilded, calf-polished volumes of the classics are from the bright, fresh-cut, well-finished editions of modern authors. I fancied at once that I was rambling through those old French, English, or Dutch towns that I often read about in European sketches. The narrow streets well bordered with houses varying in size, often in color, and always in architectural appearance. The private dwellings presented their gable ends instead of fronts to the streets, like pews that

edge the aisles of churches, solid old mansions with smooth walls which weather and age had embellished with varied, soft and delicate patches of color, looked down with lordly contempt on decaying little houses in which negroes dwelt. I paused to gaze on the hoary walls whose seamed and stained patches, looked like charming old frescoes. Rows of broken glass bottles on top guarded the treasures of the beautiful gardens inside from the light-fingered urchins; high, rickety piazzas, verandas adorned with bird cages and flowers, the refreshing foliage of fine shade trees, waving, blossoming shrubs, and rose and other creepers twining their beauties up to the top of the mansions, formed delightful groupings. The sweet air, the exquisite green of the trees, harmonizing with the golden bronze, and light grey tints of the dwellings that I saw, made such spots a fit retreat for a Claude Lorraine to enrich the glories of his paintings. Who could resist, in passing along, the temptation to peep into the keyholes of these doors that lead into such closely guarded yards and gardens. Cats and doves were purring and cooing in those floral retirements, and white and black babies might be seen rolling together in grassy plots, under the shade of grand old oaks and pride of India trees. Though eager for breakfast, I surrendered myself to the fascinations of those architectural pictures, and, as I moved slowly along, preceeded by my dusky guide, I closely observed house after house, as each presented a style essentially individual and distinct from that of its neighbor. I never before saw such curious roofs, stately old chimneys, with quaint weather vanes on top, such queer projections, bay windows, bird houses, dove cots, and reserved nooks and corners where winged songsters sang in the sunny breezes. Here was an elegant, white-framed house, almost buried in foliage; adjoining it, arose a much larger and finer mansion of brick, stuccoed in light brown, with handsome bay windows and verandas all touched with the brush of age. In through a narrow green wicket, fixed in a partly colored purple and golden old wall, all brushed by overhanging vines, went a swarthy woolly head, shutting the door after him, leaving the outside world ignorant of the charms concealed within.

Turning a corner, I came upon a magnificent flight of marble steps that lead up to a solid oak door adorned with a splendid silver-plated knocker. The perfume of flowers, clinking of glasses, soft, sweet voices, and light tread of ladies on rich carpets, came from the spacious parlors. Over the way an old ruined mansion, once the home of some wealthy planter, threatened to tumble its rickety, black piazza on the heads of the passers-by. Three or four muttering, laughing blacks looked out on the street, from moth-eaten, broken windows. Corpulent, round-

cheeked daughters of Africa, drew music out of wash tubs, fixed in sunny verandas, where rich white children formerly played. Negro babies, with white, green, and red petticoats were dancing and singing in genuine plantation style, holding high revel in those quarters where their father's masters once feasted and joked. The war made beggars of many princely planters, and many traces of their former splendor and wealth can still be seen in Charleston. After traversing several streets made narrow, with a view of promoting shade and health, by partially excluding the sun, and causing the breezes to sweep more freely through them, I followed my guide "Jose" into King Street, which looked a very gay and busy thoroughfare. Private mansions and negro shanties, now gave way to brilliant, well-stocked stores. The sidewalks were crowded with stately and intelligent Southern ladies who patronized the various book, dry goods, grocery, and jeweler's departments. Numerous fruit stands displayed their tropical treasures to the Southern sun. Tall, queenly negresses, with gaudy dresses and turbans, walked gracefully along the sidewalks, bestowing serene and inquisitive glances on the promenaders. Drays drawn by tough, bony old mules laden with bales of cotton, and mounted by cursing and yelling negroes, mingled their noise with the general din of buggies, carriages, horses, pedestrians, and whistling, shouting urchins. A horse-car railroad runs through King Street to the South Carolina depot. After crossing this, and pursuing my course through a narrow lane, lined with tall buildings, I came into a parallel street called Meeting. Near this point, two massive, solemn edifices almost confronted each other. On inquiry, I found that they were the Pavilion and Charleston Hotels. The former looked like one plain and solid block, while the latter, with its splendid piazza and colonade extending from the sidewalks to the roof, presented the appearance of a Grecian palace. On entering the hotel I dismissed my guide "Jose" with a silver coin. His rolling eyes glittered at the sight of the money. After asking him if he would come with me to New York, he replied with a grin, and a bashful smile, "Oh, no, sah; it is too cold up dare, weed freeze to det, me no go dis time, boss, tanke." The Charleston Hotel is the first in the city; its terms are from \$2.50 to \$4.00 a day, and the table cannot be surpassed. The Mills House, Pavilion Hotel, and several boarding-houses can also accommodate travellers at reasonable prices. After engaging my room I started out to observe more of this enchanting old city. Charleston is built on a strip of land between the Cooper and Ashley rivers, that run into the gulf stream through the adjacent harbor. These rivers rise at a considerable distance in the interior of the state, widen as they approach the sea, and were respectively called by the Indians the Etiwan and

Keawah. Meeting Street, on which the hotel is situated, runs north and south, parallel with King and the two rivers. It has several fine wholesale and jobbing stores, many of which I passed, encountering numerous idlers and business men on my way, until I came to Market Street which runs down to the water. Many of the buildings in this neighborhood vary in size, and much commercial excitement usually prevails here owing to the proximity of numerous large warehouses. The city market situated on this street attracts large crowds towards it. It is a very long, plain and solid-looking building, a couple of blocks in length. The stalls are arranged on each side of a wide, well-kept passage, and people as they move along can easily examine whatever goods they wish to buy. Most of the dealers are colored. Here may be seen a line of meat tables with swarthy, muscular darkies standing behind them, delivering beefsteaks and chops, their sleeves tucked up, and their hands grasping big, blood-stained knives. On the opposite side, corpulent negresses are seated like tailors, on the top of high benches, smoking and chatting in an almost unintelligible gargon, looking down at the same time on their fruit and vegetable treasures. Large turkey-buzzards, like strong eagles, flap on the roof of the building, and sometimes alight near the stalls to work like faithful scavengers. No one disturbs these curious tame birds, and a considerable fine is inflicted upon any person who would kill one of them. The negroes bow respectfully to you as you pass, and if courtesy alone could constitute the essence of civilization, these people might be considered in the highest degree civilized. Leaving the market, I soon came in sight of the new Custom House, which fronts on Bay Street, and opens on the water. The waves break in sweet music against its lily white base, and its lovely front gardens contrast delightfully with its splendid marble body and Corinthian pillars and portico.

Most of the buildings on Bay Street are devoted to trade purposes, and the sidewalk is usually blocked with drays, brought from the wharves, laden with wines, oils, groceries and other merchandise. The houses here abound in naval stores, and are generally built of brick stuccoed in agreeable hues. The weather affects the plaster which occasionally falls, revealing gaps that pleasantly contrast with the rest of the time-stained coloring. While looking at the Custom House and several other buildings, I was accosted by a policeman who recognized me as a clergyman, and perceiving that I was a stranger expressed a desire to give me all the information about the vicinity that he could impart. I found out from his Celtic, martial face and conversation, that he was an Irishman and a Catholic, and these facts, gave me great pleasure, being all alone, and so far from home, in a

strange city. I afterwards learned from one of the priests of the Cathedral, that this gentleman whose name was Hannon, was an excellent practical Christian. Several other sons of the green Isle, may be found among the Charleston constabulary. Strolling along Bay Street, the first remarkable edifice that I saw was the Post-Office. This is a venerable old building, with a double flight of stone steps ascending to its second floor. Its odd little cupola looked altogether out of proportion, in point of size and style, with the rest of the building. A courteous, smiling, ruddy-faced, old, gray-headed Charlestonian, informed me that most of the material of the edifice was brought from England in 1761; that it was originally an exchange rendered famous by the presence and speeches of several distinguished revolutionary heroes, and that Washington addressed exulting crowds from its steps in 1791. It was once used as a Custom House, and its front then faced the harbor, instead of Broad Street, on which it now opens. At the present time, numerous ware houses, stand between it and the wharves. "That cupola which you see, sir," remarked the old gentleman, "was formerly intended for a marine observatory, and whenever any strange vessels were seen coming in the harbor, telegraphic communications were sent from there to the chief parts of the city." During the war of the revolution, when the English held possession of the town, the basement of the building was used as a prison, in which many of our patriotic forefathers were incarcerated. "All the time that the British occupied the building before you, the Charlestonians had 100,000 pounds of powder hid safely in the cellar, and the John Bulls knew nothing about it. They were well fooled, weren't they?" cried the old gentleman. "Yes, sir," replied I, "and I hope that our Irish patriots, will yet play legal, but destructive tricks upon them,—the proverbial tyrants." Thanking the gentleman for his courtesy, I resumed my journey through Bay Street. On the left, near the harbor, were numerous wharves, against which, several steamers, schooners and sailing vessels rested. These came from many lands, which held commercial intercourse with Charleston. Sailors were seen mounting the rigging, cleaning the decks, and discharging valuable cargoes. Two separate steamships ply between here and New York, on the one hand, and between here and Jacksonville, Florida, on the other. Each makes two trips a week. The long, vast stores near the water were filled with bales of cotton, quantities of rice, naval stores and other goods ready for export. Hundreds of negroes were working and sweating around the docks, and many lay prostrate on the hot boards, fanning themselves with their shirt sleeves, cracking various jokes, and basking in the sun, whose intense heat could never bake their thick

and juicy lips. The noise of an adjoining cotton pressing house attracted me towards it, and after proceeding some steps, I introduced myself to a negro superintendent, who courteously conducted me through heaps of hoops and cotton bales, till we reached the machine that was used for pressing the staple product. The cotton after being roughly baled on the plantations, is carried to the city, systematically trucked by negroes from the deposit rooms, and each bale is placed under a press which stamps the goods and hoops that embrace them in the promptest and most perfect manner; then they are conveyed in drays to the docks, and shipped thousands of miles away to be worked into fabrics for various purposes.

During my stay in the vicinity of Charleston, some large cotton warehouses were destroyed by fire. The sight was terrible, the loss great, and the ruins looked awfully weird as the sea sported near them in silvery spray, wholly unconscious of the great damage inflicted on the owners. On my way by railroad and steamship offices, coffee houses and various stores, I came for the first time on a banana tree, which grew in a handsome, flowery door yard. Its tall, wide, green leaves, and huge Indian corn-like stalk looked very picturesque as the sun flooded them. A few steps onward brought me amid an open, refined, and very beautiful prospect. I had reached the far-famed Battery of Charleston. There it lay, a wide stretch of hard, white road, lined on the right with lovely old mansions, built in every conceivable style, and on the left by a wide, granite sea-wall, which the sunny waves kissed with trembling splendor. How smoothly the light-blue and green billows rolled out there away for miles, while large vessels rested, and tidy, pretty sail boats rode on their bosom. Sweet Southern scene, how peaceful and lovely! There was nothing to disturb the silence but the soft, odorous breezes rustling through the shining leaves, the tread of an occasional pedestrian on the solid flags, and the exclamations of a few negro fishermen who now and then hooked a pretty trout or shiner.

The view of the sea, the distant islands, the mansions with their lofty walls, high gates, arches, quaint angles and verandas, made delicately venerable by the constant moisture of the gulf stream breezes, — all presented a scene strongly calculated to fill the heart with an intense love for the Creator of the universe. Trees, flowers, houses, grassy plots, birds, and waves offered up their nodding, sweet odors, beauties, music, and shining as one grand pæan to God.

Forming an angle, I entered the Battery Park, where lights and shadows perpetually play. Here the children enjoy themselves splendidly, travellers contemplate beautiful monuments, seats afford rest for

the loiterer, and music and laughter issue from open bay windows of opposite mansions, glimpses of which can be distinctly seen through the waving branches. A solitary policeman walks up and down this quiet Eden; instead of the curses and blasphemies of the drunkard, he hears the merry music of the gamboling children. His organ of smell is constantly indulged with the fragrance of roses, sweet geraniums, and verbenas, as it floats from the piazzas and door-yards of the massive, aristocratic old houses that he meets on his beat. King and Meeting Street end here, and on entering the latter I could not help viewing again and again those elegant dwellings which even the most fastidious Italian nobles born in Naples could not help admiring. How gay the Battery must have looked in the palmy days of planters' power and splendor, when fashionable ladies and gentlemen promenaded its charming walks. Now no such distinct marks of aristocracy are visible here, as were seen in those days, since a tattered negro may be noticed strutting side by side with a pompous white man, esteeming himself as much of a lord as the proudest millionaire. Meeting Street between the Battery and Broad, has many fine buildings, some of colonial and others of more modern style. While the majority of the gardens are concealed by high walls, still a few may be seen behind low iron railings. The reserved colonial Southerner loves to feast on the charms of his floral and bowery grounds away from the prying eye of the world, while the Northerner in his neighborhood, apparently more generously disposed, throws open his groups of statuary, vases, flower-beds, and fountains, to the view of the passers-by. Among the interesting buildings which this part of Meeting Street contains, may be mentioned the Catholic Convent, where the good Sisters work from morning till night for God's honor and glory. St. Michael's Episcopal Church, which was erected in 1752, is a handsome, fresh-looking old edifice, and its tower though higher than it ought to be in proportion to the rest of the building, is still considered very beautiful. It served as a target for the Northerners, during the late campaign, and received a few bombs from their guns, though with slight injury. The old sweet chime of this tower may be called the Shandon bells of Charleston. On Meeting Street, at its point of intersection with Broad Street, stands the headquarters of the city police. It is a stuccoed brick building, and white and black warriors of the club yawn, loiter, and meditate near its walls. In the same neighborhood may be seen the City Hall, a grand and simple edifice adorned in front with a double flight of marble steps. The Court House and Hibernian Hall, on the opposite side of Meeting Street, are venerable-looking fabrics. The latter is in Grecian style. Though the houses in Broad Street wear an air of stately repose, still

they are the hives of Charleston's busiest men. Lawyers, brokers, real-estate agents, auctioneers and merchants, work from morning till night essaying to make the immortal dollar, which they do not hesitate to spend generously when it is acquired. Turning off by a lane from Broad Street, I returned to the hotel, partook of a good Southern dinner, in which oranges and sweet potatoes formed a local feature, rested for a while, and then resolved as the afternoon was fine, to take a trip across the bay to Sullivan's island. An excursion steamer leaves a few times a day, from a wharf near the Custom House, for this lovely and popular watering-place. Jostling through a crowd of merry darkies, who were huddled together near the ticket office, I went on board the boat, and took in the surroundings, while I inhaled with delight the mild and invigorating air that moved the palmettoes in the distant islands and brought health and strength to the citizens of Charleston. When all was ready, we started, and the sweet, clear strains of a negro band kept the passengers in a state of delightful excitement.

Charleston harbor is certainly a beautiful one. It looked perfectly clear and blue on this bright October afternoon. The heavens were reflected on its shining face, and the foamy track made by the steamer's motion imparted some variety to the prospect.

Castle Vinckney, the first warrior to guard the city's interest, arose quite near on an old mud reef. After some minutes spent in pleasant steaming we came in sight of famous Fort Sumpter, which, though before the late war, was a defense of great magnitude and importance, built by the government at a cost of half a million dollars, now appeared but a heap of ruins, like a giant that the waves had strangled. How changed the scene looked now, from what it did about twenty years ago, when shell, grape, canister, and flame, stormed and flashed over these tranquil, sunny waves. The Confederate General Beauregard planted in these and neighboring waters one hundred and twenty-five torpedoes — terrible engines of destruction to blow in pieces the formidable Federal monitors and ironclads. But these mighty oracles were ultimately overcome by the cleverness and intrepidity of the Northern troops, who, under General Gilmore, after repeated endeavors, succeeded in capturing Morris Island, from which spot, bombs and shells were thrown into Charleston, till the city surrendered.

Here we are now at the wharf of Mount Pleasant, a charming little village, once alive with planters, gaities and beauty, but now silent with dwellings moss-covered, stained, and partly in ruins. Tall, wide-spreading trees, with forest aisles and grassy lanes, surround the pretty hamlet, and beyond, on top of an old wall partly shaded by an oak, through which the dancing sunbeams fall, we see a little negro, the

very picture of sensual enjoyment, nodding his woolly head at a blooming oleander. The steamer puffs again, and off we go for Sullivan's Island. Looking back on the city, which is built on flats and shoals of mud and sand, it seems so low that it appears to spring from the waves. You observe the sea wall, the spires of many churches, the quaint houses, the smoke curling up from hundreds of chimneys, the lovely shade trees, the ships near the wharves, and the negroes on the docks, as busy as ants, around bales of cotton and other exports. On reaching Sullivan's Island, a horse-car stood waiting to receive passengers, among whom I observed Bishop Lynch to whom I immediately introduced myself. He welcomed me to Charleston with great warmth and kindness. I intended to call at the Cathedral residence, and pay my respects to the Bishop, after my return to the city in the afternoon, when I luckily happened to meet him. I, like many other American priests, had often heard of the pious and learned bishop, but had not the pleasure of a former acquaintance. A grateful sense of proffered hospitality, having overcome more bashful motives, I was obliged to promise his lordship that I would consent to be his guest during the few days that I intended to remain in Charleston. A brief visit was made to Father Tuigg, then pastor of the Island, and after a short time spent on the place, we returned to the city. The name of the church on Sullivan's Island is St. Mary's Star of the Sea. The glossy, semitropical waves, break in curling foam a short distance from it; and opposite it, Fort Moultrie looms up with its solid and frowning walls. Here one of the first and most terrible battles of the Revolution took place, when a few hundred native artillerymen, who never before discharged a gun, routed a big British fleet inflicting terrible slaughter upon them. The remains of the sad and unfortunate Osceola rest in this spot. Daylight gradually disappeared as we moved over the waters, and as the gaslights of the city, the neighboring beacons, the lamps of the light-house and the vessels at the wharves, darted their gleams over the harbor, which was softly illumined by the stars and the moonbeams, the whole scene looked exceedingly picturesque and beautiful. In the course of an hour or so we reached the Bishop's residence, which stands on Broad street, a little above King. It is a large and solid fabric, having in front a double row of stone steps, and handsome pillars in connection with its portico.

A TEST of courage — To pull a dog's tail when he's watching at a rat-hole.

Mitchel's "Jail Journal."

VII.

A FEW months after Mitchel's trial and conviction, his comrades in the ill-starred enterprise, O'Brien, Martin and Meagher, followed him in convict-hulks across the seas. O'Brien and Meagher had been sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered; but, in the canting phrase of the time, Her Majesty vouchsafed, in her gracious clemency, to commute the sentence to transportation for life. British law in Ireland is as flexible and serviceable an instrument of despotism as the ukase of a Russian tyrant, or the *lettre de cachet* of a French King before the Revolution, with this sole difference that the innate pharisaism of the Anglo-Saxon dearly loves to veil its atrocities under cover of what it calls "law." For the high-spirited, pure-minded patriot who loves justice and hates iniquity, there is the scaffold and the rope: for the black-coated ruffian who pins a young girl to the ground with his bayonet, there is the guerdon of higher pay and promotion from the ranks. Let the reader gaze on this picture of Van Diemen's Land, as Mitchel beheld it from the deck of the Convict-ship:—

"6th. The mountainous southern coast of Van Diemen's Land! It is a soft, blue day: soft air laden with all the fragrance of those antarctic woods, weave an atmosphere of ambrosia around me. As we coast along over the placid waters, passing promontory after promontory, wooded to the water's edge, and 'glassing their ancient glories in the flood,' both sea and land seem to bask and rejoice in the sunshine. Old ocean smiles—that multitudinous rippling laugh, seen in vision by the chained Prometheus. Even my own sick and weary soul (so kind and bounteous is our mother Earth) feels lightened, refreshed, uplifted. Yet then to port, loom the mountains, whereunto I am to be chained for years, with a vulture gnawing my heart. Here is the very place; the Kaf, or Caucasus, where I must die a daily death and make a nightly descent into hell!

"It must have been on these mountains, (*πέτρας ὑψηλοκρημνούς*) that strength and force bound the victim Demigod—for did not *Kratos* say unto *Hephaistos*, 'We have come now to the utmost verge of the earth?' Where was that, but at the antipodes?—however, the limited geographical knowledge of the poet was unequal to his inspiration. Would that I had committed the godlike crime and gathered fire from those empyrean urns whence the stars draw light—then might I hope to possess the godlike strength also of the Titan crucified! Oh! Divine Æther and ye swift-winged Winds! ye gushing river fountains! and thou boundless, endless, multitudinous chorus laugh of Ocean waves! Oh! Earth, mother of all things! and world-seeing circuit of the Sun!—No answer; but, enter convict servant with a mockery of dinner. Eating or sleeping is not for me these three days past; partly from severe illness, partly from the excited expectation of once more, at the end of two years, seeing the face of a friend. There amongst or behind those shaggy mountains, wander Martin, O'Brien, Meagher, each alone in his forest-dungeon. Surely I shall contrive some means of meeting them once."

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A week or so before Mitchel arrived at the Cape, a man-of-war brig, with O'Brien, Meagher, and McManus on board touched there, and took in provision on her way to Sydney. O'Brien on landing refused the "comparative liberty" which he might have secured by accepting what is known as a "Ticket of leave." The prisoner accepting such

a condition of existence was permitted to reside in any of the police districts he might select, subject to no restriction save the necessity of reporting himself to the district police-magistrate once a month. Having accepted the "Ticket of leave" the prisoner might at any time resign it, but had first of all, to give his promise that so long as he held the said "Ticket," he would not make any attempt to escape from the colony. Martin, Meagher and O'Doherty gave this promise; Mitchel did the same, influenced by the assurance of his physician, Dr. Gibson, that in his present condition of health, close confinement would be the death of him. A note, to this effect, to the "Comptroller General" of the colony obtained for Mitchel permission to reside at a village called Bothwell with his friend and fellow-exile John Martin: —

"12th. Sitting on the green grass by the bank of a clear, brawling stream of fresh water. Trees waving overhead; the sunshine streaming through their branches, and making a tremulous net-work of light and shade on the ground. It is Bothwell, forty-six miles from Hobart town, from the *Neptune* and the sea; and high among the central mountains of Van Diemen's Land, opposite sits John Martin, sometime of Loughoon, smoking placidly, and gazing curiously on me with his mild eyes."

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O'Brien alone of the political prisoners refused the "Ticket of leave," and, as a consequence, was put in close confinement in an island off the east coast called Marie Island. Here he was subjected to most rigorous and humiliating treatment; in his daily walks an armed constable was ever at his side: the letters he received or sent out were daily read by the official persons in charge. The jail-keeper, it seems was specially exasperated against him, because O'Brien could not bring himself to show the jailer some of these external marks of respect, which he was in the habit of exacting from the real convicts, and being restrained from using his usual methods of coercion and punishment, scourging and hard labor, had recourse to such petty means of torturing and humiliating his haughty captive.

"It is miserable," writes Mitchel, "to think of that proud soul, striving gallantly to stand though set in a frame gradually weakening and sinking — still to stand, 'like Tenerife or Atlas unremoved,' holding at bay a Comptroller General and his whole pack of hell-dogs. They evidently mean to break his spirit and force him, by dread of so hideous a death, to accept their 'comparative liberty.' Martin and I do heartily wish he would yield the point. This confinement is as rigorous and humiliating as mine was at Bermuda: and I believe he is more sensitive than I. We have sadly smoked the pipe of deliberation over this affair (sitting in the bush, at sunset, upon a prostrate gum-tree), and find no solution. Yield, or bend, he will not; endure the torture long, he cannot. He will die there. On this we mused, with little interruption by conversation, save a curse or two, until our own 'comparative liberty,' even in these glorious forest solitudes, became irksome, wearisome, loathsome to us. Sunset was bathing those gloomy woods of the Blue-hill in a flood of purple and crimson and gold; and the clarion note of the 'white magpie' rang clear and mellow through the still evening air. For us in vain. We wished ourselves in one of the 'Probation stations:' and feel that the aspect of a surly jailer, and the grating of bolts in our doors, would be wholesomer sights, and sounds than all the glory and music of these evening woods."

PAGE 252.

That particular species of felony, which British "law" manufactures in Ireland, finds no place in the statute books of other lands, and may come to be regarded not as a brand of disgrace, but a very

patent of nobility. With the convict class, who formed the majority of the population in Van Diemen's Land, and were made up of the sweepings of the London pavements — burglars, shoplifters, pickpockets and the like — the respectable settlers held little or no intercourse. But by common consent Mitchel and his friends were exempted from any such proscription. Even English and Scotch landed proprietors, pressed their hospitality on the Irish rebels, and by many kind attentions sought to soften the rigors and relieve the dreariness of their captivity. The intervening months were spent in kindly social intercourse of this kind, varied by long and toilsome explorations on horseback of the surrounding country. The effect of such an active life soon made itself apparent in the marked improvement of Mitchel's health. Here are two extracts from the "Journal" which, apart from their literary beauty, will serve to show us the author's deep sympathy with nature in her joyous moods, despite the cloud which hung over his future prospects :

"The trees are almost all of one or other of the gum species: lofty and vast, but not umbrageous, for the foliage is meagre, and but ill clothes the huge limbs. In some of the valleys, however, there is more richness of foliage: and along the river's bank, the gum-trees are chiefly of the sort called black gum, which makes a grand leafy head, almost as massive as the European beech or sycamore. On the slopes of some of the hills are great thickets of mimosa, called by the colonists the wattle gum, a most graceful evergreen tree, but stripped at this season of its splendid gold-hued blossoms. The air is laden with the fragrance of these gum trees, illuminated by the flight of parrots of most glowing and radiant plumage, that go flashing through the arches of the forest like winged game.

"I grow stronger every day. And whether it be the elastic and balmy air of these mountain-woods that sends the tide of life coursing somewhat warmer through my veins — or unwonted converse of an old friend, that revives the personal identity I had nearly lost — or the mere treading once more upon the firm, flowery surface of our bounteous mother Earth, after two years tossing on the barren, briny ocean — mother Earth breathing vital fragrance forever, forever swinging the censer of her perfume from a thousand flowers; forever singing the eternal melodies in whispering tree-tops, and murmuring, tingling, bubbling streams, — certain it is, I feel a kind of joy. In vain I try torment myself into a state of chronic, savage indignation: it will not do here. In vain I reflect that 'it is incumbent on me diligently to remember' (as Mr. Gibbon says) how that I am, after all, in a real cell, hulk, or dungeon, yet that these ancient mountains, with the cloud-shadows flying over their far-stretching woodlands, are but Carthaginian prison walls — that the bright birds, waving their rainbow wings here before me, are but 'ticket-of-leave' birds, and enjoy only 'comparative liberty;' — in vain, — there is in every soul of man a buoyancy that will not let it sink to utter despair. Well said the Lady Leonora —

"When the heart is throbbing sorest
There is balsam in the forest:
There is balsam in the forest for its pain.
Said the Lady Leonora."

Page 243.

"All my life long I have delighted in rivers, rivulets, rills, fierce torrents tearing their rocky beds, gliding dimpled brooks kissing a daisied marge. The tinkle, or murmur, or deep resounding roll, or raving roar of running water is of all sounds my ears ever hear now, the most homely. Nothing else in this land looks or sounds like home. The birds have a foreign tongue: the very trees whispering to the wind, whisper in accents unknown to me; for your gum-tree leaves are all hard, horny, polished as the laurel, — besides they have neither upper, nor under side, but are set on with the plane of them vertical; wherefore they can never, never, let breeze pipe or zephyr breathe as it will, never can they whisper, quiver, sigh or sing, as do the beeches and sycamores of old Rosstrevor. Yes, all sights and sounds of nature

are alien and outlandish,— suggestive of the tropic of Capricorn and Antarctic Circle— save only the sparkle and the music of the streams. Well I know the voice of this eloquent river: it talks to me, and to the woods and rocks, in the same tongue and dialect wherein the Roe discoursed to me, a child; in its crystalline gush my heart and brain are bathed; and I hear, in its plaintive chime, all the blended voices of history, of prophecy, and poesy, from the beginning. Not cooler or fresher was the Thracian Hebrus; not purer were Abana and Pharpar; not more ancient and venerable is Father Nilus. Before the quiet flow of the Egyptian river was yet disturbed by the jabber of the priests of Mirœ— before the dynasty was yet bred that quaffed the sacred wave of Choaspes, 'the drink of none but kings'— ere its lordly namesake river, in Erin of the streams, reflected yet upon its bosom a Pillar Tower, or heard the chimes from its Seven Churches, this river was rushing through its lonely glen to the Southern sea, was singing its mystic song to these primeval woods:

"Oh! Sun-loved river, wherefore dost thou hum,
Hum, hum alway thy strange, deep mystic song
Unto the rocks and strands?—for they are dumb,
And answer nothing as thou flowest along."

"Why singest so, all hours of night and day?
Ah! River! my best River! Thou, I know, art seeking
Some land where souls have still the gift of speaking
With Nature in her own old wondrous way."

"I delight in poets who delight in rivers; and for this do I love that sweet singer, through whose inner ear and brain the gush of his native Aufidus forever streamed and flashed: how some perennial brook of crystal glimmered forever through all his day-dreams! how he yearned to marry his own immortality with the eternal murmuring hymn of that bright Blandusian fount! Wisely, too, and learnedly did Clarence Mangan discourse with the rivers, and attune his notes to their wondrous music. How gloriously he interprets the German Morrike and his melodious theme!—

"What on cold Earth is deep as thou? Is aught?
Love is as deep, Love only is as deep;
Love lavisheth all, yet loseth, lacketh naught;
Like thee, too, Love can neither pause nor sleep."

"Roll on, thou loving River, thou! Lift up
Thy waves, those eyes bright with a riotous laughing!
Thou makest me immortal! I am quaffing
The wine of rapture from no earthly cup."

"So, too, with Mueller; he delivers himself and you up to the entrancement of the Naiad:

"There danceth adown the mountain
The child of a lofty race:
A streamlet, fresh from its fountain,
Hies through the valley apace."

"Some fairy hath whispered, 'Follow!'
And I have obeyed her well:
I thrid the Blossoming Hollow,
With my pilgrim staff and shell."

"On, on, behold me straying,
And ever beside the stream,
As I list its murmurous playing,
And mark how its wavelets gleam."

"Can this be the path I intended?
Oh! Sorceress, what shall I say?
Thy dazzle and music blended,
Have wiled my reason away!"

"No mortal sounds are ringing
 Their wonted way along;
 Oh, no! some Naiad is singing
 A flattering summer song!"

PAGE 259.

Before Mitchel's arrival, Martin had been in the habit of meeting from time to time with Meagher and O'Doherty, at some place of rendezvous, fixed on by previous arrangements. To one of these reunions Martin now undertook to lead Mitchel. Strange meeting that, in the wilds of the Australian bush, tragic enough under some aspects, yet not wholly without a touch of the ludicrous. It may be idle to speculate on the demeanor of political exiles of other nationalities under similar circumstances:—still we may be permitted to conceive the grim sullenness of English captives—the lacrymose effusiveness of Frenchmen, blubbering over "*la chere patrie*," the grave silence, at the outset, of Americans, finding a vent for their emotions in the whittling of sticks. Here is how the buoyant Celtic spirit looked at the situation:—

"It now began to grow dusk, for we had been four hours and a half on the way; and the evening was fast growing dark when we heard the galop of three horses, and a loud laugh well known to me. We went to the door: and in a minute Meagher and O'Doherty had thrown themselves from their horses; and as we exchanged greetings—I know not from what impulse, whether from buoyancy of heart, or bizarre perversity of feeling—we all laughed till the woods rang around, laughed loud and long, and uproariously till two teal rose startled from the reeds on the lake shore, and flew screaming to seek a quieter neighborhood.

I suspect there was something hollow in that laughter, though at the time it was hearty, vociferous, and spontaneous. But even in laughter the heart is sad: and curses or tears, just then, might have become us better."

PAGE 247.

In the following extract is an account of Mitchel's meeting with Smith O'Brien. Mitchel was accompanied on the occasion by his wife, who had left Ireland to join her husband, and had recently arrived in the colony:—

"We alighted at a decent hotel; and in a few minutes a gentleman passed the window, whom after four years, we had some difficulty at first in recognizing for Smith O'Brien. We met him at the door as he entered; and our greeting was silent but warm and cordial, although the last of our intercourse in Ireland had been somewhat distant. He seems evidently sinking in health; his form is hardly so erect, nor his step so stately, his hair is more grizzled, and his face bears traces of pain and passion. It is sad to look upon this noblest of Irishmen, thrust in here among the off-scourings of England's goals, with his home desolated, and his hopes ruined, and his defeated life falling into the sere and yellow leaf. He is fifty years of age, yet has all the high and intense pleasure of youth in these majestic hills and woods, softened, indeed, and made pensive by sorrow, and haunted by the ghosts, of buried hopes. Here is a rare and noble sight to see,—a man who cannot be crushed, bowed or broken; who can stand firm on his own feet against all the tumult and tempest of this ruffianly world, with his bold brow fronting the sun like any other Titan, son of *Cœlus* and *Terra*; anchored immovably upon his own brave heart within; his clear eye and soul open as ever to all the melodies of earth and Heaven, and calmly waiting for the Angel Death.

"For near him lies his grave; hidden from view,
 Not by the flowers of youth, but by the snows
 Of age alone."

" . . . We sauntered and lingered as long as we could in that beauteous valley. At last it was necessary for us to part. . . . We stood and watched him long, as he walked up the valley in his lonely way; and I think I have seen few sadder and few prouder sights. O Nike, Queen of Carthage, pour thou out upon that haughty head all the vials of thy pitiful revenge,—heap on that high heart all the ignominy that can be imagined, invented, or created by thee,—and that head bows not, that heart breaks not, blenches not. Of honor and dishonor, thou, O Queen, art not the arbiter or judge; and the Parliament, platform, pulpit, press and public, of thy mighty people, know nothing about the same. We turned slowly away; I, with a profound curse; my wife, with a tear or two,—and came back to Avoca." PAGES 276, 279.

The quiet pastoral life of Arcadian simplicity to which in the meanwhile Mitchel had settled down, was now broken in upon by an event which was destined to be one of the turning-points in his career. He was paying a visit to O'Doherty at Hobart-Town, when the astounding intelligence was communicated to him, that an agent had arrived in Van Diemen's Land, commissioned by the Irish Directory of New York, to effect the rescue of either O'Brien or himself, or of both. The agent was Patrick Smyth, one of the '48 rebels, and and the present member of Parliament for Tipperary. He came supplied with ample funds to secure a ship for San Francisco, and was to meet the prisoners that same evening at Bridgewater, a town ten miles distant. At the appointed hour Smyth was on hand. O'Brien's sentence being for life, all the others earnestly urged that he should be the first to avail himself of Smyth's services. This, O'Brien declined to do, on the grounds that he had attempted to escape once before, and that the expenses had been defrayed by public money. He insisted that Mitchel should accept the present chance. Knowing O'Brien to be immovable, no effort was made to shake his resolution, and it was agreed that Mitchel should take his place. The decision arrived at was that Mitchel should formally withdraw his parole, in the police office of his allotted district, within the proper business hours from ten till three, giving the presiding magistrate clearly to understand in his own office, and with his constables around him, that the parole was at an end, the ticket-of-leave resigned, with the view if possible to effect an escape.

The reader who desires a master-piece of swift and graphic narrative, must read Mitchel's account of his escape, as set forth in the "Jail Journal": the limits of our space will only permit us to give in these pages, a condensed summary of the story.

After the preliminary meeting, at which the course of action was decided on, Smyth set out for Melbourne to negotiate about a ship, and Mitchel returned to his home at Naut Cottage, where he resided with John Martin. In due time word was received from Smyth, that the brigantine *Waterlily* had been chartered. The vessel was to coast around to Spring Bay on the eastern side of the Island, about seventy miles from Bothwell, and lie there two days under pretence of taking in timber. Mitchel in the meantime was to resign his parole, ride straight to Spring Bay, arrive there by night, and embarking at dawn set sail for the Golden Gate.

The first attempt was a failure. The Governor somehow got wind of the affair: the ship Mitchel was to sail in was known, the place

of embankation, the signals to be used, the friends who were to accompany him; and a reinforcement of constables were sent to Bothwell, with two additional chiefs of police, to be ready for any move on the part of Mitchel. When Smyth arrived at Spring Bay, he found a large force of constables waiting for him, who took him into custody as John Mitchel, and flung him into jail, where he contracted a severe fit of illness, which necessitated the postponement to some future time of any attempt to escape from the colony.

Two months passed away before Smyth fully recovered his health. Mitchel now resolved to withdraw his parole in the manner agreed on beforehand, depart at once from the district, and trust to whatever fortune might have in store for him. He and Smyth rode up in broad daylight to the office of the police justice, outside of which were eight or nine constables well armed, and undergoing a sort of drill. We let Mitchel give an account of the affair in his own words:—

"We dismounted. I walked in first, through the little gate leading into the court, through the door, which opened into a hall passage, and thence into the court-room, where I found his worship sitting as usual. Near him sat Robinson, the police-clerk. 'Mr. Davis,' I said, 'here is a copy of a note which I have just dispatched to the Governor—I thought it necessary to give you a copy.' The note read as follows:—

"BOTHWELL, 8th June, 1853.

TO THE LIEUTENANT GOV., &c:

"Sir:—I hereby resign the 'ticket of leave' and withdraw my parole.

"I shall forthwith present myself before the police magistrate of Bothwell, at his office, show him a copy of this note, and offer myself to be taken into custody.

"Your obedient servant,

JOHN MITCHEL.

"Mr. Davis took the note: it was open. 'Do you wish me,' he said, 'to read it?' 'Certainly. It was for that I brought it.' He glanced over the note and then looked at me. That instant Smyth came in and planted himself at my side. His worship and his clerk both seemed somewhat decomposed at this; for they knew the 'Correspondent of the *New York Tribune*' very well, as also his errand from New York. I have no doubt that Mr. Davis thought I had a crowd outside. There is no other way of accounting for his irresolution.

"When I said, 'You see the purport of that note, sir: it is short and plain: it resigns the thing called "ticket of leave," and revokes my promise which bound me so long as I held that thing.'

"Still he made no move, and gave no order. So I repeated my explanation: 'You observe, sir, that my parole is at an end from this moment, and I came here to be taken into custody pursuant to that note.'

"All this while there was a constable in the adjoining room, besides the police clerk, and the guard at the door; yet still his worship made no more. 'Now, good morning, sir,' I said putting on my hat. The hand of Smyth was playing with the handle of the revolver in his coat. I had a pondrous riding-whip in my hand, besides pistols in my breast pocket. The moment I said 'Good morning,' Mr. Davis shouted, 'No, no—stay here! Rainsford! Constables!' The police clerk sat at his desk looking into vacancy. We walked out together through the hall; the constable in the District Constable's officer, who generally acts as his clerk, now ran out, and on being desired to stop us, followed us through the court, and out into the street, but without coming very near. At the little gate leading out of the court into the street, we expected to find the man on guard on the alert between us and the horses. But this poor constable, though he heard the magistrate's orders, and the commotion, did not move. He was holding two horses, one with each hand, and looked on in amazement while we passed him, and jumped into our saddles.

"We concluded that we had done enough, and that there was no reason to wait any longer; therefore,

"We gave the bridle-rein a shake;
Said adieu for evermore, my dear;
And adieu forevermore!"

"Mr. Davis and two constables rushing against one another, with bare heads, and loud outcries; grinning residents of Bothwell on the pathway, who knew the meaning of the performance in a moment, and who being commanded to stop us in the Queen's name, aggravated the grin into a laugh; some small boys at a corner, staring at our horses as they galloped by, and offering three to one on the white un; '— This is my last impression of Bothwell on the Tasmanian Clyde." Page 320.

Finding themselves fairly in the forest, after a ride of a few miles, the two pulled up, exchanged horses and parted, Smyth, to some seaport town to get if possible a ship— Mitchel, northward over the mountains to a district named Westbury, inhabited chiefly by Irish emigrants, and within a day's ride of Bass's Straits. It was mid-winter, and Mitchel's ride in the darkness, through frozen marshes, over a wilderness of rocky, wooded hills, with steep precipices between, was attended with much hardship and danger. He reached his destination however in safety, and was hospitably received at the house of an Irish farmer, where he remained in closest privacy, anxiously awaiting news of Smyth.

This indefatigable agent of the Irish directory, after parting from Mitchel, was hotly pursued, but managed to escape capture, and arrived safely at Launceston. By a special messenger, the intelligence was communicated to Mitchel, that five days hence a vessel, the *Don Juan*, would call at Emu Bay, about eighty miles distant from his present retreat, and wait there two days. But meanwhile the winter floods had begun; there were four rivers to cross, and no road, no bridges, with a wild, marshy, rocky and desolate tract of country between. Despite these apparently insuperable obstacles, Mitchel determined to try the chance. He started at ten at night. The ride was a terrible one, through marshes and swollen creeks, with high banks, composed of loose, treacherous soil, his progress constantly impeded by immense dead trees lying across his path. After two days of such toilsome and perilous journeying, he reached a point from which he could hear the roar of the sea, and climbing an adjoining sandhill, beheld the broad expanse of the ocean spread before his view, but not a sail in sight. The ship, however, subsequently appeared in the offing, but Mitchel was unable to signal it, and had to endure the mortification of seeing it steam away into the distance.

Four days now passed in strict retirement at the house of an English friend, when word was received that another steamer had been chartered, to convey him, disguised as a priest, to Launceston, thence to Melbourne, and that a berth had been secured for him on board, under the name of Father Macnamara.

We pass briefly over the remaining portion of the story— the incredible hardships he endured, the various disappointments and hair-breadth escapes through which his disguise carried him triumphantly, travelling on stage-coaches with the Attorney-General of the colony, and a force of constables out on special duty for his arrest. At Launceston, he was kept concealed some days in the residence of

Father Butler, parish priest of the town, and thence conveyed in safety on board the *Orkney Lass* bound for San Francisco:—

"*July 20th.* This evening we are fast shutting down the coast of Van Diemen's Land below the red horizon, and about to stretch across the stormy Bass's Straits. The last of my island prison visible to me is a broken line of blue peaks over the Bay of Fires. Adieu, then, beauteous island, full of sorrow and gnashing of teeth— island of fragrant forests, and bright rivers and fair women— island of chains and scourges, and blind, brutal rage and passion! Behind those far blue peaks, in many a green valley known to me, dwell some of the best and warmest-hearted of God's creatures; and the cheerful talk of their genial fire-sides will blend forever, in my memory, with the eloquent song of the dashing Derwent and deep-eddying Shannon." Page 345.

Here follows the last extract from the "Journal":—

"Almost off Cape Hattaras. On our starboard beam, and at no very great distance, lie the Bermudas— islands of weeping, cursing, and gnashing of teeth: my dismal dungeon, for ten months. After circumnavigating the globe, looking in at three continents, surveying wide spaces of sea and land —

Ουρια τε σκυοντα θαλυσσα τε ηχησσα

"I can fancy that I see the baneful cedar-groves blackening the eastern horizon. What change has come for the better since I ruminated there, four years ago, in my cell of pain? If I am to consider myself a 'martyr,' has my martyrdom done any service to my cause?—or the reverse? If I regard myself as a mere prisoner, fraudulently seized upon, and cruelly used, what chance have I ever of justice for my country? Here I am now, with all dungeons behind me, and a wide world just opening before—that is to say, the time of irresponsible idleness and midsummer night's dreams is past; the time of responsible action in broad day is upon me. Shall I do good or evil in my generation? or would it be better that I had died amongst those black cedars there, and had been buried in that foul cemetery, where all the dust is dust of demons!

"A gloomy question to press itself upon me now, just as I am about to tread the land of Washington! I am going to be a demigod for two or three weeks—so my American friends wain me, with many a prudent caution—going to have a reception and dinners, and shall be material for paragraphs in the morning papers.

"Well, from the *gobemouches*, good Lord, deliver me; as for my cause, I know that it has been just and true: that it is now hopeless would be treason to say. England, the enemy of the human race, will come, and sit down in the dust like the Daughter of Babylon; the 'interests of civilization' in Europe will be dislocated; that is to say, the rogues are falling out; and then some of the honest folk may have their own. But on the whole, I say, *Magna est Veritas, et non prævalebit.*

"*29th.* This morning, the heights of Nevisink—then Sandy Hook, Staten Island, Long Island. We steam rapidly up the outer harbor—my wife and I walking on deck, enjoying and admiring the glee of some of our New York acquaintances on board, as the great ocean avenue to their native city opens before them after years of absence in California. They eagerly point out every well-known feature in the vast bay; and ask us to admit that it is the most beautiful bay in the world. I answer that it is the most useful.

"In truth, we hardly speak; for now we pass the Narrows: leave Staten Island behind; and straight before us looms the dense mass of the mighty city, fringed on both sides with forests of masts that stretch away into the blue distance. Hardly less magnificent the city of Brooklyn crowns its heights, and lines for miles the shores of Long Island, with stately buildings. Williamsburgh on this side; Jersey city on that,—a constellation of cities! a ganglion of human life!

"We come up to the pier. My brother and Meagher step on board to welcome us,—we go into a boat, which takes us to a steam-ferry; without entering the city at all, we pass straight over to Brooklyn where my mother awaits our arrival; and here ends my Journal."

In the quiet churchyard of his native town in the North of Ireland, John Mitchel, with John Martin by his side, lies at rest. Life's fitful

fever o'er, let us hope they sleep well. Friends during life, linked together by the bonds of a common love and a common hate — "in death they were not divided." No more perfect embodiment than John Mitchel of what Irish patriotism should be, has appeared in these latter days in the arena of his country's history. His love for his native land was no stronger than his hatred of her oppressors. Hatred, indeed, we take to be a very essential element in Irish patriotism. As Aristotle tells us, hatred is by its nature destructive; and assuredly there must remain ample scope for its exercise, while British rule holds sway in the island. The fires of Mitchel's hatred burned with unquenchable fierceness to the last. Like Hannibal of old, he never made peace with the enemies of his country.

From its opening to its close, his whole career, where Ireland was concerned, was rounded and complete in its entire and perfect consistency. Unlike some of his compatriots in this land, he did not regard that social respectability which "keeps a gig," as so sacred that he should cease to take any interest in the political advancement of the country in which he was born. To sink into the arms of death, poor and untitled, but true to the principles for which he suffered so much, was in his eyes a nobler destiny than to sit at the present day on the judicial bench, administering British law in Ireland, and called on, from time to time, to pass sentence on a culprit arrested for singing a treasonable ballad himself had written in the heyday of his youthful patriotism. To such a climax of self-stultification do quondam nationalists, like O'Hagan and Barry, of the Irish bench, occasionally attain in the eyes of their amazed countrymen. We are charitable enough to suppose that at such a moment they wince under the humiliation, and would gladly exchange places with the criminal in the dock.

The one guiding sentiment of Mitchel's life was a deep-rooted, unwavering faith in the indestructibility of Irish nationality, and in its ultimate triumph. This to Mitchel's mind, was the one great lesson, taught by the philosophy of Irish history: — complete separation from England, the goal towards which was steadily flowing the whole stream of tendency in Irish political affairs. Henry Grattan was wont to say in his time that the strip of ocean between England and Ireland, was too wide to admit of legislative union, and too narrow for absolute independence. But to Mitchel's mind it was not alone a physical sea which flowed between England and Ireland, but a moral sea of separation, whose waters are the Marah of bitterness, deeper than plummet ever sounded, and too wide to be bridged over by any triumph of legislative engineering: —

"They stand aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs that have been rent asunder;
A dreary scene now flows between—
And neither heat nor frost nor thunder
Shall wholly do away I ween,
The marks of what once hath been."

"The principle of Irish nationality will outlive the British empire," writes Mitchel in the concluding sentence of his history of Ireland. When the time has come to write the epitaph of John Mitchel, no

more fitting words than these can be inscribed on the monument which a free nation will erect above his grave.

DELTA.

THE END.

The above series of articles were commenced in the February number of our magazine, and continued in five issues, in all six.

New subscribers desiring the numbers can be furnished at 15 cents a copy.

A Christmas Carol.

THE moon that now is shining
In skies so blue and bright,
Shone ages since on Shepherds
Who watched their flocks by night.
There was no sound upon the earth,
The azure air was still,
The sheep in quiet clusters lay
Upon the grassy hill.

When lo ! a white-winged Angel
The watchers stood before,
And told how Christ was born on earth,
For mortals to adore ;
He bade the trembling shepherds
Listen, nor be afraid,
And told how in a manger
The glorious Child was laid.

When suddenly in the Heavens
Appeared an angel band,
(The while in reverent wonder
The Syrian Shepherds stand).
And all the bright host chanted
Words that shall never cease —
Glory to God in the highest,
On earth good-will and peace !

The vision in the heavens
Faded, and all was still,
And the wondering shepherds left their
flocks
To feed upon the hill ;

Towards the blessed city
Quickly their course they held,
And in a lowly stable
Virgin and child beheld.

Beside a humble manger
Was the Maiden Mother mild,
And in her arms her Son divine,
A new-born Infant smiled.
No shade of future sorrow
From Calvary then was cast :
Only the glory was revealed,
The suffering was not passed.

The Eastern kings before Him knelt,
And rarest offerings brought ;
The shepherds worshipped and adored
The wonders God had wrought :
They saw the crown for Israel's King,
The future's glorious part :
But all these things the Mother kept
And pondered in her heart.

Now we that Maiden Mother
The Queen of Heaven call ;
And the Child we call our Jesus,
Saviour and judge of all.
But the star that shone in Bethlehem
Shines still, and shall not cease,
And we listen still to the tidings,
Of glory and of Peace.

ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

THANKSGIVING DAY will not be a Catholic holiday of obligation. Why oblige Catholics to celebrate it religiously, when only a few protestants in each city give it more than a turkey gobbler recognition, observed the *Western Watchman*.

Hon. Hugh O'Brien.

HON. HUGH O'BRIEN, elected Mayor of Boston on the 9th of December, was born in Ireland in 1819. At a very early age he left his native place for America, and he has been a resident of Boston for the past fifty years. He graduated from the grammar school that stood on old Fort Hill. In his twelfth year he entered the office of the *Boston Courier* as an apprentice to learn the art of printing. Though only a boy in years, he soon had the fame of being one of the surest and most accurate compositors in the office. From the *Courier* young O'Brien went to the book and job office of Messrs. Tuttle, Dennet & Chisholm on School Street, where his ability won for him, at the age of fifteen years, the position of foreman, a place he held for several years. About this time the young typographer started the publication of the *Shipping and Commercial List* with which he still maintains connection, having been its principal editor from the very start. His publication of the complete "Annual Report of Boston's Trade and Commerce" — a work, by the way, he was the first to issue — has for many years past been adopted by the Merchants' Exchange, while the correctness of his commercial reports is such, that the circulars sent out by the *Shipping and Commercial List* are recognized as authority in the leading mercantile houses. Mayor O'Brien is connected with many of our public institutions and societies. He is one of the oldest members of the Franklin Typographical Society, and has been its treasurer for many years. For over thirty years he has been a director in the St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum on Camden Street, and to him that institution owes the inception and success of many of the monster entertainments which were gotten up to benefit it and reduce its indebtedness. Mr. O'Brien has also been prominent in the Union institutions for Savings since that bank was founded, and he is now and has been for some years its president.

But it is especially as a public man that Mayor O'Brien deserves well of the citizens of Boston. Mr. O'Brien's first appearance in office was made in 1875, when he took his seat in the Aldermanic Board in the second term of Mayor Cobb. Speaking of his election then, the *Advertiser* of December 16, 1874, said editorially: "The successful competitor, Mr. Hugh O'Brien, editor of the *Shipping List*, is well known in the community, and has the respect and confidence of every one. Mr. Gibson could have no worthier substitute."

Almost as soon as he entered the Aldermanic Chamber, Hugh O'Brien began to champion the rights of the workingmen, of which class he is himself a representative. In 1875 the following resolution came up before the Board of Aldermen, which was then largely Republican: "*Resolved*, That in the opinion of the City Council it is inexpedient, at this time, to reduce the pay of the laborers in any of the departments of the city." Mayor O'Brien then stood up in a manly way to protect the interests of the laborers, and to defeat the scheme that would lower the wages they should be entitled to for work

done for the city of Boston. The issue was fairly taken, and the debate that was held on the question was the most remarkable fight on the labor question that City Hall ever witnessed. The Republican majority wanted to have the resolution above quoted indefinitely postponed, and finally succeeded in doing so, but not until Mayor O'Brien entered a forcible protest against the postponement, and ad-



HON. HUGH O'BRIEN.

ministered a rebuke to Alderman Burrage for his designation of the laborers as chattels, which it behooved the city to buy as cheaply as it could on the same principle that it purchases brick and mortar.

In his first year as Alderman Mr. O'Brien introduced a measure to secure to city laborers their wages from city contractors. The presence of some fifty workingmen in City Hall, drawn there to make a demand that the city protect them against the injustice of the men with whom it contracted for work, was such a humiliating exhibition in his eyes that he asked his colleagues to pass a law that should prevent such scenes from recurring. As usual, he found opposition, and his resolution was combated by the Republican Aldermen; but Hugh O'Brien fought the issue so fairly and perseveringly that, although he

was not able to get the security he wanted for the workingmen from the board of 1875, he did obtain it from its successor, of which he was a member. Finally, when the labor question was brought up, three years ago, it found Mr. O'Brien the same unflinching champion of the workingmen, and it was chiefly due to his efforts that the Aldermanic Board passed an order providing that the city should not pay its laborers more than \$2 a day, which was a virtual concession of Alderman O'Brien's demand that \$2 should be paid by the city to the men it employs in its various departments as laborers.

Another thing in which Hugh O'Brien proved himself the friend of the workingmen, was when he proposed the abolition of the poll-tax as a prerequisite for voting. Seeing in that tax a law that discriminated against the laboring man, Mr. O'Brien five years ago began a crusade against it that has been kept up ever since, and which will eventually abolish the tax as a prerequisite for the exercise of the franchise.

Believing that a city of Boston's size and population should have public parks wherein the people might find pure air and room for recreation, he always championed the public park system the city finally adopted, and Bostonians owe the parks to him, more than to any other man. As far back as 1877, Mr. O'Brien began to speak in favor of public parks, and the speech he made on the subject that year was considered the best one heard in City Hall for many years. A committee of prominent citizens requested the speech for publication, and distributed over 10,000 copies of it in the city. Mr. O'Brien seems a born legislator. During his public career he has been first and foremost in securing for his fellow-citizens a pure and abundant supply of water, a perfect and complete system of sewerage, and a system of public parks for the advantage of the whole city.

Mayor O'Brien has never believed in extravagant appropriations or loose management of the municipal finances. In fact, he has been famous for his efforts to cut down the expenses of the city government and to lower the rate of taxation, introducing a measure for that effect, which provided that municipal indebtedness should hereafter be kept down to such figures that a tax rate of \$12 on \$1000 of the total real and personal valuation of Boston shall meet it.

Himself a graduate of our public schools, it is only natural to find Mayor O'Brien warmly interested in educational matters. He has always favored every plan that looked to improving our educational system; but he has been ever alert to see that the city was not cheated in the expenditure of its school funds, or that these did not run to extravagant figures. While believing that knowledge of all kinds is desirable, Mr. O'Brien has not failed to oppose that system of education which would sacrifice the useful in a vain attempt to catch the ornamental. In a speech upon this question, Mr. O'Brien pointed out that the average cost of educating a pupil in the public schools has gone up from \$11.23 in 1859 to \$29.48 in 1879, while Boston has been in the habit of expending more money on her schools than Brooklyn, Baltimore or Philadelphia, all larger municipalities than ours.

Boston has done herself honor in electing Hugh O'Brien to the

highest office in her gift by a sweeping majority. We have no doubt but he will make one of the best Mayors she has ever had. He knows nothing about the arts of the ward room boss or the rings that surround municipal governments. Although the candidate of the Democratic party, he was elected by citizens of all parties and denominations. Boston will not regret what she has done in electing Hugh O'Brien to preside over its destinies. Though sixty-five years of age, he is as vigorous and active as he was a quarter of a century ago.

A Silver Jubilee.

THE celebration of the appointment in 1857 of Archbishop Lynch to the Metropolitan See of Toronto, occurred on the 10th of December, and was carried out with great pomp and splendor. On the night before, a special train conveyed Archbishop Lynch and a number of American bishops from Baltimore to Toronto. Among the prelates were:-- Archbishops Ryan, of Philadelphia; Grace, of St. Paul; O'Brien, of Halifax; Taschereau, of Quebec; Bishops Shanahan, of Harrisburg, Pa.; Ireland, of St. Paul; Ryan, of Buffalo; Gilmour, of Cleveland; McNierney, of Albany; Bourget, of Montreal; Wadhams, of Ogdensburg, N. Y.; O'Farrell, of Trenton, N. J.; Gross, of Savannah, Ga.; Loughlin, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Wigger, of Newark, N. J.; Fitzgerald, of Little Rock, Ark.; and Burgess, of Detroit, Mich. The guests, with Archbishop Lynch, joined in a large procession which was waiting, and went to the bishop's residence. In the procession were transparencies welcoming the American guests, congratulating the archbishop, etc. St. Michael's Cathedral never presented a finer sight than it did when the procession reached it. From the lower part of the spire floated the British, American and Irish flags, while the illumination of the cathedral and spire with electricity made it one blaze of light. The interior of the Cathedral was beautifully decorated with flags, silken banners and evergreen mottoes. An impressive anniversary service was held to celebrate the occasion by Archbishop Lynch. A sermon was preached by Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia. Archbishop Lynch was made the recipient of many beautiful presents and purses from his friends in the United States, where he labored in missions in Texas, New Orleans, St. Louis and other places, for nearly twenty years, as well as from his friends in this city. At night a grand reception was given by Archbishop Lynch to his friends at the Rossin House at which were present the Lieutenant Governor and staff, the Mayor of the city, Archbishops, Bishops, the Clergy, laity, etc. At the banquet, Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia said:

For over thirty years I have known your Archbishop. I knew

him in Missouri, the scene of his missionary labors, and have watched his career ever since, always with the greatest gratification and pride, in my old friend of thirty years ago. The reception last night, the scene at this banquet and the many kind things said by the Archbishop and by the Lieutenant-Governor, were all evidences of the kind feelings towards the visiting bishops of the United States, and lead me to fear that between His Grace, though he is not a politician, and between the Lieutenant-Governor, the Mayor, and civic authorities, there must be some hidden conspiracy to annex the United States to Canada. You have already annexed the hearts of the prelates of the United States to you, and I trust these cordial feelings will ever continue, and that not only in the Catholic Church, which is the same everywhere, but also those friendly feelings of which His Grace has spoken, which are above political and national considerations; that the same cordiality will ever exist, that the same two great countries will progress together, and we will be always found with those feelings of affection that are evidenced here to-night. It is a delightful thing to see an assembly like this of various nationalities and various religious denominations bound together in the catholicity of social intercourse. (Applause.) And there is a Catholicity when people, looking in each other's faces, could see warm hearts beneath. This is the stronger evidence of affection, no matter what their differences may be. They meet on a common ground. Then it is that the religious or national or political differences will more or less disappear. Then social intercourse destroys these asperities."

A New York exchange says of his Grace of Toronto:—"Under the Episcopal purple there beats an Irish heart, true, warm, and responsive to every pulsation of national spirit, feeling and hope. His burning words on behalf of his suffering motherland have attracted help when most sorely needed, called into life energies and aspirations which seemed dull, or dead, and given comfort and consolation to weary and worn hearts. Like his illustrious contemporary, the Archbishop of Cashel, he has proven the perfect compatibility of unswerving patriotism with unchanging faith, and won back to communion and to confidence those whom coldness and indifference had estranged. We trust that he may long be preserved to guide and direct his people, to be an honor to his adopted country, and to pray and work for the old land of his birth, and his unchanging love."

BE HAPPY NOW.—A quaint writer gives utterance to the following valuable secret: "This looking forward to enjoyment don't pay. From what I know of it, I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle up moonshine for cloudy nights. The only way to be happy is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us every day of our lives."

Suicides and Their Causes.

LET us see what statistics show. In the past three months there have been three hundred and sixty suicides in the United States. Of these, seventy-two are due to probable insanity, fifty-four to family troubles, forty-four to special sickness, thirty-three to business troubles, twenty-nine to irregular affections, and eighteen to dissipation. What an array of crime we have here. Comparing these figures, you will find that only a quarter of the suicides are due to insanity. The others are caused by sorrows of various kinds. This fact is of very great importance to us. When a jury sits in a case of *felo de se* it is very nice and charitable to render a verdict of suicide from insanity; but it would be weak and foolish for a public teacher ordained by God to allow any such blind excuse to prevail. It is his duty to look at the matter honestly and point out the dangers and pitfalls which beset the way of his hearers.

It is so natural to idealize a case of suicide that we are apt to forget that the dead were men and women like ourselves. They are born and reared like us, are educated and become respected citizens. They come to middle life, perhaps before it, and lay violent hands upon themselves. They forget their duty to family and friends and their obligations to God. And what came to them, may it not naturally come to us? If they did this, may not we do so also? We all know that history repeats itself, and if we are walking in the path of the suicide, if we are doing what he did, it is not at all unlikely that we may follow in his footsteps. Therefore in discussing this subject I am dealing with a problem which is of interest to each one of us.

With the fact before us that insanity causes only a small part of the total number of suicides, and that trouble is responsible for the great majority, I come to the conclusion that there is much moral weakness among men. It is sad to see that a child of thirteen and the gray hairs of eighty-two are found in this catalogue of recent self-murderers. It shows that moral weakness begins early in life and lasts to the end.

We are surrounded by influences that are ever drawing us earthward. This is a world which has its own ideas of right and wrong, of what is, and what is not beautiful, of life and its end, and we are the slaves of this world while we are in it. The world sets the fashions and we follow them. Not alone in outward things is this true, but in internal ones as well. Human respect is one of the strongest influences which beset mankind. It will stop the child from prayer, and shame the growing boy from the religious influences towards which his heart may turn, and all through life it drags him down. It is in this earthly atmosphere that the soul of man has to live, and the world and its power decide his fate.

Since I came to this country, continued Mgr. Capel, I have been struck by one all-pervading influence. The worship of the golden calf is as certain a fact in your great cities as it ever was under Sinai. Is

not society here graded by the number of dollars a man has? In this new world the one consuming thought seems to be the almighty dollar. The idea of labor being honorable for its own sake, and that labor is not bringing a fortune to the laborer, is unbearable. And the more a man has the more he wants under the influence of this consuming thirst. But we should get rid of this great appetite. We should remember that it is not chance which has brought us here. We are all parts in God's great scheme, and He teaches us that poverty for His sake is blessed. We are warned by God of the dangers that encompass us, and warned not to let the slavery of passion and feeling get control over us.

The lecturer warned his audience against forcing their children in school, and said undoubtedly the seeds of insanity were often obtained in the schoolroom, and that he was certain many of the suicides in his catalogue, if the truth were known, would prove to be indirectly due to the forcing process so prevalent among over-indulgent parents. Self-control is the most difficult of all things on earth. No amount of learning will make a man morally strong. Look at the black list of crime for the past six months, and see how many men of intelligence and education are numbered among the criminals. Whichever way we look at suicide, whether it be from family or business sorrows or irregular affections, we find one fact prominent—we need moral strength. Moral weakness is natural with ourselves, and we need religion to help us. We can strengthen ourselves by contact with God.

Mgr. Capel closed with an appeal to the press to cease drawing attractive pictures of crime and criminals. He declared that much of the crime of this world was due to pernicious literature, and thought that a too minute description of suicides and murders and elopements led to others.

MGR. CAPEL.

Sheridan's Ride.

"I WAS not with Sheridan," said Murdock, "at this time, but was at the headquarters of the army of the Cumberland. Soon after the battle of Cedar Creek I came up to Cincinnati, and was visiting Mr. Cyrus Garrett, whom we called 'Old Cyclops.' He was T. Buchanan Read's brother-in-law, and with him the poet made his home. The ladies of Cincinnati had arranged to give me a reception, that finally turned into an ovation. I had given a great many readings to raise funds to assist their Soldier's' Aid Society, and they were going to present me with a silk flag. Pike's Opera House had been secured, the largest place of amusement in the city, and they had made every arrangement to have the reception a very dramatic event. The morning of the day it was to take place Read and I were, as usual, taking our breakfast late. We had just finished, but were still sitting at the table chatting. Mr Garrett, the brother-in-law, who was a business

man and guided by business habits, came in while we were thus lounging. He wore an air of impatience and carried a paper in his hand. He walked directly up to Read, unfolded a newspaper and held it up before the man so singularly gifted as both poet and painter.

"The whole front of the paper was covered with a striking picture representing Sheridan seated on his black horse, just emerging from a cloud of dust that rolled up from the highway as he dashed along, followed by a few troopers.

" 'There,' said Mr. Garrett, addressing Read, 'see what you have missed. You ought to have drawn that picture yourself and gotten the credit of it; it is just in your line. The first thing you know somebody will write a poem on that event, and then you will be beaten all around.'

"Read looked at the picture rather quizzically, a look which I interrupted by saying: 'Old Cyclops is right, Read, the subject and the circumstance are worth a poem.'

" 'Oh, no,' said Read, 'that theme has been written to death. There is "Paul Revere's Ride," "Lochinvar," Tom Hood's "Wild Steed of the Plains," and half a dozen other poems of like character.'

"Filled with the idea this was a good chance for the gifted man, I said: 'Read, you are losing a great opportunity. If I had such a poem to read at my reception to-night it would make a great hit.'

" 'But, Murdock, you can't order a poem as you would a coat. I can't write anything in a few hours that will do either you or me any credit,' he replied rather sharply.

"I turned to him and said: 'Read, two or three thousand of the warmest hearts in Cincinnati will be in Pike's Opera House to-night at the presentation. It will be a very significant affair. Now, you go and give me any thing in rhyme, and I will give it a deliverance before that splendid audience, and you can then revise and polish it before it goes into print.' The view seemed to strike him favorably; he finally said: 'Well! well! We'll see what can be done,' and he went upstairs to his room.

"A half an hour later Hattie, his wife a brilliant woman, who is now residing in Philadelphia, came down and said, 'He wants a pot of strong tea. He told me to get it for him, and then he would lock the door, and must not be disturbed unless the house was on fire.'

"Time wore on, and in our talk on other matters in the family circle we had almost forgotten the poet at work up stairs. Dinner had been announced, and we were about to sit down, when Read came in and beckoned me to come. When I reached the room he said, 'Murdock, I think I have about what you want.' He read it to me, and, with an enthusiasm that surprised him, I said: 'It is just the thing.'

"We dined, and at the proper time Read and I, with the family, went to Pike's Opera House. The building was crowded in every part. Upon the stage were sitting two hundred maimed soldiers each with an arm or leg off. General Joe Hooker was to present me with the flag the ladies had made, and at the time appointed we marched down the stage towards the footlights, General Hooker bearing the

flag and I with my arm in his. Such a storm of applause as greeted the appearance I never heard before or since. Behind and on each side of us were the rows of crippled soldiers ; in front, the vast audience, cheering to the echo. Hooker quailed before the warm reception, and growing nervous, said to me in an undertone :

“ ‘I can stand the storm of battle, but this is too much for me.’

“ ‘Leave it to me,’ said I ; ‘I am an old hand behind the footlights. I will divert the strain from you.’ So quickly I dropped upon my knee, took a fold of the silken flag and pressed it to my lips. This by-play created a fresh storm of enthusiasm ; but it steadied Hooker, and he presented the flag very gracefully, which I accepted in fitting words. I then drew the poem Read had written from my pocket, and with proper introduction, began reading it to the audience. The vast assemblage became as still as a church during prayer-time, and I read the first three verses without a pause, and then read the fourth :

“ Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape flowed away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind :
And the steed, like a bark, fed with furnace ire
Swept on with his wild eyes full of fire ;
But lo ! he is nearing his heart's desire,
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

“ As this verse was finished the audience broke into a tumult of applause. Then I read with all the spirit I could command.—

“ The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops ;
What was done — what to do — a glance told him both
And, striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the lines 'mid a storm of hurrahs,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause,
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray.
By the flash of his eye and his nostrils' play
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
‘I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester town to save the day.’

“ The sound of my voice uttering the last word had not died away when cheer after cheer went up from the great concourse that shook the building to its very foundation. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs and men their hats until worn out with the fervor of the hour. Then they demanded the author's name, and I pointed to Read, who was sitting in a box, and he acknowledged the verses. In such a setting and upon such an occasion, as I have been able only faintly to describe to you, the poem of ‘Sheridan's Ride’ was given to the world. It was written in about three hours, and not a word was ever changed after I read it from the manuscript, except by the addition of the third verse, which records the fifteen-mile stage of the ride.

“ But there's a way from Winchester town,
A good broad highway, leading down ;

And there, thro' the flash of the morning light,
 A steed as black as the steeds of night,
 Was seen to pass as with eagle's flight;
 As if he knew the terrible need,
 He stretched away with the utmost speed;
 Hills rose and fell — but his heart was gay,
 With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

"This Mr. Read wrote while on his way shortly after I read the poem, to attend a birthday reception to William Cullen Bryant.

"Mr. Read read the poem, thus completed, at Mr. Bryant's birthday party. The great old man listened to every line of it and then, taking the younger poet by the hand, said with great warmth:

"That poem will live as long as Lochinvar."

Vice-President Hendricks.

"Justice to Ireland."

THIS was the motto, traced by the hand of Mrs. Hendricks, wife of the Vice-President-elect, that is written on a beautiful banner presented by this estimable lady to an Irish-American club of the city of Newark, N. J. The sentiment does credit to the good woman's head and heart. Not the members of the Newark Club, only, but Irish-Americans, generally, will thank the distinguished lady for this timely and graceful recognition of Ireland's claim to justice. The Vice-President-elect, in thanking the Club for certain honors done to Mrs. Hendricks, said: — "I desire to express my thanks to you in very special terms. You have done to one who is dearer to me than my own life, honor to-night. It was impossible that she should be here to receive this honor at your hands. You desire to express to her your respect and regard for this banner, the beautiful banner that expresses *our mutual love* for Ireland. Upon that banner it was written by herself, '*Justice to Ireland*,' a sentiment that all men of all nations, and all kindreds of the earth ought to respect and honor; justice to Ireland; Ireland that has given to England her bravest soldiers; Ireland that has sent to this country of ours men who have fought in all its wars; men who have helped to develop the whole land; men who have illustrated the virtues of civilization and Christianity. To the Irish people this banner was given, because the members of your Club are Irishmen." These statements are but the naked truth, and fairly epitomize the claims of Ireland to justice. Coming from such a distinguished statesman as Vice-President-elect Hendricks, they cannot fail to make a strong impression in the proper quarter. This graceful tribute to the Irish race is not likely to be soon forgotten by the "exiles of Erin," forced to seek in other lands that justice denied them in their own. Gratitude is a virtue that the Irishman rarely lacks; and Mr. Hendrick's noble words, coming at this special time, entitle him to the lasting gratitude of the Irish race.

OUR YOUNG FOLK.

SKIPPED A LINE.

THE boys stood up in the reading class —
A dozen or so — and each one said
*That those at the foot should never pass,
Or find it easy to get up head.

Harry was studious ; so were Jake,
Jim, and Robert, Tom and Jack ;
For men of business they meant to make,
And it wouldn't do to be dull or slack.

There wasn't another boy on the line,
More anxious than Jimmy to keep his place ;
For to be at the head was very fine,
But to go down foot was a sad disgrace.

But Jim delighted in games of ball,
Polo, tennis, or tame croquet,
And his mind was not on his books at all
When he took his place in the class that day.

'Twas his turn to read and he started off
With an air attentive — a vain pretence ;
For the boys around him begun to cough,—
And nudge and chuckle at Jim's expense.

"You've skipped a line," whispered generous Ben,
Who often had helped in this way before ;
"You've skipped a line!" shouted Jim ; and then,
Of course, the school-room was in a roar.

As down to the foot Jim went that day
He learned a lesson that any dunce
Might have known ; for we're sure to stray
If we try to be in two places at once.

Sport, when you sport, in an earnest way,
With a merry heart and a cheerful face ;
But when at your books think not of your play,
Or else you'll certainly lose your place.

A. M. D. G. et. B. V. M. H.

LITTLE ELSIE AND THE FAIRIES.

By "NEENAH," Author of "Charlie's Victory," "Bertie and Sophy," "Ada Merton," etc.

LONG, long ago, when people were ever so much better than they are now, there lived a little girl named Elsie Morris. Elsie had a very good mother, who used to tell her child all kinds of nice stories.

One day, mamma was telling Elsie about other little girls who had become great saints by trying to be always good. After mamma had stopped speaking, Elsie with her great blue eyes seemed to be gazing upon some far off country. Then she drew closer to her mamma, kissed her, and said, —

"Mamma, I'm going to do my best to be like those little girl saints"

Mamma smiled.

"How do you intend to begin?" she asked.

Elsie looked up towards the ceiling for a moment, and then answered,— "Mamma, I'm going to tell the truth always, no matter how hard it is."

"Do so, my child," said the pleased mother. "If you tell the truth always, your Guardian Angel will love you very much. Now, my darling, kneel down and say your night prayers."

Ten minutes later, Elsie was cosily tucked up in her wee white-curtained bed. But she did not feel at all like sleeping, she was thinking of those saintly maidens of whom her mamma had just spoken. Suddenly the night seemed to become bright. Raising her head from her pillow, and drawing the curtains aside, she looked out from her window; but outside it was as dark as ever. And still her room seemed to be growing brighter and brighter. Her wonder was increased, when she heard right beside her a sweet, low sound, which seemed to be the tinkling of a very small but most musical bell. Elsie turned towards the place whence the sound appeared to come, and immediately gave a little cry of pleased delight. There, before her, was a tiny fairy, no larger than a lady's finger. The light which was brightening the room came from a clear star of flame upon the fairy's forehead.

The little creature had on a magnificent dress of gold, which so glittered with diamonds and rubies and sapphires that it dazzled the eyes to look upon it. Upon her feet were slippers of the most cunning workmanship—they were made of roses and lilies, and sparkled with dancing, silvery dew-drops. But what pleased Elsie most of all were the pretty, sunbeam-like wings of her visitor, and the smiling, lovely

face, which looked all the more inviting that above it, partly covering the fairy's golden tresses, was a gay red cap tipped with jingling bells each one the size of a bead.

No sooner had Elsie uttered her cry of delight then she clasped her hands together, and asked, —

“Are you an angel?”

The beautiful creature, at this question, laughed; and as she did so, all the bells in her cap jingled, and how pretty was their music!

“Am *I* an angel, little Elsie? Why, my dear child, I am nothing compared to an angel. I am a fairy. There are millions of us flying about the world; but all together are almost nothing, compared to one of God's glorious, bright angels.”

“Oh,” cried Elsie with astonishment and awe upon her face, “what a beautiful place then, must not heaven be!”

Indeed Elsie might well say this.

Along with beauty of form and feature and dress, this fairy had a wonderful voice. Have you ever heard one of those small music boxes playing, dear little reader. Each note sounds so sweet that you can listen to the same tune for hours and hours. Well, this fairy's voice sounded just like one of those notes, only a million times sweeter. Must not the music of heaven, then, be very wonderful indeed? Elsie thought so; and the fairy, reading her mind, smiled with renewed loveliness — for fairies love good thoughts.

“Dear fairy,” continued Elsie after a moment's pause, “I am so very, very glad that you have come to see me. But tell me, why it is that you are so good to me?”

The sweet music of the fairy's voice again filled the room.

“I have come to see you, little Elsie, because you are one of my own little darlings. I am the fairy of Truth.”

“Oh,” cried Elsie in a tone of delighted surprise.

“Yes,” continued the fairy, “and I have come to tell you how pleased I am that you are resolved ever to speak the truth. Do you see this bright star upon my brow?”

“It is very beautiful,” said Elsie.

“Well, my dear girl; that little star is the light of truth. If there were no truthful children in the world, it would go out and I would die in darkness. So, little Elsie, I must go away now. But so long as you tell the truth, and are good and obedient, I will be often near you. Good-by, my dear.”

The tiny form began to ascend into the air: but Elsie cried out, —

“Hold on, dear fairy; I want to ask you just one favor: won't you *please* let me see you again?”

The fairy paused.

"Well, little Elsie, I'll make a bargain with you. You are now six years old. If you try to become purer and better every day for four whole years, I shall come again, and show you all my fairy sisters."

"Oh, I'm so thankful," Elsie exclaimed, clasping her hands in joy.

As she spoke, she felt a soft touch upon her cheek; a delightful fragrance filled the room; the pure white light melted away, and Elsie was alone in the darkness.

Elsie never forgot her promise. Every morning she would ask God to give her plenty of grace to be good; and she would beg the Blessed Mary and her Guardian Angel to intercede for her constantly. Sometimes she found it very, very hard to be good; for almost every little girl that ever lived, and almost every little boy, too, has had to struggle with black, ugly temptations, and only those who are very brave have conquered. But little Elsie *was* very brave, and as the years rolled on, people used to say, "Little Elsie is a real saint. It makes me think of the great God and his beautiful angels even to look at her."

Finally the last day of the four years had passed away, and Elsie who had kept good count, retired to rest in a state of joyous expectation. Scarcely had mamma kissed her good-night and left the room, when the apartment brightened into even a more lovely light than on the first occasion of fairy Truth's visit, and right beside Elsie's pillowed cheek stood her tiny friend.

"Well, dear little Elsie, I am so happy to see you again."

"And I am so glad to see you," said Elsie. "And you have grown oh, ever so much more lovely."

"No, Elsie, I have not changed. But you have become so much better that you can now see me more perfectly. If you were not better, I would seem the same."

"But where are your sisters?" cried Elsie, blushing with pleasure at the fairy's kind words.

"You shall see them, if you come with me. But perhaps you are afraid."

"Afraid to go with you! No, no, dear fairy."

"Very good," answered fairy Truth; and suddenly there appeared in her right hand a pretty wand about the size of a jack straw, quivering and gleaming with a thousand bright sparks, which seemed to be chasing each other up and down the length of the wand like a swarm of fire-flies. The fairy stretched the wand towards Elsie.

"Touch it, my little girl," she said.

Not pausing to doubt, Elsie placed her hand upon the wand, and

lo! she and the fairy began to arise in the air. Elsie was puzzled as to how they would pass through the ceiling; but before she had time to grow frightened, the ceiling opened of itself, and they were out, mounting up higher and higher into the realms of the silver moon and the twinkling stars.

"Are you afraid, Elsie?" asked Truth, as they cut through a light fleecy cloud.

"Not at all, dear fairy, you are with me."

The fairy smiled for pleasure at the child's answer, and again the pretty bells upon her red cap gave a soft, joyous jingle. Words stamped with the sacredness of simplicity and of truth are the only real compliments.

For some minutes they continued to arise in silence.

"Fairy Truth," said Elsie at last, "how is it that we don't seem to be getting any nearer to the stars?"

"They are millions of miles away, Elsie, and if I could bring you near them, you would see that they are ever so big. Many are much larger than your world. But now, here we are at my house." And fairy Truth pointed to a large, black cloud.

"Oh, dear, do you live in that dark, ugly place," cried Elsie in a tone of sadness; for she was sorry that her kind friend had so gloomy a home.

"Yes: but perhaps you will like it better when you enter." And as Truth spoke, she touched the cloud with her sparkling wand. Quick as thought, the cloud opened, stretched towards them, and, like some mighty monster of the air, drew them into its bosom. But how different was it inside! for a moment Elsie was bewildered. She was in a gorgeous palace — far brighter, more wonderful, and more magnificent than the one which the Magic Lamp procured for Aladdin. The great high walls sparkled with gems; the meanest more lovely than the most precious we have on earth. And these rare stones sparkled in such a manner that the walls and ceilings had all the rich colors of a glorious autumnal sunset. And the flooring so inlaid that it looked like a great many of God's grandest rainbows laid one beside the other. But what particularly caught Elsie's eye were the thousand and one tiny fairies, moving gaily about the halls, some dancing, some conversing — all exquisitely beautiful and perfectly happy. She had scarcely begun to take in all these wonders, when one of the inmates noticed the new comers.

"Oh, here is sister Truth with little Elsie," she cried.

At once, all the fairies hastened to cluster around the child; and by their charming smiles, and kind glances to show her how welcome

she was. In the meantime there was the constant jingling from a million fairy bells, filling the palace with the harmony of sweet sounds.

"And are you all sisters?" Elsie asked.

"All, all," cried a thousand soft voices, low and sweet as the strains of an æolian harp, without the sad and weird effect which that instrument always produces upon the listener.

The fairies, now that they had spoken, acted as though the introduction was fairly over: they crowded closer around Elsie, some kissing her, others stroking her face with their soft hands, others whispering kind words of welcome into her ears.

Suddenly there was heard a low, sweet sound, distinguishable from any note Elsie had yet heard, which seemed to fill the air with a new beauty. Instantly all the fairies fell back to the right and left of Elsie, in such a manner that they looked like two lines of soldiers. Glancing down the line, Elsie saw a majestic little creature gorgeously clad, taller by half an inch than the other fairies, and with a crown of light upon her head.

"It is our Queen coming to see you," whispered Truth. "Her name is fairy Hope."

Fairy Hope held in her hands a wreath composed of glittering, many colored precious stones. On reaching Elsie, she placed it on the child's head, kissed her, and said, — "Little Elsie, you are to be our Queen for the next two hours."

All the fairies clapped their hands for joy.

"What shall I say," whispered Elsie to Truth.

"Tell them you would like to see them dance," answered Truth.

"My kind friends," said Elsie, "I am ever so much obliged to you for your goodness. And would — would you please dance for me."

"Certainly," said Hope, speaking for all. "Joy and Charity," she continued, "get your harps."

The two fairies addressed flew to a far corner of the palace, and in another instant a burst of fairy music awoke all the harmony in Elsie's soul. It sounded like the whispering of angels. And as the music began, all the fairies rose into the air, and with a grace and order that it is far beyond my power to describe, moving in and out, they formed figures of the most wonderful symmetry. Now they were grouped into a perfect circle, and moved around Elsie's head like a halo of glory; now they shaped themselves into a great square; again, into a high pyramid. But what was Elsie's delight when they stood still in air, so arranged as to spell

ELSIE.

Then, in that position, they all burst into a song of greeting to their new Queen. Was there ever music so delicious before? Elsie could scarcely believe her ears. It was too charming. It seemed to her that she could listen forever to such delightful harmony. When the song was finished, Elsie was about to ask Truth to have it repeated, when her guide said, —

“Elsie, we must depart. We have been here five hours.”

“Dear, dear,” said Elsie, “I thought it was but five minutes. But can’t I ever come again?”

“No, dear Elsie: but continue to be good, and we will all love you very much. And then, in a few years, a brighter messenger will come to you, and he will bring you to a far lovelier place than this; and then when you see the glorious angels of the dear God, you will admit it to be true that “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what things God hath prepared for those that love him.”

With these words, fairy Truth touched Elsie; and with her touch, the light died away, and Elsie was again cosily tucked up in bed.

But the child never forgot the fairy’s last words. She struggled towards heaven, living a life of holiness, and expecting the glad day when she would reach her eternal home of beauty and of love.

And now, my dear little reader, it is very probable that no fairy will ever come to you. And yet, if you be good and pure, there *will* be fairies about you all the time; and fairies far, far more beautiful than fairy Truth. These fairies are the graces to do good which God sends you. Perhaps you will not see their beauty in this dark world: but after you shall have passed the gates of death, you will recognize these sweet children of God’s love by the light of glory; and you will confess that all the fairies this world speaks of are as nothing to the living graces of God’s dear love.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

CHILDREN,—I daresay, you have heard the time-honored truism that “history repeats itself.” And as this is true of history, so also is it of many other things.

Nature, for instance, repeats itself. The seasons repeat themselves, and still more frequently does *habit* repeat itself.

Whatever you are in the *habit* of doing, that comes most easy and

natural to you, and any departure from your usual habits causes you to feel awkward and constrained.

Habits of early youth can never be entirely discarded.

They cling to the *man*, or to the *woman*, as they did to the *girl*, or the *boy*, making their lives uncomfortable or content, according as the habit is good or bad, useful or useless.

There are grown-up people who are looked upon as pests to society, simply from the indulgence of vicious habits which being contracted in youth, no after association or education can entirely remove, and if their attention is directed to such defects, they are, at this period, simply unable to divest themselves of them.

Vulgar peculiarities, unreasonable dislikes, undue partialities, self-conceit and affectation, should, at your age, be especially avoided.

It is in the years of childhood that these characteristics take root, only to develop in all strength later on. They may, of course, occur in after years, but if they have not "grown with the growth and strengthened with the strength," they are much easier of eradication, and they do not exercise such a baneful effect on the mind.

I would have you beware of such, because these and similar defects may grow and ripen in the mind without the cognizance of parent or teacher; and children, when prepared for a danger, may very often avoid it, and even cure themselves of bad habits far more easily than older people can.

I knew a little girl who had contracted a habit of constantly biting her nails.

It grew upon her unnoticed and unchecked, until her fingers became unsightly and inflamed.

One day she read some book in which were incidentally introduced the following remarks.

"The habit so common with children, of biting the nails is vulgar and disgusting.

"It is not only a sign of ill-breeding, but it also denotes a sullen disposition and a fierce temper.

"We have known cases in which it has been found necessary to tie the hands behind the back in order to prevent the finger-tops from being seriously injured."

Our little girl was much struck by these remarks:

She at once *determined to cure herself*.

But this was not so easy. Over and over again, she punished herself for these failures.

When again failure came she hit upon a novel plan.

It was that of smearing the ends of her fingers with that bitterest of drugs, aloes, repeating the operation again and again until actually sickened by the nauseous taste, she was compelled to refrain from biting her nails.

It is then, you see, quite possible to rid yourselves of these and similar bad habits; but you must always remember that prevention is better than cure, and it is easier for you to avoid contracting the habit than afterwards to cure yourself of it.

LETTER FROM INDIAN CHILDREN.

FORT YATES, Dak., Dec. 11th, 1884.

MR. P. DONAHOE, Boston, Mass.

Esteemed Friend & Benefactor, — With gratitude I write you these few lines to let you know that all the pupils of this Indian School and also Father Claude, and all the good and devoted Sisters are most pleased with the MAGAZINE you kindly send us every month. We read it with great pleasure and with benefit, too, I think. Please receive, kind friend, our heartfelt thanks.

As our Sister Superior has been taken away from us, and as Sister Mary Gertrude McDermott took her place, we beg you, dear friend, to address hereafter the MAGAZINE to Rev. Sister Mary Gertrude McDermott, O. S. B.— Fort Yates, Dakota, instead of Sister Mathilda Cattani, O. S. B.

Promising you, esteemed friend, our poor prayers, and wishing you a very Happy New Year, we are

Your ever grateful

INDIAN CHILDREN.

per Secretary Annie, ten years old.

Praised be Jesus and Mary!

A BABY'S FEET.

A BABY's feet, like sea-shells pink
 Might tempt, should Heaven see fit,
 An angel's lips to kiss I think,
 A baby's feet.

Like rose-hued sea-flowers towards the heat,
 They stretch, and spread, and wink,
 Their ten soft buds that part and meet
 No flower bells that expand and shrink
 Gleam half so heavenly sweet
 As shine on life's untrodden brink—
 A baby's feet.

— A. G. SWINBURNE.

WRITE injury in sand and kindness in marble.

Useful Knowledge.

POWER OF SLEEP — The most violent passion and excitement cannot keep even powerful minds from sleep. Alexander the Great slept on the field of Arbela, and Napoleon on that of Austerlitz. Even stripes and torture cannot keep off sleep, as criminals have been known to give way to it on the rack. Noises, which at first serve to drive it away, soon become indispensable to its existence; thus a stage coach stopping to change horses, wakes all the passengers. The proprietor of an iron forge, who slept close to the din of hammers, forges, and blast furnaces, would wake if there was any interruption to them during the night, and a silk miller, who had his mill stopped, on that account passed sleepless nights until the mill resumed its usual noise. Homer, in his *Iliad*, elegantly represents sleep as overcoming all men, and even the gods, except Jupiter alone.

HEART BEATS.—Dr. N. B. Richardson, of London, says he was recently able to convey a considerable amount of conviction to an intelligent scholar by simple experiment. The scholar was singing the praises of the "ruddy bumper," and saying he could not get through the day without it, when Dr. Richardson said to him: "Will you be good enough to feel my pulse as I stand here?" He did so. I said, 'Count it carefully; what does it say?' 'Your pulse says 74.' I then sat down in a chair, and asked him to count it again. He did so, and said, 'Your pulse has gone down to 70.' I then lay down on the lounge, and said, 'Will you take it again?' He replied 'Why, it is only 64; what an extraordinary thing!' I then said: 'When you lie down at night, that is the way nature gives your heart rest. You know nothing about it, but that beating organ is resting to that extent; and if you reckon it up it is a great deal of rest, because in lying down the heart is doing ten strokes less a minute. Multiply that by sixty, and it is six hundred; multiply it by eight hours, and within a fraction it is five thousand strokes different; and as the heart is throwing six ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes a difference of thirty thousand ounces of lifting during the night. When I lie down at night without any alcohol, that is the rest my hearts gets.

But when you take your wine or grog you do not allow that rest, for the influence of alcohol is to increase the number of strokes, and instead of getting this rest, you put on something like fifteen thousand extra strokes, and the result is, you rise up very seedy and unfit for the next day's work till you have taken a little more of the 'ruddy bumper,' which you say is the soul of man below."

FLANNEL AS A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY. — To any one who is aware of the healing and restoring power of flannel, it gives a great shock to be told that thousands of mothers live who never apply flannel to the persons of their children or themselves, and smile at the claim made for it. It is a rule that may be safely adopted, that medicine should never be given internally if outside applications can be made to produce the same result. Many mothers will certify that, finding at bedtime a child seemed hoarse and croupy, a warm and well-oiled piece of flannel (doubled, if the case was severe) pinned about the chest, has been sufficient to make the child breathe regularly and freely all night, and cause it to appear perfectly well the next morning. For earaches and toothaches in their early stages, for neuralgia, sore throat, diarrhœa, colic, rheumatism, diseases of the kidneys, colds in head — for anything, in short, that is produced or aggravated by cold — pieces of flannel applied to the affected part are sure to afford relief, and many times to completely restore the health of the invalid member. Arnica, witch-hazel, various pain-killers, and unguents may be used in connection with the flannel, but it is the healing warmth of the woollen cloth itself that does the most good. Therefore, save all your pieces of flannel. Insist upon their return with the rest of the washing after they have been washed, and keep them sacred in some safe, special place. Many object to putting flannel in this way upon their children or themselves, "because," they say, "they suffer on taking it off." If a thick piece of flannel has been on a child's chest, or around a sore throat, and a cure seems to have been nearly accomplished, a thinner piece may be substituted, then a thinner, until the change from that to none at all will not be worth considering.

The Humorist.

THE hair of a young lady in Sheffield turned white in a single night. She fell into a flower barrel.

A PARAGRAPH in one of the daily papers headed "Nine Lives Lost," would indicate that somebody's cat had been killed.

A LADY asked a minister if she might pay attention to dress and fashion without being proud: "Madam," replied the minister, "whenever you see the tail of a fox out of a hole, you may be sure the fox is there also."

MAGISTRATE—"Why, this is the tenth time you have been here since I have sat in this court!" Prisoner—"Yes, your worship. I have the courage of my convictions."

JUDGE—"What sort of a man, now, was it whom you saw commit the assault?" Constable—"Shure, yer honor, he was a small, insignificant crathur—about your own size, yer honor?"

"Aw, my good man, what kind of wessidence do you think would suit me?" asked an exquisite of a house agent. After taking him in, eyeglass and all, the agent replied, "Something like a flat, I should think, would be the most appropriate."

"HERE'S your money, dolt, and now tell me why your rascally master wrote me eighteen letters about that contemptible sum?" "I'm sure I can't tell; but if you'll excuse me, sir, I guess it was because seventeen didn't fetch it."

TOM JONES, a noted fiddler, had been engaged to play at a ball in a certain town in Maine. The day before the affair was to come off his wife died, and the managers took the liberty to secure the services of another; but Jones was on hand at the time appointed, and when they expressed surprise at seeing him there under the circumstances, he excused himself by saying: "Wa'al, I thought the matter all over, and cum to the conclusion that, seeing as how Sally was *no blood relation* of mine, I might just as well cum and fiddle for ye."

"My son," he said, as he laid his hand on the head of his eldest born, "you have now arrived at manhood's age, and it is time you mingled in the whirl of business. Here are \$20,000. Go out and make your

start in life, and lay the foundations for a competence." The son bowed his humble head and skipped with the cash. He was just in time to bet it on the presidential election, and when the result had been announced he went home to his father and said:

"Father, I have mingled with the whirl."

"Good boy! And—and——"

"And I have been whirled out of every dollar of the boodle you put up for me! The mingling business doesn't suit me. Let me hang around home and learn to be a burglar."

THE IDEAL HEROINE.—Young authoress—My dear, I want a heroine for my new novel. She must be very talented and somewhat unconventional—in fact, very original. Can't you give me an idea? Husband—Certainly, love. You wish her to possess a composition of traits never before dreamed of I suppose? "That's it, that's it. But it must be a combination calculated to make a man love her to distraction." "I see. Well, in the first place, she should be literary." Of course. "The author of a book?" "Just the thing; "but how shall I make her entirely different from other literary ladies?" Have her look over her husband's wardrobe and sew on buttons before starting any new novels!"

ETIQUETTE IN MEXICO.—Native Mexican gentleman: I deeply regret to be obliged to inform you, my dear friend, that your actions last night in the presence of that charming senorita were very rude. American visitor: You shock me. What did I do? I assure you that I tried my best to make a favorable impression on that lovely girl. In fact I am in love with her, and would not offend her for the world. Mexican: I fear you have dashed your hopes, then. She now considers you an ignorant boor, too beastly selfish to be trusted with any woman's happiness. American: Oh! it cannot be; it cannot be. What have I done? Mexican: You lit a cigar in her presence—American: But she assured me that she did not object to it. Mexican: And you smoked it to the end without—American: Without what? Tell me quickly. Mexican: Without offering her one.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1885.

Notes on Current Topics.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.—We direct the special attention of our readers to that portion of the Pastoral, which we print entire this month, which relates to the Catholic press. Read it and point it out to non-subscribers.

AQUINAS HALL LECTURES.—The following course of lectures will be delivered in Aquinas Hall, Cambridgeport, beginning Wednesday, Jan. 14, on which evening the Rev. Edward B. Brady, C. S. P., of New York City, will speak on "Success the Reward of Virtue;" on Wednesday evening, Jan. 21, the Rev. Dr. Henry A. Brann, of New York City, subject—"A Popular Answer to Infidelity;" on Wednesday evening, January 28, the Rev. Edward McGlynn, of New York City, subject—"Heads and Hearts;" on Wednesday evening, Feb. 4, the Rev. Clarence A. Woodman, C. S. P., of New York City, subject—"The Evidences in the Case." The tickets for the course, with reserved seats, will be \$1.

CATHOLIC UNION OF BOSTON.—The first lecture of the Catholic Union course was delivered at the Union Rooms, on Wednesday, the 10th Dec., by the Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, of Worcester, Mass., one of the most eloquent pulpit orators in Massachusetts. Father Conaty took for his subject, "The Church in the Early Ages." His discourse was a magnificent historical account of the struggles and triumphs of the Church in its infancy. It

was one of the best lectures ever delivered under the Union's auspices, and the reverend speaker held the closest attention of his auditors. On Saturday afternoon, Dec. 27, there was a children's festival, under the auspices of the Union, and the second lecture in the course will be delivered on Wednesday, Jan. 14th, by Henry F. Naphean, Esq.

WE are indebted to our excellent contemporary, the *Catholic Mirror*, for the Pastoral we publish in this issue of our MAGAZINE.

A FAIR, under the auspices of the Paulist Fathers, New York, yielded \$36,000. Good Father Hecker deserved it all.

CHARITY BALL.—The Annual Charity Ball in aid of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children, will take place at the Music Hall, on Monday evening, February 9.

THE PASTORAL.—We give the Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council. We solicit for it a careful perusal by all our readers. Catholics would do a great service to religion by getting their neighbors to read it, after they have carefully perused it themselves. If your neighbors are not able to take our MAGAZINE, why lend it to them. You will be doing them a good act.

SUNDAY LIQUOR SELLING.—There ought to be no doubt as to the settled attitude of the Catholic Church on the practice of Sunday beer and liquor selling. The Pastoral Letter of the Plenary Council very explicitly states: "There is one way of profaning the Lord's day which is so prolific of evil results that we consider it our duty to utter against it a special condemnation. This is the practice of selling beer, or other liquors, on Sunday, or of frequenting places where they are sold. This practice tends more than any other, to turn the day of the Lord into a day of dissipation, to use it as an occasion for breeding intemperance. While we hope the Sunday laws on this point will not be relaxed, but even more rigidly enforced, we implore all Catholics, for the love of God and country, never to take part in such Sunday traffic, nor to patronize or countenance it."

CENTS.—The Reverend Father who preached at one of our most fashionable Churches on Sunday, December 21, stated that in the Christmas collection, last year, (1883,) there were nearly four hundred cents in the contribution boxes, representing three hundred and ninety members of the congregation.

THE TRAPPIST FATHERS of the Abbey of the Three Fountains, near Rome, have obtained a diploma of honor, at the Turin Exhibition, for their labors in draining and rendering healthy the most infected district of the Roman Campagna. At the same exhibition the Propaganda Printing Office has been awarded a gold medal for the excellent manner in which religious books have been turned out, especially the works of St. Thomas Aquinas.

ALL CATHOLICS should subscribe for *The Working Boy*, the Journal of Father Roche's Working Boys' Home, and thereby extend a helping hand to a most deserving charity. Address Rev. D. H. Roche, Working Boys' Home, 113 Eliot

Street, Boston. Yearly subscription, 25 cents. The January number is now ready, beautifully illustrated.

THE Cunard steamship Oregon left New York December 17, and accomplished the voyage, from land to land, in 6 days 6 hours and 52 minutes.

IRISH-AMERICANS have been elected mayors of three leading Massachusetts cities this year: Hugh O'Brien, of Boston; John W. Cummings, of Fall River; James E. Delany of Holyoke.

THE electric crown of stars at length adorns the grand statue of the Blessed Virgin on the dome of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana. "Henceforth," says *Ava Maria*, "in the darkest night the figure of her under whose patronage Notre Dame was founded, will shine forth radiant and glorious, typifying the constant watchful care which she ever exercises over those who entrust themselves to her guidance."

NEW YORK Irish Nation:—We are satisfied that the independent attitude of so many thousands of our people, in the late election, has done more to put an end to the system of slaughtering candidates, because of their race and religion, than anything that has ever occurred since the Revolution."

AN edifying revelation concerning M. de Wael, the Liberal burgomaster of Antwerp, Belgium, has been going the round of the Belgian papers. This gentleman a short time ago declared, at a meeting in Brussels, that he would rather "be a Turk than a Papist." It seems, however, that notwithstanding his violent denunciations of Catholic education, the worthy burgomaster takes care to educate his three daughters at a nun's school, and has placed his three nephews, to whom he is guardian, in the Institute of the Frères de Notre Dame de la Miserecorde, in Mechlin. This discovery seems very much to have shocked his fellow liberals.

APOSTOLIC COLLEGE.—A circular letter has been addressed by Rev. Wm. Ronan, S. J., rector of the Apostolic College of Limerick, Ireland, to the hierarchy, clergy

and faithful of the United States, setting forth a project by which missionaries may be supplied to the Catholic world, from Ireland, in this nineteenth century, as they were in the fifth and eighth centuries. The Bishops received the offer with earnest approval; many of them invited the Rev. Father to their dioceses to collect funds for the completion of his college; and not a few have engaged with him to furnish subjects for their dioceses.

ATTENTION is drawn to the vast amount of infanticides in England, caused by the facilities for baby insurance; and a London coroner has asserted that, of the infants killed by overlaying, three out of four are murdered by their mothers to obtain the insurance money.

MISS MARY CALDWELL, of New York, has donated \$300,000 toward the founding of a Catholic University, as proposed by Bishop Spalding. Miss Caldwell is a daughter of the late William Shakespeare Caldwell, who built and donated to the Catholics of Louisville, Ky., the SS. Mary and Elizabeth Hospital, who, with his children, were converts. The family is very wealthy, and noted for its numerous donations to the cause of religion, education and charity.

FRESH AIR.—To be healthy and enjoy life nothing is more important than fresh air. The more fresh air we breathe, the less will be our doctor's bills. We must try to get fresh air without draught, and without feeling cold. The air should always be moving. This is cheapest done by having a hole cut, say ten inches square, over the door, and covered with perforated zinc, and by fastening a piece of perforated zinc to the top of the sash frame the whole width of the window, and about four inches deep; the top sash can then be lowered, and in this way the air is being constantly changed about our heads, and we do not feel draughts. Any working man can do this for a few pence. In bedrooms this is even more important than in sitting-rooms. A costless plan is to open the top window and draw down the blind.

VALUABLE NEWSPAPER.—A suit which has just terminated between the representatives of M. Villemessant, the late editor

of the *Figaro*, and the present proprietors, reveals the extraordinary financial success which has been achieved by that truly Parisian journal. The nett profits of the *Figaro* had reached, in 1860, the sum of £60,000 a year, and they now stand at £100,000.

LAND.—As an instance of the remarkable depression of the value of Irish land, it is instanced that out of eighteen lots set up in Judge Flanagan's Court lately, only four were sold. The remaining fourteen lots were held over for lack of bidders, or on account of insufficient bidding.

MR. EDWARD MULLHALLEN MARUM, Member of Parliament for the county Kilkenny, has written to his constituents resigning his seat, because he does not enjoy the confidence of Mr. Parnell.

THE New York *Herald* says that, "in the election of Grover Cleveland to the Presidency both the old parties died."

GERMAN-AMERICAN CATHOLICITY.—An exceedingly interesting review of German Catholicity in the United States, was recently made by Bishop Krautbauer, of Green Bay, at St. Alphonsus' Church in Baltimore. Bishop Krautbauer estimates that one third of the Catholic population of this country is German, and that if we take into account the Poles, Bohemians and other emigrants from German provinces, probably one-half our Catholic people speak in the German language. He directed attention especially to those points in which our German coreligionists have excelled. Perhaps the most important is the upbuilding of Catholic education. The German Catholics never failed to erect a parish school side by side with their church and their priest's house. They have organized three great unions, the Central Verein, St. Raphael's Verein, and the Society of St. Cæcilia. Very many of the religious orders, such as the Franciscans and Redemptionists, are largely, if not wholly, German, and there are thirty Catholic German missionaries at work among the Indians.

ARCHBISHOP HUGHES gave the wholesome suggestion, in his "Reflections and Suggestions in regard to what is called the Catholic Press," "that if they are

religious papers, Catholic doctrine and the politics of the country be not blended in the same columns. . . . If it be a Catholic paper, political partisanship should be scrupulously excluded from its columns."

CATECHISM.—It is stated that a catechism is to be prepared by authority of the late Plenary Council, and its adoption will be made obligatory in every diocese of the United States. It will be edited and copyrighted by the Most Rev. Archbishops, and all profits coming from it will be devoted towards the establishment and maintenance of homes for retired clergymen. When practicable, a home for superannuated priests will be established in each ecclesiastical province.

THE Rocky Mountain Celt editorially warns young girls in the East to beware of advertisements for young girls to go West, frequently appearing in Eastern papers. Many young girls have been thus deceived, and have found themselves duped, and on the road to ruin.

LAND.—The depreciated price of land as shown at recent sales in England and Scotland is great. The landlords of England will, sooner or later, be ruined by the cheap wheat, corn and produce sent from America by exiled Irish farmers.

CHARITY.—Preaching on a recent occasion on behalf of parish schools, the Cardinal Archbishop impressed on his hearers the great importance of charity. God did not require from them miracles or a life of penance, but one thing easy and within their reach—love for Him, and for their neighbor. There are two kinds of self-love. There was the selfish, avaricious, and hard-hearted love of self; and there was also that self-love which told a man that his soul was worth far more than the whole world to him. This was a rational self-love. When a man came to value his own soul in this sense he would value the soul of his neighbor; so that he would be ready to give his bodily life to save the soul of any man. When in mortal sin men, like the Prodigal, wasted their inheritance, and it was the Holy Ghost that brought them back and made them penitent. They had lost sanctity, and hence charity, and charity

once lost, no man could bring it back. It was the gift of God in the beginning, and was still the gift of God if restored. They must seek it again from the Holy Ghost in the sacrament of penance. In heaven there would be no necessity for Faith, and Hope would then be accomplished; but Charity would remain forever. Love of God enlarged the heart, just as love of self narrowed it. The former expanded it in this world, and in the measure of the capacity of the heart to receive, so the love of God filled it in the next. And in the measure of the love of God in the heart lay the degree of glory attained by the soul. All the most splendid works in the world were as nothing in the sight of God without that Charity which sanctified even the cup of cold water and brought its reward.

CHINA.—Some authentic news from China is published by the *Missions Catholiques*. A missionary, expelled from the province of Canton, writes under date of October 1st from Hong Kong. He declares that the Viceroy of Canton has expelled all Frenchmen, merchants as well as missionaries. All the Catholic chapels have been closed, and very many pillaged and destroyed. Christian villages have been razed to the ground. Christians living to the West have fled towards Tonquin. Another letter, dated Shanghai, October 15th, announces that all is quiet in the North. The European houses at Weu-Cheoo, about ten in number, have been burnt.

REV. DR. UBALDI, a well-known professor in the American College, Rome, is dead. Many of our clerical readers will remember the courteous little priest who came with Ablegate Roucetti to this country some years ago. Both are now gone. May they rest in peace.

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME AS EDUCATORS.—It is noted that in the list of nearly two thousand female candidates for admission as Queen's Students into Training Colleges, which has just been issued by the Committee of Council on Education, the third, fourth, fifth, and tenth places have been taken by Catholic pupil-teachers, pupils of the Sisters of Notre Dame. The first two of these also take the prize given yearly by the city of Liverpool for the highest candidates sent

up from all the schools in Liverpool, whether Denominational or Board schools. This proof, which comes after so many others, of the efficacy of that instruction which the Sisters of Notre Dame give in their houses to the pupil-teachers under their care during their term of indenture, is most gratifying. Would that our male pupil-teachers were equally fortunate in having such homes provided them.

SOCIETY JOURNALISM.—In an Advent sermon, preached at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, his Eminence, Cardinal Manning, denounced severely the “society” journalism, the “plague of tongues” in the spirit of detraction which is abroad. The tendency to scandal-mongering, and the encouragement given to it in society, he described as almost universal, and deplored it as one of the most distressing signs of the times, only equalled in its mischievousness by the spirit of Rationalism which is found supreme in the higher forms of modern journalism and literature.

THERE is to be a new Catholic University for the Orientals, which will be a pendant to that at Beyrut in Syria. Letters from Calcutta announce that Mgr. Goethals, the Archbishop and Vicar-Apostolic, is about to erect one in the capital of our Indian Empire. A vast building is to be erected in the Norman style, which is judged suitable to the climate. The new University will absorb the large and prosperous Jesuit College, which will occupy the ground floor of the new edifice, the remainder being devoted to laboratories, museums, and other academic departments. Archbishop Goethals, a native of Courtrai, is to visit his mother country and Rome next year.

TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKE IN SPAIN.—A terrible earthquake took place on the 24th of December at Antiquera, a small city in Andalusia, twenty-eight miles northwest of Malaga. Five distinct shocks were felt during the night of the 24th and on Christmas Day. Every one of the seven churches in the city were destroyed. A coffee house fell to the ground while it was filled with people, and many of them were injured. Several other buildings were demolished and many casualties are reported. During the whole of Christmas Day and night the public squares were filled with people who were afraid to re-enter

their houses, fearing a return of the shocks. At one time as many as 300 people were in one of the squares kneeling on the pavements and praying for deliverance. Many of them camped in the fields outside the walls or in the old city, which is built further up the hill and was deemed a place of safety. Official reports show that 266 persons were killed in the provinces of Malaga and Granada. The facade of the Cathedral was seriously damaged by the shocks. Many houses were destroyed in Jimena and a whole family was killed in the village of Cajar by the falling of a chimney. Over half of the inhabitants of Albunuelas were killed. Alhama is mostly in ruins. The province of Malaga suffered equally as much damage as did Granada. Commerce is paralyzed. Two hundred houses at Alfarinetejo were damaged. The shock was not felt in the northern and northwest provinces. Three hundred lives were lost at Alhama and 750 houses and a church were destroyed and 30 persons were killed at Periana. It is now estimated that 600 persons were killed in the province of Malaga, including those killed at Alhama. According to the official news of the earthquake 526 persons were killed in the province of Grenada and 100 in Malaga. At Alhama, over 350 bodies have already been recovered. At Periana, a village in Andalusia, about 30 miles from Malaga, great damage was done, and many lives were lost. Sixty bodies have so far been recovered. Many persons died of fright. The total number of towns reported to be nearly or wholly destroyed is fifty-five. The university, the prison and the hospital at Granada are greatly damaged. The river Jerifena has disappeared from its bed.

Catholic Columbian:—PROF. STACE, of Notre Dame University, has a very excellent article on that famous institution, in the current number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. What a beautiful place Notre Dame would be for the home of the contemplated Catholic University!

FATHER PHELAN, of the *Western Watchman*, who attended the closing of the Plenary Council, says Bishop Keane, of Richmond, is the author of the Pastoral.

THE EMIGRATION returns for November show that during the month 2,543 emigrants left Ireland, against 2,973 in the same month last year. This brings

the total number of emigrants from Ireland, during the past eleven months, up to 70,873, which is 33,149 less than the total for the same period in 1883. Of the 2,543 persons who emigrated during November, 1,785 went to America, 643 to Australia, 61 to British North America, and 54 to other places.

THE SUDDEN DEATH OF THE DUCHESS of Somerset reminds us that she was the granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the author of "The School for Scandal," the friend of Garrick, the companion of the Prince Regent, and the wildest and wittiest, the most gifted and the most reckless Irishman of his day. The deceased Duchess was aunt to Lord Dufferin, Viceroy of India.

NEARLY \$20,000 FOR A BIBLE.—The great prize of the Syston Library sale—the Mazarin Bible—was purchased on Saturday for £3,900. The volume is so-called because it was found in the library of Cardinal Mazarin. It is a superb work of printing on paper as thick and rich in tone as vellum, with glossy ink, intensely black, and very uniform in the impression; in double columns, the letters large and similar to those written on old missals and choral books.

At the sale in London of the Syston library, a "Psalmorum Codex" of 1459, printed by Faust & Scheffer, brought £4950.

FRANCE AND THE VATICAN.—In the Chamber of Deputies, a motion to abolish the French embassy at the Vatican was rejected—293 to 169. In the course of the debate, Premier Ferry spoke in a highly eulogistic manner of Pope Leo XIII.'s enlightened and conciliatory attitude.

SCOTCH FARMERS DISTRESSED.—The Scottish chamber of agriculture has issued an address to the landlords and the people demanding an immediate reduction of rents, on the ground that the depression in the agricultural industry appears to be permanent. It is proposed that a royal commission be appointed to inquire into the causes of the decrease of values, with the view of taking suitable measures to alleviate the present urgent distress.

A POWERFUL CONFEDERATION.—In a speech delivered in Toronto, Sir John

A. Macdonald appeared to favor an imperial alliance between England, Canada and Australia, with Canada reserving the full right to manage her own affairs, but the alliance to be a sort of police to keep the peace of the world, and to league together for offence or defence in time of danger. Such a confederacy would be the most powerful in the world. He was opposed to independence. "We could not keep it up," he said, "and, as for annexation, we would be lost in the neighboring Union; whereas it was only by there being more than one power in North America, and by a competition in the government, that we could prevent the continent from becoming like China."

CONVERSIONS.—Two important conversions are announced—that of the Rev. William Bernard Huson, a member of the "Cowley Fathers" residing at Oxford; and that of Mr. Algar Labouchere Thorold, only son of the Protestant Bishop of Rochester, and an under-graduate of Christ Church, Oxford, England.

THE *Albany Journal* very justly remarks: "Whatever may be said of other elements in the campaign, the Irish-American Independents stood manfully by Blaine and Logan. Their steadfastness is the more admirable because they, above all others, were subjected to the strongest pressure, and tempted with the most specious promises, to induce them to return to the Democratic party."

MISSIONARY DOINGS.—Some facts, not very creditable to the Protestant missionary societies of England, form part of an article in a recent number of the *Dublin Review*, written by Father Atteridge. The article drew attention to some doings by the Protestant missions in South India. In the famine years of that country (1877-8) some of the missionaries, while officially engaged in the distribution of relief, made loans of small sums on mortgages of lands of the natives at the ruinous rate of eighteen per cent. per annum and, in certain cases, the missionaries, after lapse of six years, recovered nearly double the principal of these loans that had been made in the famine time. The lending of this money had a treble object, one, to buy conversions; another, to secure a high rate of interest; and the third, to be able to hold over the heads of the poor borrowers the alterna-

tive of continuing to pretend to be Protestant Christians or of being called upon to repay the loans.

A SPECIMEN OF AMERICAN PROGRESS.

— Thirty-five years ago, remarks the *Commercial Advertiser*, the name of St. Paul, Minn., was unknown to map makers, and neighboring Minneapolis could not boast of a single building. To-day each of these cities has a population little short of 100,000 souls, and each is the centre of a robust growth in trade, manufactures, and intellectual activity. There were buildings erected in the twin cities during the present year at a cost of nearly \$15,000,000, and there would seem happily to be no interruption of any sort in their career of solid prosperity. Truly in no other country could so amazing and proud a sight be seen as St. Paul and Minneapolis now present. Among other nations progress in city making is the growth of centuries. With us a first-class metropolis may sometimes almost magically arise in the course of a single generation.

MAGUIRE.—*Irish American*.: One of the most satisfied politicians of the day ought to be our friend, the Hon. Patrick Maguire, Editor of the *Boston Republic*. An active supporter of Mr. Cleveland from his nomination, he has seen the triumph of the Democratic National ticket. Then he largely contributed to the unmasking of the charlatan Butler, and the substantial defeat of his treacherous scheme. He secured his own re-election in spite of all Butler's plots and efforts; and now, to crown all, he has elected Hugh O'Brien, the first Irish Catholic Democratic Mayor of Boston by a handsome majority, and secured a Democratic majority in the Board of Aldermen. We can fancy our friend Maguire, leaning up against the "Old South," and bidding the Hub, and the rest of mankind, to bring on some more political worlds for him to conquer. We wish him the top o' the morning, and more power to his elbow.

NO MORE OF THEM.—The United States House Committee on Public lands unanimously instructed Representative Oates to report favorably his bill providing that no alien, foreigner or persons other than citizens of the United States shall acquire title to or own lands within the United

States. It is provided, however, that such foreign-born persons as have legally declared their intention to become citizens of the United States shall be eligible to acquire homesteads.

THE Italian Government thinks of prohibiting the exportation of organ-grinders because they give a false idea of the country and injure its dignity. All the world will uphold Italy in this desire to uphold its dignity.

A TERRIBLE CALAMITY occurred at Brooklyn, N. Y., on the afternoon of the 18th of December, by the destruction of St. John's Orphan Asylum by fire. It was an imposing structure. It has been conducted by thirty members of the Sisters of St. Joseph, under the direction of Mother de Chantal, and contained nearly 750 boys, ranging in age from two to fourteen years. One of the Sisters and twenty-three of the boys were burnt in the flames. The heroic conduct of Sister Josephine, the young nun who lost her life in her endeavors to save the children committed to her care, is perhaps the saddest feature of the whole affair. A fearful death was that this young martyr met; but she faced it with that heroism religion alone can inspire, and her last spoken words was a prayer to heaven for mercy. Her name and her brave deed deserve a long and endearing memory. The loss of life by the calamity is an affliction, deeply felt. Financially, we are glad to learn that the St. John's Home is not a sufferer; provident insurances covering all the losses of property.

AMERICAN SAINTS.—The following authentic information has been communicated to the *Catholic Mirror*. For some time past efforts have been made to bring into proper order the existing material for the cause of beatification of Rene Goupil, Father Isaac Jogues and Catharine Tekakwita. The two former were slain by the Mohawk Indians in what is now the State of New York in 1642 and 1646 respectively; the latter was an Indian girl born in the mission which sprang from their blood, and was there baptized and began that course of heroic sanctification which has long made her thought a fit candidate for canonization. As nothing further could be done in the matter until

after the formal introduction of the cause at Rome, and as a decree for this is given by the Holy Father, only after urgent petitions have made it evident that a considerable portion of the Church desires the cause to be taken up and tried on its merits, the whole question was laid before the recent Plenary Council. It was favorably received by the assembled prelates, many of whom expressed an interest of long standing in the lives of these great servants of God. They accordingly voted unanimously a conciliar petition to the Holy See, asking the solemn introduction of the cause.

OUR COLORED BRETHREN.—Rev. J. H. Green, of the Josephite Fathers, Baltimore, recently returned from Savannah, Ga., where he spent two weeks at the residence, of the Right Rev. W. H. Gross, of that city. Father Green speaks with satisfaction of the colored missions of South Carolina and Georgia. On Skiddaway Island, twelve miles from Savannah, which is entirely inhabited by colored people, there is a church and monastery in one building, and at a short distance from that a boarding school for colored boys, which is a great success. The island is ten miles long, and very difficult of access from the mainland, because of the intervening swamps. The Benedictine monks in charge were the only white faces he saw during his visit. There were some colored boys in the school from Baltimore. In the city of Savannah also, two miles distant, the Benedictines have a church and school which cost several thousand dollars. These are under the charge of Rev. Father Oswald. A week before Father Green visited Savannah four Sisters belonging to the Second Order of St. Francis (strict inclosure) arrived from Yorkshire, England, to establish a convent there. Their ultimate destination, however, is Skiddaway Island, across the marshes, among the colored folk. There are also in the city the Father Oswald Colored School and a school in the basement of the Cathedral, conducted by the Sisters of Mercy. The Sisters of Mercy are also doing excellent work of this character in Charleston, S. C.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—Thirty-six years ago the foundations of the Washington Monument were laid on the bank of the Potomac River, and a few

days ago the structure was completed. On the 22nd of February—the 153d anniversary of Washington's birth—this monument is to be dedicated with appropriate ceremonies. It may interest our readers to know that this great shaft of stone and marble is now the highest structure in the world—555 feet. The great Pyramid of Egypt is 480 feet; the tower of the Cathedral at Strassburg, 468 feet; the spire at Landshut, Germany, 465 feet; the dome of St. Peter's Cathedral, at Rome, 457 feet; the pyramid of Chephren, 454 feet; and St. Stephen's, at Vienna, 441 feet. The monument stands on an open space, squares away from any building. There is nothing to obstruct the view of it from the rear of the White House or the east end of the Treasury Building; and there is nothing between it and the Potomac River.

GERMANY.—The Catholic party in Germany stands like an oak amid the saplings. But Herr Windthorst led to victory on Wednesday not only his own unbroken phalanx, but also the whole of the Liberals, and induced the Reichstag by 217 to 93 to condemn finally the law which puts the freedom of Catholic priests at the mercy of the Government. The debate seems to have been conducted with great bitterness; and the Catholic champion, in reply to the threat of Prince Bismarck, that he would simply disregard a hostile vote, exclaimed that in the long run the people had always known how to chastise their tyrants. The great Chancellor may be as good as his word, and expatriation law may still remain a blot upon the statute book, but it is already a dead letter; and the vote of the Reichstag shows clearly how strong the tide of opinion is setting against government by persecution. A painful feeling has been created not only in Alsace-Lorraine, but throughout the Catholics of Germany, by the suppression, on the part of the Statthalter, of the only two Catholic organs, and the *l'Union* and the *St. Odilienblatt*, which were almost the sole representatives of Catholic interests. They were accused of not discussing public affairs with "sufficient objectivity." The *Germania*, the *Kölnische Volkszeitung*, and other Catholic Prussian papers complain bitterly of this piece of intolerance. The *Kreuzzeitung für Elsass-Lothringen*—which however is published in Carlsruhe—is still left, but "the sword of Damocles is hanging over its head." It

is very doubtful whether the Catholics of the annexed provinces will be able to start a fresh organ.

GLOOM IN FRANCE.—Facts are stubborn things, and the statistics of French foreign trade, published by the *Officiel* must suggest serious reflections. From these it appears that the amount of goods bought by France from abroad, exceeds those which she sells to foreign countries by a thousand million francs. If we look at the imports, we shall find an increase of five millions in food stuffs, and of four millions in the raw products of industry. On the other hand, France has bought this year 55 millions worth of manufactured goods less than in 1883. The diminution of exports is very startling; in food stuffs it is to the value of 38 millions, in raw materials of 8 millions, whilst in manufactured goods it is no less than 113 millions. In fact, comparing 1884 with 1883, the import trade has gone down by 155 millions, and the export trade by 53 millions. These figures are enormous, and justify the slackening of work in all branches of industry. The situation could not be worse. No wonder the *Gazette de France* writes: "If we add the stagnation of business, the loss on the revenue of indirect taxes, the deficits of the budget, the disorder introduced by the Republicans, we shall easily see to what a ruin France is striding."

MR. MORGAN O'CONNELL, the second eldest son of the Liberator, lies seriously ill at his residence, 12 Stephen's Green, Dublin. Mr. O'Connell was prostrated on Nov. 30, by an attack of apoplexy, and although he rallied considerably, his condition is very precarious. His doctors, however, consider their patient to be going on, under all the circumstances, satisfactorily.

POOR BILL MCGRANE, the prince of horse dealers, is dead. He had been in weakly health for some time, but rallied occasionally, and seemed in capital spirits at the Dublin Horse Show. A consummate judge of hunters and chasers, and no bad estimator of his fellow-men, he made money very fast at one time; but lavish hospitality, and that taste for the turf which seems, like the shamrock, indigenous to Celtic soil, dispersed it freely. He was said to have been for some years in partnership with a sporting peer; also a fine judge of horse-flesh.

REV. THOMAS F. HALEY, pastor of St. Mary's, Norwalk, O., died Sunday morning, Jan. 4, after a long illness, from liver trouble. He was born in Ireland in 1833, lacking only 10 days of 52 years of age. Ordained by Bishop Rappé in 1860, he has since occupied many positions, being at one time professor in St. Mary's Seminary, Cleveland. The funeral took place at Norwalk, morning of January 7. *R. I. P.*

SHOP-WORK IN EDUCATION.—In his recent address before the Social Science association, Gen. Francis A. Walker, President of the Institute of Technology, strongly advocated the introduction of shop work into the public system of education. He believeth that such an arrangement cannot fail to have a most beneficial influence in promoting a respect for labor, and in overcoming the false and pernicious passion of our young people for crowding themselves into overdone and underpaid departments, where they may escape manual exertion at almost any sacrifice. "Let the State honor labor in the school," said Mr. Walker, "let some of the praises and some of the prizes go to neatness of manipulation, skill in the use of tools, taste in design, patience and ingenuity in execution; let the pupil see his master now and then with his coat off and a paper cap on his head, teaching the use of the plane and the lathe; give the boy to know the delight of seeing things grow and take shape under his hands, and it requires no prophet to assure us that our young people will come to look on life very differently and much more wisely."

THE SCOURGE of the cholera in one way, at least, has come to Naples as a blessing in disguise. It is hardly possible that the same strained relations which previously existed between a portion of the people and the clergy can continue. Conduct has done what words could never effect. Heroism in the face of the common peril has beaten down old prejudices and softened enmities, and the strong bonds of gratitude and admiration are likely henceforth to bind the people of Naples and its Archbishop. The gift of his golden cross to be sold for bread for the poor will be remembered by the people when the memory of the pestilence has faded into a tradition.

Personal.

THE venerable Father Curley of Georgetown College, Georgetown, D. C., celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday recently.

THE Democrats of St. Louis have presented Rev. Father Phelan, the talented editor of the *Western Watchman*, with a gold watch and a purse, as a token of the admiration with which they regarded the course of the *Western Watchman* in the late presidential contest.

HON. HUGH O'BRIEN, Mayor of Boston for 1885, was born in the County Monahan, Ireland. The family emigrated to St. John, N. B. After living there a year or two, they came to Boston, where he has resided ever since. Mr. O'Brien was twice married. By his first wife he had five children, all of whom are living. One of them, Rev. James J. O'Brien, is stationed at Arlington. By his second wife, he has two children—a boy and a girl. Mr. O'Brien is in excellent health, and bids fair to reach at least four score.

THE life of the sculptor Achtermann, is replete with illustrations of the immense influence of Christian art upon Christian Faith and life. One day an Englishman came to see him in his studio. He said: "I saw at Munster your Pieta, and I had to promise the Mother of God to become a Catholic. Now I am a Catholic, but I want you to be my sponsor at Confirmation." Achtermann was unable to speak. He nodded and wept.

THE MACKAY-PRINCE COLONNA MARRIAGE.—Wealth and aristocracy are to be commingled in the marriage of the young and beautiful Evelyne Bryant Mackay, the daughter of John W. Mackay, the American millionaire, who resides in Paris. The bridegroom elect is Ferdinand Julian Colonna, Prince of Galatro, of the Stinliano branch of that great family. Prince Colonna was born in 1858, and is consequently now twenty-six years of age. The Colonna family has given one Pope and several Cardinals to the Church, and a number of generals and statesmen to Italy. Mr. Mackay is a good Catholic, and his wife is well known for her great charity to the

poor. It was Mrs. Mackay who influenced Mdle. Nevada, whose conversion we announced some months ago, to study Catholicism; and she was godmother to the prima donna when she was received into the Church. We understand that it was up till very recently Miss Mackay's intention to embrace the religious life, but that, with the assistance of several spiritual advisers, she ultimately decided that her vocation was to serve God in the married state. Prince Colonna is to be congratulated on the treasure of beauty and piety which the New World has given to him. It is probable that the ceremony will take place in Rome, and that the newly-wedded couple will receive the blessing of the Holy Father immediately afterwards. The date of the wedding is not fixed.

MOST REV. PETER RICHARD KENRICK, the Archbishop of St. Louis, is the oldest member of the American Catholic hierarchy. He was born in Ireland early in the present century and after showing a disposition toward the ecclesiastical life, he was carefully educated in the classics and afterwards in philosophy. At the seminary his learning and piety went hand in hand together. After his ordination he was stationed in Philadelphia, of which diocese his eldest brother, Right Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, was Bishop. It was here that he was consecrated Bishop of Drass, *in partibus infidelibus*, and Coadjutor of St. Louis on Nov. 30, 1841, by Bishop Rosati, of the latter See whom he succeeded Sept. 25, 1843. In 1843, the Diocese of St. Louis was elevated to an arch-diocese, and Bishop Kenrick was appointed its first Metropolitan. While possessing great learning and a profound knowledge of the theology, he has splendid business talents, and by wise and judicious investments of the church property has managed to place the many religious establishments in his archdiocese in a flourishing condition, and to keep them free from debt; although by the laws of Missouri all such property, not held by corporations, is subjected to taxation. Archbishop Kenrick was the only prelate at the council who sat in the two previous Councils of Baltimore, and his wisdom and experience will have great weight in its deliberations.

Notices of Recent Publications.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., and St. Louis.

CATHOLIC BELIEF: Or, a Short and Simple Exposition of Catholic Doctrine. By the Very Rev. Joseph Faa Di Bruno, D.D. Revised and adapted to the United States by Rev. Louis A. Lambert, author of "Notes on Ingersoll," etc. With the Imprimature of their Eminences the Cardinal Archbishop of New York, and the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and an Introduction by the Right Rev. S. V. Ryan, Bishop of Buffalo. 16mo, flexible cloth. Price, 40 cents. 10 copies, \$2.65; 50 copies, \$12.00; 100 copies, \$20.00.

This is an admirable book of instruction on Christian Doctrine for both Catholics and Protestants. The present edition has been revised and accommodated to the present wants of our country, and will, no doubt, be welcomed by the American Catholic public. As the author had in view the one desire, the single purpose of bringing his fellow men under the divine, saving influences of the true Church, no one, whether Catholic or Protestant, can read this book without being benefited: the Catholic will have a better knowledge and truer love of his holy faith; the Protestant, if not converted, will retain no anti-Catholic prejudices—will be more a Christian, wiser and better. Over 80,000 copies of the book have been sold in England, and it has, perhaps more than any other work, been the means of bringing very many into the Church.

Lynch, Cole & Meehan, New York.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN ALMANAC, for the Year of Our Lord 1885. Calculated for use throughout all parts of the United States.

This annual is sought after by the natives of the old land with as much earnestness as a Christmas dinner. There are portraits and biographies of the new president and vice-president; the late Charles O'Connor, Cardinal McCloskey, Colonel James Kavanagh, of the 69th Regiment; General Phil. Sheridan, Archbishop Gibbons, and John Kelly. By the way, the portrait of the latter would answer for our old friend Kehoe, of the Catholic Publication Society Co. We refer for further notice to our advertising columns.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.

OCTAVIUS: A TALE OF THE FIRST CENTURY. By A. T. E. Price \$1.50.

We have not had time to read this story, but should judge that it possesses great interest.

P. O'Shea, New York.

THE YOUTH'S CABINET. Vol. III. 1884.

The Youth's Cabinet is a juvenile Magazine, published monthly. The twelve numbers are bound up together, which makes a very handsome volume. We know of no better book for a new year's gift. The price is only \$1.50.

Charles A. Rogers, Louisville, Ky.

SIX SEASONS ON OUR PRAIRIES AND SIX WEEKS ON OUR ROCKIES. Rev. Thomas I. Jenkins, of the diocese of Louisville. Price 40 cts.

A contemporary speaks of this very interesting book: "This is a pleasant batch of sketches about life in the West, combined with practical moral teaching. In a running narrative Father Jenkins shows the condition of settlements there, their advantages, drawbacks and dangers." Persons intending to locate in the West would do well to purchase this book.

The University of Notre Dame, Ind.

THE SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1885. By J. A. Lyons. Price 25 cents.

This is the tenth year of this useful annual. There are besides the calendar, articles by Eleanor C. Donnelly, Mrs. Margaret A. Sullivan, W. J. Onahan, Justin Thyme, etc. The whole make-up is creditable to our talented friend, Prof. Lyons.

P. J. Kennedy, New York.

THE NEW COMPLETE SERAPHIC MANUAL, with the Modified Rule of the Third Order of St. Francis, by His Holiness Leo XIII. and the new Ceremonial approved by the Sacred Congregation.

Thomas B. Noonan & Co., Boston.

HISTORY OF THE SODALITIES OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY. Price 60 cents.

Children of Mary, the whole world over, will welcome this beautiful little memorial volume of the Tri-Centenary, December 5, 1884, of the pious association to which they glory in belonging. It narrates the beginning of the Sodality in the Roman College, under the fostering care of the Jesuit, Father Leonius; its spread through France, Germany, and the Netherlands, etc. The great St. Francis de Sales, in his boyhood, belonged to the Sodality established by the Jesuits at Clermont, Paris, etc. Other zealous sodalists, who afterwards attained eminent sanctity in

the priesthood or the religious state were Blessed Peter Fourier, M. Olier, founder of the Congregation of St. Sulpice, St. Fidelis of Singmaringer, Blessed Leonard of Port Maurice. To the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, the Catholic world is indebted for the institution of the beautiful devotion of the Forty Hours. It has also, wherever established, proved a powerful incentive to the frequentation of the Sacraments. Several chapters of the memorial are devoted to the progress of the Sodality during the present century, and its adaptation to the needs of mature men and women, as well as to those of the young of every condition in life. The book is tastefully bound in white and blue.

ALL of the above books can be obtained of Messrs. Noonan & Co., as well as of the publishers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE Angel Guardian Manual and Useful Almanac for 1865. House of the Angel Guardian, 85 Vernon Street, Boston, Mass. This is a most useful and well gotten up annual of fifty pages. It contains a lot of useful and entertaining matter, and the best of it is, it may be had for five cents. Send for half a dozen copies and distribute them, it is for the benefit of the poor orphans. You won't miss it. The institution of the Angel Guardian is a most useful institution and deserves public support.

THE second volume of the *Regesta* of Honorius III., compiled by the Rev. Professor Pietro Pressutti, will soon be published. This volume will embrace the third and fourth years of the Pontificate of that great Pope—July, 1218, to July, 1220—and will contain 1700 charters or diplomas of the greatest historical importance, of which about 1300 are unknown even to the learned. In this second volume the author has followed the method of arrangement adopted in the first.

WE understand that the Right Rev. Dr. Hedley, Bishop of Newport, has resigned the editorship of the *Dublin Review*, which he has held since January, 1879. It is stated, however, that he hopes to continue to contribute to its pages, perhaps even to a greater extent than editorial occupations have hitherto allowed him to do.

THE diary in which Michael Davitt records his prison experiences has just been published in London, under the title, "Lectures to a Solitary Audience." The book is dedicated to the pet black-bird "Joe," which is apostrophised by the author, in affectionate terms, as "the comrade whose playful moods and loving familiarity helped to cheer the solitude of the convict cell."

AT one of Sheridan's dinner parties, the conversation turned upon the difficulty of satisfactorily defining "wit." Forgetting that he was expected to hear, see, but say nothing, Master Tom informed the company: "Wit is that which sparkles and cuts." "Very good, Tom," said his father. "Then, as you have sparkled you can cut!" and poor Tom had to leave his dinner unfinished. Probably a worse fate awaited the Brooklyn boy, who, called upon to explain the meaning of "Quaker," wrote: "A Quaker is one of a sect who never quarrel, never get into a fight, never claw each other and never jaw back. Pa's a Quaker, but ma isn't!" The youngsters sometimes hit upon very quaint definitions, such as ice, water that staid out in the cold and went to sleep; dust, mud with the juice squeezed out; fan, a thing to brush warm off with; sob, when a fellow wants to cry and it bursts out of itself; wakefulness, eyes all the time coming unbuttoned; chaos, a great pile of nothing and no place to put it in.

A GROUP OF STATUARY.—In the dome of the Capitol of Sacramento, California, may now be seen a magnificent group of marble statuary, by the celebrated American sculptor Meade, representing Columbus at the feet of Queen Isabella, invoking her aid to enable him to fit out the expedition for the discovery of the New World. The artist has chosen for his subject the moment when her Majesty, enthused by the representations of Columbus, declares her intention to pledge her jewels in order to procure the money necessary for the expedition. Columbus kneels at the feet of Isabella, holding a globe in his right hand; while with his left he points out to the Queen the supposed locality of the New World. Isabella has in her right hand a string of of priceless pearls; in her left glisten jewels of untold value. On her right kneels a page in waiting, listening with intense interest to the words of Columbus.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

REV. CORNELIUS J. O'REILLY, of Phillipsburg, N. J., died there on Sunday, Dec. 21, at the pastoral residence of the Church of Sts. Philip and James, of which he had been pastor for twenty-four years. This most zealous priest, who has left his parish well supplied with the schools and other things that a well-regulated parish should have, was born in the county of Cavan, Ireland, over fifty-two years ago. He was educated in the missionary college of All Hallows, Dublin, and in September, 1858, was ordained for the American mission. The silver jubilee of that event, one of the most important in his life, he celebrated in September, a year ago. Before his appointment as pastor, he was assistant in Newark and Jersey City. No priest in the State of New Jersey was more highly respected than he, both for his untiring zeal and for his general worth. May his soul rest in peace.

VERY REV. EDWARD BRENNAN, D.D., pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Cumberland, Md., for the last twenty-six years, died early on the morning of December 5, of brain affection, at the pastoral residence of Very Rev. Edward McColgan, on Hollins street, adjoining St. Peter's Church, Baltimore. He had been in Baltimore several weeks for the benefit of his health. Father Brennan was in the fifty-eighth year of his age, and a native of Kilkenny County, Ireland. He came to this country when about eighteen years of age, and soon entered St. Mary's Seminary, to study for the priesthood. Shortly after his ordination he was stationed at St. Patrick's, Cumberland.

DEATHS AMONG THE CLERGY.—During the year 1884 six priests died in the diocese of Hartford, Conn. They were Rev. Lawrence Walsh, the noble patriot; Eugene Gaffney, of Thomaston; Thomas J. Synnott, of Bridgeport; Andrew Haggerty, Danielsonville, H. E. Dinen, of New Haven; and Gerald J. O'Farrell, of the Cathedral, Hartford. Rev. Thomas J. Synnott was the only aged priest among the deceased. Fathers Walsh and Gaff-

ney were in the prime of manhood and were hard at work in their pastoral charges when summoned by an omnipotent God. Fathers Haggerty and O'Farrell had been ordained but a few years and were assistants at the time of death. Father Dinen, had been ordained but a few months. May the souls of all rest in peace.

WE regret to announce the death of the Very Rev. Father Utili, D.D., Prior of St. Dominic's Church, Red Barns, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.

DEATH OF MGR. UBALDI.—It is with expressions of profound regret that the Catholic Journals of Rome announce the death of Mgr. Ubaldo Ubaldi on the 12th of December. Mgr. Ubaldi, who a few days ago was nominated Domestic Prelate by his Holiness, was Professor of Sacred Scripture at the Roman Seminary of the Apollinaire and at the College of Propaganda. He was also professor and spiritual director of the students of the American College. He was regarded as one of the glories of the Roman Clergy, and his early death, he having only attained his 46th year—is deeply felt as a void in the ranks of that body.

SISTERS.

TWO AGED IRISH NUNS were buried yesterday, says the Dublin Freeman of December 5,—one in the conventual cemetery of the Presentation Convent at Tuam, under the shadow of the Archbishop's Cathedral, and with the blessing of His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. McEvilly; the other in the restful little burial-ground of the Loretto Convent at Balbriggan. Possibly they were the two senior ladies of the religious cloistered communities in Ireland. Miss Tucker, better known as Mother Teresa, was the oldest nun in the long-established branch of the Presentation Order at Tuam. She was close on eighty years of age, and was one of the first who entered the convent. Mother Mary Ursula Dwyer, the revered lady who, after more than fifty years' work in the Order of Loretto, was buried at Balbriggan, was in her seventy-ninth year. She entered on her novitiate at Rath-

farnham the year of the great Reform Act of 1832. She has died the year of the great Reform Act of 1884. Nor is the political allusion out of place in the obituary notice of a nun of Loretto who numbered O'Connell amongst her friends, and who was as patriotic as she was holy. The last twenty-two years of a useful life of religious self-sacrifice she spent in her convent at Balbriggan.

LAY PEOPLE.

DEATH OF A REMARKABLE WOMAN.

—The death has just occurred at Benares, India, of an old lady bearing the Hibernian name of Kennedy, who was certainly a noteworthy personage. She was Anna, widow of General James Kennedy, of the Bengal Cavalry. She was in her ninety-seventh year, having been born in 1787, and she lived to see no fewer than 176 lineal descendants, of whom 128 survive her. She had eighteen children, eighty grandchildren, seventy-three great-grandchildren, and five great-great-grandchildren. Her father, husband, two sons, one son-in-law, and four grandsons were generals in the army, and her descendants include many military officers of lower rank. She married at fifteen, was never out of India for a single day, and spent all her life on the plains, except once, when she paid a brief visit to the hills, the climate of which disagreed with her. Her husband died a quarter of a century ago at the ripe age of eighty-two.

ALDERMAN A. J. SULLIVAN died at Chicago, Ill., on the 12th of December. The City Council and the citizens generally paid honor to his memory.

GENERAL MALACHI MARTIN, who died on the 29th of August, at his home "The Hermitage Vineyards," Mt. Pleasant, Florida, was born in Ireland, and came to this country in 1847. When the war broke out he closed a successful and honorable business career in New York, and entered the federal army as quartermaster with Meagher's Brigade and continuing in active service until the close of the war, having participated in over thirty engagements. He then settled at Tallahassee and engaged in planting cotton and in horticultural pursuits until his appointment as Warden to take charge of the U. S. Arsenal and buildings given by the government to the State for a prison, which position he held for nine years with

the rank of Colonel, discharging its duties in a humane and exemplary manner. His next and final public service was as U. S. Surveyor General for the State of Florida. Personally he was of the most amiable disposition and cordial manner, winning friends amongst his political adversaries, who could not fail to recognize and appreciate his integrity and rare manly worth, which, with his uncommon executive ability, made him a valuable public servant. He has always been a leading member of his party, having occupied the position of Chairman of the Republican State Committee, and at one time represented his County in the State Legislature.

THE DEATH is announced of the Countess Mary O'Shea de Montbriol, only sister of Captain O'Shea, M. P. She was a titular lady of honor to the Queen of Bavaria, and a lady of the Royal Order of Theresa. The deceased was a remarkable linguist, and a person of great literary tastes and acquirements, and although she generally lived abroad there are many poor families in the west of Ireland who lose in her a generous benefactress.

I. C. B. U. Journal:—After denouncing Blaine as a Know Nothing in 1854. Democratic opinion now assigns to Cleveland's cabinet one whom everybody in Philadelphia knows to have been a full-degreed Know Nothing, Hon. Samuel J. Randall. His addresses at Irish National League meetings of late years are, no doubt, accepted as reparation for that crime of thirty years ago.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

APPENDIX TO CROMWELL IN IRELAND.

tion about its state had already been given by some traitors, Catholics only in name, who, after having lived on our bounty for a long time, were terror-stricken at the enemy's ravages, and had disappeared. We believe that God appointed that day to be the witness, not indeed of our destruction, but of our glory, and it was meet that those who wished to taste the delight of the Cross must first share its ignominy. When the reconnoitring was over, the hostile army divided into three parties, whose points of attack were the three weaker portions of our fortifications. Before attacking, a messenger left their lines and came up to the rock to treat about a surrender on these terms: that the garrison should be allowed to depart with their muskets and with bullets in bouche, but that the clergy and citizens should be left to the mercy of their commander. Here the bravery of the Catholic soldiers shone out, and they replied that they would risk their lives in defence of those whom they had vowed to protect rather than break their word, and that they preferred to dye with their hearts' blood that holy ground to allowing it to be desecrated by heretical miscreants. The Puritan leader was stung to the quick by this generous answer, and ordered the charge to be sounded. On they come with lightning speed, at the same time throwing fire-brands into the air, one of which, happening to fall into the vestibule of the monastery of the Friars Minor, set the hall on fire, and burned it to the ground. They slack not their speed until under cover of the walls, where they are safe out of range, for the turrets and embrasures were too high to admit of aim being taken at the enemy as they lay at close quarters. The besieged, therefore, throw away their guns, and climbing up the steep bastions, hurl down the foe as they appear above the scaling-ladders, until overcome by the numbers that swarmed up the north wall, the least defensible portion of the fort, they fall back slowly, intending to take up a position in the church. Scarcely have they begun to retreat when the enemy press round them on all sides with renewed energy. The very cemetery itself is disputed inch by inch, until of those that remained outside the church not one survived. The issue of the day depends on the capture of the main building, which therefore the enemy make the centre of attack. They charge the north and south doors, but are driven back with no less determination by our sol-

diers. Unable to effect an entrance in this direction, the Puritans plant their ladders against the walls of the church, and leap through the windows. Hemmed in on all sides, nevertheless our brave defenders fight with the energy of despair, and nothing could be heard in that vast edifice but the clash of arms and the shouts of the combatants. For upwards of half an hour the contest raged in the very nave of the cathedral with equal valor on both sides, but unequal forces, the fanatical enemy polluting the very sanctuary, and dyeing its stones with blood consecrated to God and His Church. At length our defenders, now reduced to sixty, turn and ascend the steps of the bell-tower, followed by the enemy, who call on them to surrender. With the alternative before them of death by starvation or by the enemy's sword, they give themselves up on condition of their lives being spared. The deceitful commander gave his word, but as soon as their swords were collected he gave the order to kill all without exception. Many are at once cut down, some of the richer citizens are spared in hope of ransom, others run to hide themselves in the crypts and vaults, of which there was a great number about. All, however, with the exception of one or two, are either dispatched by the sword or retained as prisoners. The Bishop, together with the Mayor and his son, and a few others, conceal themselves in a more secure and secret hiding-place, but do not stir therefrom until assured of their safety.

Thus ended that cruel butchery and the most disgraceful sacrilege that was ever seen in Ireland. We lost about one thousand men, the enemy at least five hundred. Of these latter twelve, or as some say sixteen, were descendants of the same family, and bore about them the marks of that disgrace which had befallen their ancestors on account of the injury done to the horses of St. Thomas of Canterbury. Three of the secular clergy, the Prior of the Dominicans, and one of our Society, fell in the performance of their sacred duties. Old men on the verge of the grave, whose weapons were their rosaries, defenceless women and children, were struck at the very altars without regard to age or sex. Women, whom the sword had spared, were stripped and sent away, yet not daring to expose their nakedness to the light of day, slunk into the corners of the temple and covered themselves with blood. The mind sickens at the thought; but what

was more horrible than the desecration of the sacred objects! In one word, the enemy, exulting over their prey, hew in pieces and burn all the statues, overthrow the altars, and pollute the sacred vessels. The large crucifix that towered above the entrance to the choir had its head, hands, and feet struck off, the organ was broken, and the bells, whose chimes cheered our soldiers as they fought, were deprived of their clappers and their beautiful tone. Nothing escaped the ruthless hand of the spoiler. The Puritans load themselves with the goods of the citizens, with which the church was filled; they excavate the very crypts, and break open the marble tombs in hope of plunder. To gain credit for the story that was afterwards circulated, that only six or seven of their own soldiers were slain, they strip the clothing off their dead, and drag them into the church and cemetery, that they may not be distinguished from our own people. All the passages, even the altars, chapels, sacristies, bell-tower steps, and seats were so thickly covered with corpses, that one could not walk a step without treading on a dead body. Those who remember the splendor of the cathedral in the celebration of the sacred ceremonies on holidays and feast days, and the sumptuous workmanship of the altars and monuments, could not bring themselves to view the scene of horror, or, if they did look upon it, they shed abundant tears the while. Here the course of cruelty and sacrilege did not end, but rather increased in fury. The soldiers sold the property of the citizens, the church furniture, and the sacred vessels to the people of the neighboring villages, who came flocking together as if to a fair. What they cannot sell is either torn in pieces or thrown into the dung-pits. Some dress themselves in the precious vestments, and with birrettas on their heads invite the rest to Mass. Others dash the holy images against the walls, and others again bear aloft in solemn procession a headless statue of the Immaculate Virgin, exquisitely wrought with golden tracery. The pictures of St. Patrick and St. Ignatius, together with those of other saints, deaf and dumb idols as they called them, were turned into horse-cloths or used as sacks. One man there was, who on catching sight of the smaller statue of the Blessed Virgin at our house, scoffed at it, saying: "How now, Mary of Ireland, how now? Eat some peas." But his mockery was the cause of his death, for a little time after, while he was re-

moving the iron bars from the window of a house, a stone dropped from the top-most story, and falling on his head broke in his skull. Lord Inchiquin himself put on the Archbishop's mitre, boasting aloud that he was the Governor of Munster and the Mayor and Archbishop of Cashel. Not only the goods of the citizens and the church ornaments suffered from the ravages of the soldiers, but also the dwellings in the city and the houses consecrated to God. Already the burning brands were applied to the wooden partitions, when some of the chief men stepped forward, and by the promise of a large sum of money, to be contributed by all the citizens, saved the city from a deluge of fire. Yet the conflagration could not be got under, and the most ancient city of Cashel, that had seen so long a succession of kings and archbishops, was burnt to the ground. That city, I say, which because it had received the light of the faith from Patrick, suffered it never to be extinguished or obscured, endured such a change that for a long time no priest or sacred rite was seen there. Graced by the trophies of so many victories for the faith, strengthened by the protection of so many patron saints, the city contains a Puritan enemy in its midst. Hallowed by the presence of so many religious orders, the home of so many families that worshipped God in fear and love, in one hour the devoted city pays the penalty of the sins of Ireland. And the cause of wonder to all is, that heaven looks upon it and is silent, and does not yet avenge the death of its saints. Has the confidence of the people been a vain one? Truly we should rather admire than question the judgments of God; we should rather weep for our sins than besiege heaven to turn aside its wrath. What we hope for is that Cashel will not become a by-word among men, and will acquire greater glory by its losses for the faith than by its triumphs. While we mourn that loved ones are no more, we rejoice that they are crowned with the martyr's crown above, and it is not wrong to think that their souls are in bliss. For on the nights preceding the destruction of the city, when we went to the soldiers of the garrison and exhorted them to abstain from swearing and other practices of the camp, we found them compliant beyond measure, and prepared to shed their blood for the faith. Before they engaged the enemy most of them several times, all at least once, cleansed their consciences by confession, and received the Bread of Life. But if they are de-

tained in the cleansing fire of purgatory, I recommend them most earnestly to the sacrifices and prayers of your Reverence and the rest of the Fathers on this day, the Commemoration of the Souls of the Faithful Departed.

VI.

THE WALLING OF ROSS.

NEW Ross was formerly styled Nova Villa Pontis Wilelmi Marescalli, having been built by William Earl Marshal, who married the grand-daughter of Dermot McMorrogh, near the monastery of Rossmic-truin, founded in the sixth century by St. Abban. Holinshed says, "It was also called Rosse Nova or Rosse Ponte, by reason of the bridge, that which they call old Ross bearing east three miles into the countrie of Wexford." The same author gives the following curious account of the building of the walls; "The towne is builded in a barren soyle, and planted among a crew of naughtie and prowlyng neighbours. And in olde tyme when it flourished, albeit the towne were sufficiently peopled, yet as long as it was not compassed with walles, they were formed with watche and warde, to keep it from the greedy snatchyng of the Irishe enemies. With whome as they were generally molested, so the privat consenyng of one peasaunt on a sodayne incensed them to inviron their towne with strong and substantial walls. There repayed one of the Irishe to this towne on horsebacke, and espyng a piece of clothe on a merchant's stall, tooke hold thereof, and bet the clothe to the lowest pryce he could. As the merchant and he stood dodging one wyth the other in cheaping the ware, the horseman considering that he was well-mounted, and that the merchant and he had growen to a pryce, made wyse as though he woulde have drawn to his purse to have defrayed the money. The clothe in the meane while being tuckte up and placed before him, he gave the spurre to his horsse, and ranne away with the cloth, being not imbard from his posting pase, by reason the towne was not perclosed eyther wyth ditch or wall. The townesmen being pincht at the heart that one rascall in such scornful wise should give them the stampaine, not so much weighing the sclendernesse of the losse as the shamefulnessse of the foyle, they put their heads together, consulting how to prevent eyther the sudden rushing or the posthast flying of any such adven-

turous rakehell hereafter. In which consultation a famous Dido, a chaste wydowe, a politike dame, a bountifull woman called Rose, who representing in sinceritie of life the sweetnesste of that herbe whose name she bore, unfolded the devise how any such future mischaunce shoulde be prevented; and withall opened her coffers liberally to have it furthered, two good properties in a counsaylour. Her devise was, that the towne shoulde incontinently be inclosed with walles, and therewythall promised to discharge the charges, so that they would not sticke to finde out labourers. The devise of this worthie matrone being wise, and the offer liberall, the townesmen agreed to follow the one and to put their helping handes to the achieving of the other. The worke was begunne, which through the multitude of handes seemed light. For the whole towne was assembled tagge and ragge, cutte and long tayle; none exempted except such as were bedrid and impotent. Some were tasked to delve, others appointed with mattocks to digge, divers allotted to the unheaping of rubbishe, many bestowed to the caryage of stones, sundry occupied in tempering of morter, the better sort busied in overseeing the workemen, eche one according to hys vocation employed, as though the citie of Carthage were a freshe in building, as it is featlye verified by the golden Poet Virgil. The labourers were so many, the worke, by reason of round and exchequer payment, so well applyed, the quarry of fayre marble so neere at hand, that these walles with diverse brave turrets were sodainly mounted, and in manner sooner finished than to the Irishe enemies notified. These walles in circuit are equal to London walles. It hath three gorgious gates, Bishop his gate, on the east side; Allegate, on the east-south-east side; and South gate, on the south porte."

This bountifull gentlewoman was probably the widow of Sir Ralph Meyler, who obtained a grant of freedom for the port from Edward III. But an Anglo-Norman poem, "Rithmus facture ville de Rosse," an old manuscript copy of which, supposed to be in the handwriting of the author, Friar Michael Bernard of Kildare, now among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, says Ross was fortified in 1265, in consequence of the feud then existing between Maurice Fitzgerald, Baron of Offaly, and Walter de Burgo, Earl of Ulster, "whose deadly wars wrought bloodshed and trouble throughout the realm of Ireland." The citizens,

fearing they should suffer in consequence, enclosed the town. This old poem was inserted by Sir Frederick Madden, in vol. xxii. of the *Archæologia*. The spirited translation which we give is by L. E. L. (Mrs. Mac Lean); it is taken from Crofton Croker's *Popular Songs of Ireland*, who gives the original side by side with it. This ballad is the basis of Sir S. Ferguson's "Rosabel of Ross" in the *Dublin University Magazine* :—

I have a whim to speak in verse,
If you will list what I rehearse,
For an unheeded tale, I wisse,
Not worth a clove of garlic is.
Please you, then, to understand,
'Tis of a town in Ireland;
For its size the one most fair
That I know of anywhere.
But the town had cause of dread
In the feud two barons spread;
Sir Maurice — and Sir Walter, see,
Here their names shall written be;
Also that fair city's name —
Ross they then did call the same.
'Tis the new bridge-town of Ross.
Which no walls did then enclose;
It therefore feared a stranger's blows.
Commons both, and leading men,
Gathered in the Council then,
What for safety to devise,
In shortest time and lowest price;
'Twas that round the town be thrown
Walls of mortar and of stone.
For this war filled them with fear;
Much they dreaded broil so near.
Candlemas, it was the day
They began to delve in clay,
Marking out a foss, to show
Where the future wall should go.
Soon 'twas traced, and then were hired
Workmen; all the task desired.
More than a hundred workmen ply
Daily 'neath the townsmen's eye;
Yet small advance these fellows made,
Though to labor they were paid.
So the Council met again;
Such a law as they passed then!
Such a law might not be found,
Nor on French nor English ground.
Next day a summons read aloud,
Gathered speedily a crowd;
When the law proclaimed they hear,
'Twas received with many a cheer.
Then a good man did advance,
And explained the ordinance;
Vintners, drapers, merchants, all
Were to labor at the wall,
From the early morning time,
Till the day was in its prime.
More than a thousand men, I say,
Went to the goodly work each day.

Monday they began their labors,
Gay with banners, flutes and tabours;
Soon as the noon hour was come,
These good people hastened home,
With their banners proudly borne.
Then the youth advanced in turn,
And the town they made it ring
With their merry carolling;
Singing loud and full of mirth,
Away they go to shovel earth.
And the priests, when Mass was chanted,
In the foss they dug and panted:
Quicker, harder, worked each brother,
Harder far than any other;
For both old and young did feel
Great and strong with holy zeal.
Mariners came next, and they
Pass'd along in fair array,
With their banner borne before,
Which a painted vessel bore.
Full six hundred were they then;
But full eleven hundred men
Would have gathered by the wall,
If they had attended all.

Tuesday came — coatmakers, tailors,
Fullers, cloth-dyers, and "sellers;"
Right good hands, these jolly blades,
Were they counted at their trades.
Away they worked like those before,
Though the others numbered more;
Scarce four hundred did they stand,
But they were a worthy band.

Wednesday following down there came
Other bands who worked the same;
Butchers, cordwainers, and tanners,
Bearing each their separate banners.
Painted as might appertain
To their craft, and, 'mid the train
Many a brave bachelor;
Small and great were numbered o'er,
Singing, as they worked, their song,
Just three hundred were they strong.

Thursday came, the fishermen
And the hucksters followed then,
Who sell corn and fish: they bear
Divers banners, for they were
Full four hundred; and the crowd
Carrollèd and sung aloud;
And the wainwrights, they came too —
They were only thirty-two;
A single banner went before,
Which a fish and platter bore.

But on Saturday the stir
Of blacksmith, mason, carpenter,
Hundreds three with fifty told,
Many were they, true and bold;
And they toiled with main and might,
Needful knew they 'twas and right.

Then on Sunday there came down
 All the dames of that brave town;
 Know, good laborers were they,
 But their numbers none may say.
 On the ramparts there were thrown
 By their fair hands many a stone;
 Who had there a gazer been,
 Many a beauty might have seen.
 Many a scarlet mantle too,
 Or of green or russet hue;
 Many a fair cloak had they,
 And robes dight with colors gay.
 In all lands where I have been,
 Such fair dames working, I've not seen.
 He who had to choose the power,
 Had been born in lucky hour.
 Many a banner was displayed,
 While the work the ladies aid;
 When their gentle hands had done
 Piling up rude heaps of stone,
 Then they walked the foss along,
 Singing sweet a cheerful song;
 And returning to the town
 All these rich dames there sat down;
 Where, with mirth and wine and song,
 Passed the pleasant hours along.
 Then they said a gate they'd make,
 Called the Ladies, for their sake,
 And their prison there should be;
 Whoso entered, straightway he
 Should forgo his liberty.
 Lucky doom, I ween, is his
 Who a lady's prisoner is;
 Light the fetters are to wear
 Of a lady kind and fair;
 But of them enough is said,
 Turn we to the foss instead.

Twenty feet that foss is deep,
 And a league in length doth creep,
 When the noble work is done,
 Watchmen then there needeth none;
 All may sleep in peace and quiet
 Without fear of evil riot.
 Fifty thousand might attack,
 And yet turn them bootless back.
 Warlike stores there are enough,
 Bold assailant to rebuff.
 We have hauberks many a one,
 Savage, garcon, haubergeon;
 Doublets too, and coats of mail,
 Yew bows good withouten fail.
 In no city have I seen
 So many good glaives, I ween.
 Crossbows hanging on the wall,
 Arrows too, to shoot withal;
 Every house is full of maces,
 And good shields and talevaces.
 Crossbow men, when numbered o'er,
 Are three hundred and three score;
 And three hundred archers show,
 Ready with a gallant bow;

And three thousand men advance,
 Armed with battle axe and lance;
 Above a hundred knights who wield
 Arms aye ready for the field.
 I warrant you the town's prepared
 'Gainst all enemies to guard.
 Here I deem it meet to say,
 No desire for war have they,
 But to keep their city free,
 Blamed of no man can they be.
 When the wall is carried round,
 None in Ireland will be found
 Bold enough to dare to fight.
 Let a foeman come in sight,
 If the city horn twice sound,
 Every burgess will be found
 Eager in the warlike labor,
 Striving to outdo his neighbor;
 God give them the victory;
 Say amen for charity.
 In no other isle is known
 Such a hospitable town;
 Joyously the people greet
 Every stranger in their street.
 Free is he to sell and buy,
 And sustain no tax thereby.
 Town and people once again
 I commend to God. Amen.

VII.

REVOLT OF THE MUNSTER GAR-
RISONS TO CROMWELL.

THE following are the depositions made
 by the leading "Revolters" in each of the
 garrisons.

CORK.

Colonel Richard Townsend, now resi-
 dent in Castlehaven, English Protestant,
 at the declaring of Cork for the Parlia-
 ment of England, October 16th, 1649, a
 prisoner in said city, being duly sworn,
 saith: That about three days before the
 declaring of Cork, Captain Robert Myhill
 came to this Examinant's chambers where
 he was committed, and informed him that
 Colonel Sterling, then governor of Cork,
 commanded him to acquaint this E. that
 the Lord Inchiquin had ordered Colonel
 Jefford should be sent to Bandon Bridge,
 and Colonel Warden, to the fort of Cork,
 and this E. to the fort of Kinsale the next
 morning: upon which tidings the E. with
 his partners were very much troubled, and
 did believe their separation was with in-
 tent to have them speedily executed.
 Whereupon Captain Myhill took E. aside,
 and advised him to endeavor their con-
 tinuance in the place where they were,
 and he did believe it would be much to
 their security, and thereupon acquainted

him of an intention of several persons to secure the city and fort of Cork and castle of Shandon for the Parliament of England and the then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He well remembered that the same night of the declaring he saw Colone John Jefford, William Warden, Charles Blunt, John Hodder, Lieutenant-Colonels William Reeves and Thomas Dowdridge, Captains Robert Myhill, Peter Carew, George Bell, Captain-Lieutenant Richard Burnell, Lieutenants Thomas Hewett and John Thomas, Ensigns Roland Langford, Samuel Pomeroy, Thomas Benger, Capt. Thomas Dethick, Thomas Powell, Captain Henry Rogers, and Thomas Boles, to be very active in securing said city, fort, and castle for the English interest.

Colonel Charles Blunt, now resident at Clonmel, English Protestant, at the declaring of Cork commanding a regiment of foot in Lord Inchiquin's army. That night he saw Jefford, Townsend, and Warden at first drawing of the men together at the mainguard, very active in promoting said work; and particularly that Colonel Jefford secured Colonel Sterling, then governor of Cork.

Captain Peter Carew,¹ now resident at Rosscarbery, at the declaring of Cork, a captain of foot in that city. Two months before the declaring of the city, E. and Captain Myhill had several meetings to contrive the surrender of Cork, which, by the blessing of God, was effected with the assistance of Colonels Townsend, Gifford, and Warden, then imprisoned for Inchiquin; and also one sergeant Hugh Buckland, then in the fort of Cork, under the command of Colonel Agmondisham Muschamp, then governor thereof, was of the council four days before, and did assist by removing a sentinel and giving an opportunity by placing of a ladder and entrance by a port-hole which was effected by the industry of Captain Robert Myhill, with a small party of men, said Muschamp being absent, who took the lieutenant, ensign, and about twenty more that kept the same.

Captain Robert Myhill, a captain in Colonel Sterling's regiment. About six weeks before the declaring of Cork, considering with himself the sad condition the

English interest was then brought into, he cast about in his own thoughts what was best for him and the other English Protestants to do, in order to freeing himself and them. So went into the shop of one Captain Thomas Bowles, to whom he opened his mind, and told Bowles he thought it advisable to use some means for delivering himself and others from the bondage they were in (the Lord Inchiquin having joined with the Irish); and thus having a great influence on him, told him that he had about eight good men of his own company who, he was sure, would stand by him.

Bowles promised to influence the townspeople also. When several officers had secured the mainguard, the two ports of the city, and placed a guard upon Colonel Sterling and others whom they durst not trust, E. with fourteen private soldiers, about twelve o'clock the same night, went to surprise the fort, which he soon effected by going in at a port-hole where a sentinel was wont to be set, one Sergeant Buckland being promised £50 to remove said sentinel, and also he surprised in the fort a lieutenant and thirty-four soldiers, the governor Muschamp being that night at his farm, and having no knowledge of his design. Nor durst they inform him, being looked upon as a great enemy to the English interest.

William Sexton, mason, now resident at Cork, saw Thomas Hooper, and others, about eleven o'clock, making barricadoes at the mainguard with butcher's blocks and other materials, for better securing the same in case any rising should be in the town.

Colonel Robert Phayre, now governor of Cork, about the end of August, 1649, knew divers persons of his old acquaintance who were in Lord Inchiquin's army, and taken at the rout before Dublin, which he knew to be honest-hearted toward the English interests; and some of these stayed by his advice in Inchiquin's army to serve said interest; and therefore E. made it his request to Lord-Lieutenant Cromwell and Lord Ireton that such of said persons as he might choose might have paroles to come down to Munster, to procure their ransom and exchange, which was only a disguise for their employment thither in the county of Cork, and had instructions to several well-affected persons to inform them of the Lord Lieutenant's design to redeem the English inhabitants, and said county and the ports adjacent, from the bondage Inchiquin had brought them under.

¹ The name is written, Carew, Cary, and Carey; the latter is the form used in the signature. His widow and son obtained a grant under the Act of Settlement of lands in the county of Cork, on the Blackwater two miles east of Fermoy, where his descendants still reside.

Rev. D. W. Cahill, D.D.

MORE than twenty years have passed away since this eminent divine breathed his last in this city of Boston; and now, after all this time, it is gratifying to know that his dying wish that his remains be taken to his native soil for interment is about to be complied with. Over a thousand Irishmen, headed by the Lord-Mayor of Dublin, the mayor of Cork, several members of Parliament, and others, recently sent a petition to His Grace, Archbishop Williams, asking permission to disinter the remains from the grave in Holyhood Cemetery, and translate them to Ireland where a suitable grave has been prepared for them in Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin, in close proximity to that of O'Connell. Archbishop Williams has granted the request, and on February 22d, the remains will be exhumed and sent to New York in charge of a committee. Upon their arrival in that city on the morning of the 23d, they will be received by a deputation of gentlemen, and taken, under escort of the 69th regiment and several Catholic societies, to St. Patrick's Cathedral, where a solemn requiem mass will be celebrated. The coffin will then be escorted to the steamship and sent to Ireland, where all that remains of the gifted priest, the eloquent and fearless preacher, and the sterling Irishman, will soon repose beneath the shamrocks in the land that he so faithfully loved and labored for.

Rev. Daniel William Cahill, D.D., was born at Ashfield, near Arless, in Queen's County, Ireland, in the year 1796. His father was a civil engineer of some reputation and considerable ability, and from boyhood up inculcated in the mind of the future divine, a love of mathematics and the natural sciences. When old enough Daniel was sent to a school at Athy, county Kildare, where he finished a course in preliminary studies and then entered Maynooth College to study for the priesthood, being at the time eighteen years of age. Here he was distinguished for his aptness in mastering the most difficult studies and for his remarkable powers of penetration.

In course of time he was ordained to the priesthood by the celebrated Dr. Doyle, and was assigned as a curate at Leighlinbridge where he spent a few years. In 1825 he was transferred to the professorship of Natural Philosophy at Carlon College, and it was while there that he established the foundation for his fame as a *savant*; his vast knowledge of the natural sciences making for him, even thus early, a name that ranked among the first, not only in Ireland, but in all Europe. He stayed at Carlon until 1834, when he opened a school near Dublin, and began his career as a lecturer and preacher. In this new field his success was almost phenomenal, and his fame spread with wonderful rapidity. His varied attainments and his great knowledge adorned every theme he touched. He was a finished orator, too, and possessed rare ease and felicity of expression, combined with great powers of elucidation, which, together with his splendid presence, enabled him to hold the attention of any audience, no matter of what class it might be composed. His personal appearance is described by one of his biographers thus:

He was six feet four inches in stature, and of majestic and grace-

ful proportions, and every movement denoted grace, energy and power. His head was like that of one of Canova's best masterpieces, a model which a phrenologist would select as a specimen of perfect development, and, when he became animated in the course of a lecture, sermon or public address, the great intellectual power of the man, beamed from his countenance and especially from his deep, dark eye—the reflex of his genius."

As a theological controversialist Dr. Cahill had no rival in his time. His letter exposing the missions for the "conversion" of Roman Catholics was original in style and a model of terse and forceful reasoning. In it he denounced the missions as the offspring of "a flagitious system which lives on falsehood, grows fat on calumny, and which claims the venerable, spotless honors of sanctity from perjury to man, and blasphemy to God." In his letter to Rev. J. Burns, who endeavored to "convert" him, Dr. Cahill again showed the vigor of his mental energies and his great polemical ability in characteristic fashion, every word being like the flash of a Damascus blade, bright, keen and cutting, and it left the reverend Protestant evangelist without a leg to stand on—so to speak. It would take a volume if we were to record Dr. Cahill's labors as a religious disputant, and we must, therefore, limit ourselves to a few examples only in these pages. Suffice it to say that even his opponents allowed him the possession of uncommon mental endowments, and extraordinary ability and force of character, all who had the temerity to measure strength with him in the field of controversy invariably living to regret it.

But if the Irish people admired Dr. Cahill for his genius and his courage, they loved him for his devotion to his people, and for his patriotic labors in behalf of his country, for none regarded Ireland with a more ardent and unselfish love than he. In "black '47," while still in the vigor of life, he saw his beloved country decimated by the fearful famine and the attendant fevers. He was a witness, too, to the desperate blow for liberty struck by the gallant "young Irishmen" in "'48." These were the dark days of Ireland's thrall when the boldest quailed before the horrors which followed in the track of the dread scourges, fever and famine and martial law; but yet they were days which brought out resplendently the virtues of the priests of the Catholic religion. Precisely as within a month or two the Catholic priests and Sisters of Charity of Toulon and Marseilles devoted their lives and energies to succoring the cholera-stricken victims, Dr. Cahill and his fellow-clergymen labored in Ireland in that darkest period in her history, labored alleviating the sufferings of the sick, preparing and calming the souls of the dying, and bringing comfort and encouragement to the despairing.

When the famine passed away Dr. Cahill went over to England on his forever memorable mission,—that of refuting the calumnies against his faith and his countrymen. His task was a gigantic one, and would have appalled a heart less stout; but he was equal to anything in behalf of religion and country, and valiantly took up the cudgels against the traducers of Ireland. The press, the Parliament, and the pulpit were against him; he had to fight unreasoning bigotry, and the most rabid prejudices; but he never once faltered. Upheld by the courage common

to his race ; firm in the consciousness of a noble purpose ; animated by the spirit of the martyrs of his holy religion, and relying with confidence upon the support of a just God, he went among his enemies with a brave heart, sure of his powers and anticipating victory.

And he soon made his presence known. He delivered lectures that attracted immense audiences ; he published open letters ; he attacked Lord Derby, Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, the Duke of Wellington, and the government generally, and his letters were widely commented on and copied. His compositions were much admired for their beauty of style, their vigor of expression, and the biting irony and scathing sarcasm which they contained. His letter to Mr. Stanley, nicknamed by O'Connell "Scorpion" Stanley, created a great sensation in all circles. Speaking in it of England and England's rulers he said : "Our noble country ! the mistress of arts and science, the scourge of France ! the arbitress of Europe ! the seat of virtue, piety, sanctity, honor and truth !!! the pride and envy of the whole world !!! the patron of the oppressed ! the emancipator of the slave ! the country of the free, and the beloved sister of Ireland !!! Ah, Lord Derby, your government can bully and persecute and spoliage and infidelize when your victims are unable to offer resistance to your tyranny and to your accursed oppression ; but, Heaven be forever praised, the scene is at length beginning to change . . . Your two successive governments have exposed England to the contempt of mankind ; you have made her a jester at St. Petersburg ; a revolutionist and a base cringer at Vienna ; a time-server at Paris and an infidel at Rome ; a traitor at Naples ; a burglar at Madrid ; a perjurer at Lisbon ; a persecuter at Berne ; a tyrant at Athens ; a coward at Washington ; a hypocrite at home, and the devil in Ireland."

The foregoing is an example of the forceful manner in which Dr. Cahill wrote ; and we can well believe that the enemies of his faith and of his country quailed before his pen. From the time of the so-called reformation down to his day the Catholic religion and the Irish race had no such champion in England. He crushed the calumniators and defamers of his faith and of his country into silence by the force of his magnificent genius, and the justice of his cause, and then, his grand work accomplished, he sailed for America.

Here, where his fame had long preceded him, he was received with open arms, and given the heartiest of welcomes, not only by his own countrymen, but by men of intellect and culture of every race and creed. For a few years he travelled through the country lecturing and preaching, delighting large audiences and "enlivening the old race with the glories of its history and the prestige of its faith." Then his health began gradually to fail and he determined to return to Ireland to die ; but the God whom he had so long and so faithfully served willed it otherwise, and the soul of the great scholar, theologian, orator and patriot went to its reward in Heaven on the 28th day of October, 1864. His death took place in this city of Boston and was calm and peaceful. His body was inclosed in a lead coffin and interred in Holyhood Cemetery to await its removal to Ireland in accordance with his dying wish — a wish, thank God, that is now, after twenty years, about to be fulfilled.

ORDER OF THE FORTY HOURS' DEVOTION

In the Churches of the Archdiocese of Boston,

For the Year 1885.

JANUARY.

18. *2d Sunday after Epiphany*, Church of the Immaculate Conception, *Newburyport*.
25. *Third* " " " St. Francis de Sales. *Vernon St., Boston.*

FEBRUARY.

1. *Septuagesima Sunday*, Help of Christians, *Newton.*
8. *Sexagesima* " St. Mary, *Franklin.*
15. *Quinquagesima* " St. Lawrence O'Toole, *Lawrence.*
15. " St. Leonard of Port Maurice, *Boston.*
22. *First Sunday in Lent.* Francis de Sales, *Charlestown.*
22. " " St. Patrick, *Lowell.*
27. *Second Friday,* " Cathedral of the Holy Cross, *Boston.*

AGENT FOR ONTARIO.

MR. CHARLES MCALLISTER is appointed our Agent for Ontario, Dominion of Canada.

AGENT FOR THE SOUTH.

MR. J. H. LEONARD, of Richmond, Va is appointed our Agent for the Southern States.

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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XIII.

BOSTON, MARCH, 1885.

No. 3.

"THE future of the Irish race in this country, will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Unity of the Human Race.

ESTIMATE OF INFIDEL SCIENTISTS.

I REMEMBER, fifteen or twenty years ago, an article in the "Cornhill Magazine," in which the writer remarked that if a person desired to see the various races which had, from time to time, established themselves in Ireland, he ought to pay a visit to some country chapel in the vicinity of Carrick-on-Suir. As I happen to be a native of that town, the above observation struck me very forcibly, for I had myself very frequently noticed the remarkable variety of feature and appearance visible at the large cattle fairs. Sound science, as well as revelation, tells us that all men are of the same species. It is not necessary for us to regard man as the only animal that makes fires, with Bernardinè de St. Pierre. Of course, as Catholics, it is a point of faith with us, that all men sinned in Adam. All men have the essence of a veritable man. They are all composed of body and soul and made to God's likeness.

Infidels make a sad mess of it when they write on the varieties of the human race. This only shows how feeble is the human intellect, and how liable to go astray, if not guided by divine revelation.

Men are apt to over-estimate that which they themselves do not possess. Hence we see ignorant parents fancying that education will do wonders for their children, Hence, too, we see men, and men, too, of sound mind and great learning, but who are not versed in physical science, look upon the professors of physical science with great reverence.

Now, my object is not to decry physical science, or any other science. Let everything have its due. But I place before me the useful purpose of squeezing the unbelieving scientists down to their proper dimensions. Who are those men? They are Englishmen for

the most part, at least the leaders of the party that has most influence among English-speaking people.

Where are their claims? Are they not inferior to the Catholic Irish in natural talent, in methods of acquiring sound knowledge, and in candor? Why then listen to them as if they were oracles? A celebrated English historian asserts that one solitary Benedictine monastery did more for learning than the two Protestant Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

Lord O'Hagan did not hesitate to state in his place in the House of Lords that in the examinations for the Civil Service the Irish boys far surpassed the boys of England and Scotland. Macaulay writes, that in the "penal days," "There were, indeed, Irish Roman Catholics of great ability, energy, and ambition; but they were found everywhere except in Ireland, at Versailles and at Saint Ildefonso, in the armies of Frederic, and in the armies of Maria Theresa. One exile became a Marshal of France. Another become Prime Minister of Spain. If he had stayed in his native land, he would have been regarded as an inferior, by all the ignorant and worthless squireens who had signed the declaration against Transubstantiation. In his palace at Madrid he had the pleasure of being assiduously courted by the ambassador of George the Second, and of bidding defiance in high terms to the ambassador of George the Third. Scattered over all Europe were to be found brave Irish Generals, dexterous Irish Diplomats, Irish Counts, Irish Barons, Irish Knights of Saint Lewis and of St. Leopold, of the White Eagle and of the Golden Fleece, who if they had remained in the house of bondage could not have been ensigns in a marching regiment or freemen of petty corporations."

Does any one imagine that if English Protestants or infidels had been subjected to the penal laws enacted against the Irish Catholics, they would have stood the test as well?

Look around even at the present day, when Great Britain possesses such vast influence all over the world, and where do you see Englishmen holding positions outside of their own country, to be compared with those which Macaulay says, the exiled Irish Catholics attained to in the courts and camps of Continental Europe?

A late English writer says, that Englishmen are indebted for their refinement to the Celtic element.

Cardinal Wiseman affirms that he found a logical flaw in every argument written by English Protestants on a certain subject.

Cardinal Newman tells us that the only English writer who possessed any great share of knowledge bearing on ecclesiastical history was an infidel. It was therefore owing to Protestant ignorance of

ecclesiastical history that an enemy of Christianity was able to palm his false statements and irreligious inferences on the public.

An English Catholic Bishop went so far as to tell Mr. Gladstone when he had the presumption to criticise the Vatican decrees, that, in order to qualify himself for the task which he had assumed, he would have to study for five years a course of Catholic philosophy and theology.

Dr. Lingard calls upon English Protestants to respect the Catholics, a much more numerous society of Christians than Protestants; that Catholics have no reason to consider themselves inferior to Protestants in talent, learning, or judgment. The superiority of the Catholic Irish is due to religious influences. It is the Catholic faith that enlightened the Irish mind.

A learned American Bishop informed me that in Rome some forty years ago the competition for honors lay chiefly between the Irish and the Greeks.

Is it not, then, the height of folly, for men taught of God, to think highly of the crude theories of so-called scientists? For my own part I contemptuously repudiate them. I hold with Bellarmine that the Church will admit and recognize whatever is demonstrated to be a truth. But I think Dr. Melia's mode of dealing with scientists a good one. By quoting the blunders of men of science in former ages he has established, according to the theory of probabilities, a presumption against the theories of the present day. I have myself, elsewhere referred to the same thing and taken the strong and tenable ground that we have no reason to suppose that the theories of the scientists of our day, will be more stable than those of their predecessors, especially, when we know that those predecessors were immeasurably superior to the present men in ability and learning. I maintained that those scientists were very unreasonable in asking the infallible, immutable church to pin her faith on their sleeves. It would be the greatest stupidity to believe that although we have seen a hundred waves break on a rock, the wave number 101, will not do so. No, no, let the theories of those men stand the test of time, let them last for a century, or a generation, and then Catholics may have some confidence in them. But as things stand, we have no reason to expect stability from them, no more than from their predecessors. Supposition is the order of the day in public magazines and papers. It is as free to us as to others. We may then suppose that the varieties in the human species extend back to the three sons of Noah. Sir William Jones, the great Orientalist, asserts that the human race came in three branches from Iran in Asia. We know that the rainbow is the sign of God's promise

that He will not destroy the world by water again ; so when it rains heavily for some days, people will not be terrified by the expectation of another deluge. What, then, is to prevent us from supposing that the distinction of the three races to which Sir William Jones alludes, was not left as a memorial of the three sons of Noah, as the variety of human speech, and the marks of the lightning on the Bir's Nimroud are monuments of the confusion of Babel.

But we need not wonder at the blunders of the young scientists of this age, when we consider the blunders of the greatest geniuses among the pagans. We have this to say, however, that the pagans were without the light of faith ; they were as men who had the misfortune to be born blind, and were objects of pity, whereas irreligious writers nowadays have plucked out their eyes, and made themselves blind in the noonday blaze of the Christian revelation. It is related of Diogenes the cynic, that, having met some of Plato's scholars, he inquired of them what was Plato's definition of a man. They replied, "A biped without feathers." The cynic went away, procured a fowl, plucked off his feathers, and took him to Plato's school. He then asked what is the definition of a man. A chorus of the scholars replied, "A two-legged animal without feathers." Diogenes then produced the denuded fowl, and set him on the floor. "There," he said, "is the man of your definition."

It is well for us to remember that the inferences from the analogy of plants and animals, and from the changes which are known to take place in the same family, varieties in the shape of the skull, in the color of the hair, in the statue, etc., are exceedingly interesting and curious, but unreliable as a solid foundation for a cogent argument. We must not wish to be wiser than the wise. Let us copy the prudence of the Church. Lord Bacon says that for a man to make a figure in the world he must have "a little of the fool" about him. Hence it happens that noisy and troublesome fellows whether they figure as rowdies, or scientists, get themselves before the world, ten times as often as steady, sensible, respectable men. But as Edmund Burke says, when we hear a few grasshoppers chirping in a field we must not imagine that they are the only occupants of the lawn, for there are the large, valuable oxen quietly chewing their cud under the trees. Each ox is worth millions of grasshoppers.

Oxford, N. J.

REV. P. A. TREACY.

THE straight road to heaven is to suffer for our Lord. — *A Kempis.*

Southern Sketches.

VII.

BEAUTIES OF CHARLESTON AND SUMMERVILLE.

THE Bishop's residence was formerly owned by a wealthy planter, and passed into its present occupants' hands after the destruction of the fine Cathedral mansion and library by the great fire of '61. Other fine houses, are situated in this neighborhood. The hall, parlor, corridors, and rooms of the building looked very lofty, and are strongly built. The whole interior was admirably constructed, with a view of promoting coolness, which is a very desirable effect in these Southern latitudes. Massive, ornamental, single and double doors of pure mahogany, harmonized finely with the solemn and antique-looking furniture. The bishop soon brought me into a room occupied by one of his newly ordained priests, of whom he had previously made very flattering mention.

Father Duffy has converted his otherwise sombre apartment into a charming studio, full of books, neat cabinet furniture, and chaste ornaments, that immediately reveal the polished, artistic, and poetic taste of the occupant. His eminently charming and gentle disposition, afforded me the happy chance of a few days pleasant companionship. Similar traits distinguished the other Southern clergy, whom I afterwards met, and it is no flattery to say that a true Southern gentleman is a chevalier in the most refined sense of the word. Poetic effusions, philosophic treatises, theological, and ascetic productions may be found lying here and there on the young priest's desk and writing table; but, as I afterwards saw, his great fondness for these ennobling pursuits in no way interfered with his parochial work to which he zealously attached himself. After arranging that evening about the masses to be said on the following day (Sunday) I retired to rest, and arose very early next morning so as to see the ruins of the Cathedral in the midst of silence and sunlight. Sunday in every land has a peculiar charm for the Christian. It is his day of rest from worldly toil and excitement. The soul, furnished with grace, reposes in God, as the flower in the sun when drowned in dewdrops; everything, whether in the quiet street, or the still quieter rural districts, is marked by peace and rest. The bells toll for Church. Millions of Catholics, all over the world prepare to assist at the Holy Sacrifice. Flowers and lights bloom and gleam on many altars. Prayers are offered to God, psalms and hymns are chanted and the whole earth, seems like a beautiful garden, where the angels and just souls feed on the smiles of God, and the sweets of Paradise. Thoughts holy, partly sad and joyous, animated me, as I came up to the site of the St. John and St. Finbar's Cathedral, which the horrible fire of '61 had made a picturesque ruin. When originally built by Bishop England, of brown freestone, from a design by Keely, of Brooklyn, it stood a magnificent work of gothic architecture, its great spire, 220 feet high, pointing to Heaven. The

front walls and tower, remained entire as far as the roof, one side wall was entirely gone, while the other stood, together with the chancel wall and its finely traceried window. Buttresses, pilasters, pointed arches, and fragments of ornamental gothic work, in many parts of the ruins, attested its former magnificence. The fire had blackened its pleasant browns, and as the sun now streamed through its cracked windows and open roof, it imparted warmth and softness to every fragment of this once lovely temple. "On its site," writes Mr. King, "when the Charlestonians were compelled to surrender to the British, occurred a great explosion, because of the rage of the conqueror. They were only to lay their arms at the arsenal, which was also a powder magazine, and all coming at once, and hurling on the ground hundreds of firearms, an explosion took place, igniting 20,000 pounds of powder, and blowing to atoms the adjacent lunatic asylum, poor-house, guard-house and barracks, as well as the conquerors and conquered." The loss entailed by the fire involved the diocese in serious embarrassment, and were it not for the energy and perseverance with which Bishop Lynch labored to redeem it, it would have been long, since plunged into bankruptcy. Passing in through a cunning little wicket in a hoary old gate, I walked along by an ancient stone house, in which the Brothers teach the young idea how to shoot. Crossing a large, green court yard, I entered the new, pretty, and commodious Cathedral chapel, where I was to celebrate Mass. A large congregation was present at the service, and it was greatly increased at the late mass, when the Bishop preached a very powerful and effective discourse on devotion to the Blessed Virgin. His large figure and dignified and resolute countenance, lent great force to his eloquent words, which were slowly and solemnly delivered. His reputation as an eloquent speaker, and scholarly writer, is too well known to need much comment here. Father Quigley, the vicar-general, was absent in the North at this time, but was soon expected home. His fine financial abilities are of material value to the Bishop in the administration of his diocese. Father Schmit, a German of studious tastes and genial humor, is another of the Cathedral clergymen. Sunday passed away very pleasantly amid official and private devotions, rendered doubly sweet and dear, owing to their association with, to me, new and very venerable surroundings. The Bishop and priests, Brothers and Sisters, labor hard to promote among old and young, a love and reverence for the Sunday, and they have succeeded admirably as the masses, Sunday schools, and vespers services are always well attended. During my stay at the Cathedral residence I could not help noticing and admiring the colored boy Lincoln, a pretty and intelligent lad, with a figure as erect as a pillar, and an eye brimful of humor, common sense and wit, as it now and then flashed under his fine, woolly shaded brow. Lincoln can shine your boots for you in the twinkling of an eye, and trip up stairs as lightly and swiftly as a fawn. When you ask him a question he answers you promptly, always courteously and with a certain modest bravery. No guest need want for anything to interest him. If he loves reading, there is an excellent library at his disposal — if a game at billiards, one of the priests will play with him — if

quaint architecture pleases him, he can gaze from the open window of Father Duffy's room, and feast for hours on the sight of curious, antique and ever lovely tiled roofs, chimneys, cupolas, and verandas stretching away beyond the odd and romantic outlines of numerous buildings, and the exquisite fruit and flowery gardens over which pigeons and turkey buzzards are generally flying and wheeling. One day I took a stroll through the town, to view the spots I had not yet explored. Passing along King Street, I turned into a lane which resounded with the whistling and laughing of boys that were playing at marbles. Here, near a gloomy tavern, stood a group of darkies in hot discussion over the coming Presidential election. Three or four half naked pickaninies were building castles of sand in the street gutter, others with satchels full of books suspended from their shoulders were going to school, and one old stumbling "auntie" came towards me on the sidewalk, her head bending under the weight of a tremendous bundle of clothes, which were balanced to perfection as her arms swung backwards and forwards. This scene caused me much surprise, and my astonishment was intensified when I found out that the old woman was stone blind. Her flat negro skull enabled her to balance and sustain the burthen, and her intimate acquaintance with the neighborhood kept her all right.

After some minutes rambling, I came upon St. Philip's Episcopal Church, which stands on Church, near Green Street. It was used in 1723 and has a fine tower, 200 feet high. The edifice would have been burned in the great fire of 1796 but for the courage of a negro, who at the risk of his life climbed to the very top of the belfrey and tore off the burning shingles. The graveyard attached to this Church is in a lonely part of the town, surrounded by gloomy trees, and melancholy-looking houses. The remains of the great Calhoun repose here under a plain granite slab propped up by brick piers. The people of the city removed them during the war, fearing lest they would be disturbed by the Northern forces. They were replaced in 1871. On my walk I noticed the Charleston Club-House, which is a fine building. The old Planter's Hotel, now used for other purposes, is a characteristic fabric. The Chamber of Commerce, corner of Broad and East Bay Street, the Academy of Music on King, and the Charleston Library, founded in 1748, at the corner of Broad and Church Streets, are fine, interesting buildings. The Citadel, formerly a military academy, in the upper part of the city, fronting on a large square, is quite a romantic, castellated structure. The Orphan House is about the largest building in the place. It was founded in 1792, and has a handsome cupola. Its fine, large hospitals, dormitories, school, and dining-rooms, are worth seeing. A statue of William Pitt adorns the foreground. It formerly stood in the middle of Meeting and Broad Streets. During the seige of the city, in 1780, one of the extended arms was taken off by a shell and removed to its present position. The College of Charleston, Roper Hospital, the County Jail, City Hospital, Medical College, and the Work-house, are important, and, in many respects, imposing institutions, and are well worth visiting. To get a good view of the town, one should ascend the tower of St. Michael's Church, which is nearly 170 feet high. Here

you can overlook the oldest part of the city, and think of the time when it was founded and planned by the English in 1671. Pirates then abounded in the Ashley River, and many a fine ship laden with treasures going to England was seized and plundered by those bold men. In spite of the hurricane which then swept over it, of the great fires which periodically scorched it from 1680 to 1862, of the terror inspired by French and Spanish fleets, of the inundation of 1728 which overflowed town and townlands, obliging the inhabitants to take refuge on the roofs of houses, and crushing ships and trees in pieces, in spite of the havoc caused by the Revolutionary and Civil wars, Charleston still retains its individuality. It has all the appearance of a quaint old English town, and as you gaze, you think of the time when old Anglo-Saxon judges sat in the courts administering English laws, when red-coats guarded the town, and graceful gentlemen with powdered hair, laced ruffles, diamond buckles and peculiar dresses, stood in the streets and parlors of the city. Primitive club-houses, such as the Free and Easy, the Kolf and Baul, the Ugly Club, with the ugliest man for president, composed of soldiers, jurists, poets, and essayists, were a great attraction in old Charleston. Merchants and planters often hobnobbed together and lived in exquisite harmony. The former often gave the latter groceries and liquors in exchange for crops. The sons of the colonists were mostly educated in England, and a certain William Bull, a native of Charleston, was the first American who ever attained a degree in medicine abroad. The legal profession must have been prosperous then, when, as a writer named Frazer says, a few distinguished lawyers made from eighteen to twenty-three thousand dollars a year, and eight or ten others from ten to twelve thousand.

Professional men, merchants, planters, mechanics, shopkeepers, and even clergymen abandoned everything to go to the races when such sports took place. Then schools were closed, shops shut, courts adjourned for want of judges, lawyers and witnesses, livery stables were emptied, bridles, and saddles completely used up, and crowds of spectators in gayest attire assembled to witness those popular amusements. Race-balls ended the field sports, and it was not then uncommon for ladies when preparing for those entertainments, after having their hair frizzed up into a grand *coiffure* to pass a whole night in an upright position for fear of disturbing it. A writer in 1763 after enjoying the figures, faces, dresses and manners of the Charleston ladies and gentlemen of that time, says "the ladies sing sweetly and play upon the harpiscord and guitar with great skill. In summer, riding on horseback or in in chaises, morning and evening, is much practised; in the autumn, winter, and spring, they hunt for lots of game, and concerts with vocal and instrumental music are often held. Maderia wine and punch are common drinks of the inhabitants, yet few gentlemen are without claret, port, Lisbon and other wines of the French, Spanish and Portugal vintages. The ladies are extremely temperate and generally drink water, which in Charleston is very unwholesome." The hateful and haughty aristocracy that belonged to England, and which looked upon labor as a disgrace, was, of course, represented in Charleston prior to the revolution. "Before the establishment of the republic,"

says Frazer, "with the exception of the learned professions, no pursuit which yielded income from personal employment was properly respected. The difference between the past and the present is this, that then fortune and cultivation could alone place men at the head of society ; men place themselves there now." Yes, and though by blood and constant social intercourse the American patriots were closely related to England, despite the desertion of many of their brethren to the army of the crown, the return of more to the mother country, and of others going into exile, they boldly united and arose like one man to swell the gallant armies that under Washington achieved their independence ; the city that successive sieges oppressed, is now more prosperous than ever. Thousands of bales of cotton, piles of lumber, cargoes of fertilizers, rice and other goods, the production of her near forests, mines, and fields, are regularly exported from her docks to foreign countries. Her population has yearly increased, and now numbers about 60,000. Her local industries are growing, and her wholesale trade in dry goods, boots, shoes, clothing, hats, caps, drugs and medicines is becoming more and more extensive. She has three National, four State, and five Saving banks, and several railroads. Her municipal government, freed from partisan and corrupt carpet-baggism, is conducted by a mayor and eighteen aldermen. Her police and fire departments are nearly all that can be desired. Her schools and colleges are numerous, and her journalistic strength is sustained by fifteen newspapers published at different times. The principal daily is the *News and Courier* edited by a very clever, practical Catholic, named Dawson ; whose talents and fine moral character have won for him the respect and esteem of the whole community. Before leaving for Summerville, I accepted Father Duffy's invitation to accompany him on a drive to Magnolia and the Catholic cemeteries. In the course of a few minutes we were seated in a handsome buggy behind one of the sleekest and best-natured mules in Charleston. Some of these animals here are as large as horses, very stately, and what is elsewhere unusual, remarkable for their gentleness. The afternoon was delightful, the gay animal shook his head, wagged his tail, with joy, and trotted through the city till we came upon the outskirts which looked lonely though near the town, and were very beautiful with their lofty trees and smiling green gardens. Long, sandy lanes ran through truck gardens down to the Ashley River. Under the shade of some lofty oaks and pines an old negress dispersed roast sweet potatoes to her colored brethren, at a moderate price. Cattle strayed here and there amid thickets of rhododendron, kalmia, and phyllaria. The old fair-ground buildings were covered at their base with a luxurious vegetation, and log cabins, surrounded by goats, hogs, and poultry peeped through embowering greens, while vines and tendrils near them formed fragrant bowers. All these views were invested with beauty and stillness, and the mild air rendered them doubly dear to the beholder. Turning to the right we soon entered the Catholic Cemetery, which is well laid out, and finely shows the exquisite taste of Father Quigley, who has introduced many pretty designs, and handsome shrubs and trees into the grounds. An unfinished chapel standing on a grassy plot, lends a picturesque air to the

general scene, and neat gravel walks, fine monuments, and ornamental offerings to the dead, add greatly to the charms of this spot, sacred to silence and solitude. After quitting this place, we drove to Magnolia Cemetery. Though it has not many Magnolia trees, it possesses some majestic, massy oaks that shield the tombs of the dead with their sombre branches. Beautiful costly monuments of granite and marble, rare shrubs, miniature lakes and islands, solemn groves and gardens that suddenly strike the observer as he emerges from deeply shaded paths, make this place very attractive.

The touching comments on death, delivered by the clerical driver, harmonized exactly with the character of the scenery, and made our journey homeward seem very short. We were additionally entertained on our arrival at the house by a visit from Father Harry Northrop, pastor of St. Patrick's Church. He and his brother Claudian are converts, and the latter was in charge of St. Mary's Church. I did not have the pleasure of seeing Father Claudian, while in Charleston, as he was absent in the North. Father Harry proved a gentleman of extensive knowledge, untiring zeal, and cheerful disposition. I highly appreciated the charms of Southern ecclesiastical society as we sat on the front piazza of the house, overlooking the distant streets and houses, and took in the lively description of men and things peculiar to these places. The following morning I awoke early, roused by the whistling and singing of numerous colored stevedores, who were going to the docks, mounted on mules. I prepared to start by the nine o'clock train for Summerville, which I was very anxious to see, as I heard so much of its grand piny woods, sweet solitudes, throat-healing air, and the Brownfield family, among whom I intended to board. I bade good-by to the Bishop and clergy, and took the Meeting Street horse-cars for the South Carolina depot. This railroad over which I was now traveling, was the first important one that was built in America, and was finished in October, 1833. On our journey, we observed to the left some large, white buildings, standing amid big level fields near the banks of the Ashley. These, I learned were the famous phosphate works, which annually yield to the owners hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Several small stations were passed on our way. Successive ranges of pine trees, and occasional scrub oak patches, with cotton and corn fields bordered our track, and after forty minutes riding we reached Summerville, which at first appeared but a small hamlet, with a depot and a few stores, yet afterwards proved to be a fine village, with pretty houses and gardens scattered over a large area of ground. The moment I alighted on the platform, I felt the sweet aroma of the pines. Some rain which had fallen on the previous night, gave vigor and freshness to the woods, and the balmy, sunny air of this October morning set all the perfumes moving. Dead brown cones, and pieces of bark lay on the broad street, and yielded to my feet and those of the little negro who offered to guide me to Mrs Brownfield's. How charming a retreat was this, away from noise and excitement. Everything breathed repose and rural felicity. Nobody seemed to be rushing or anxious; over the way, a black butcher stood at his door, with

folded arms and a broad smile on his broader face. Beside him sat an ebony baker, rubbing his hands and chatting cheerfully. An old negress with laughter on her thick lips, passed down the road, carrying on her head a heavy burthen; white and black children mingled in play and indulged in merry leaps and joyous shouts. A smiling white druggist was compounding medicines, in a store round the corner. A few goats, headed by a royal male one, passed soberly along under the shade of the trees. The large form, fine beard, bushy tail and shaggy hide of the leader gave force to his cunning ways. Each time he wished the others to take a particular course, he turned around his head, winked and nodded very expressively, and the whole train spontaneously executed his silent orders; when he rubbed his nose against a big pine the rest did the same. Now they moved out of the way of a rather curious yoke, which consisted of an old bony ox, attached to a primitive cart, steered by a wooden-legged, superannuated negro, who held an old rope for reins in one hand, a comical stick in the other, and winked and smiled in the sun as the whole concern moved languidly and noiselessly over the white sand, unconscious of, and indifferent to, all the troubles and anxieties of the world. Every scene like this delighted me, and as I advanced, the aroma seemed to arise with greater power, while the majestic pines increased in size and number standing aloft, the great pillars of nature with the sky for a roof, and the sandy, airy path, for an aisle, upon which one might kneel and pray to his Creator. These great trees looked like poems and sermons in wood, they stood so firm in the ground, and pointed so fixedly to the sky. All were monuments, not built by human hands, but raised aloft by Heaven, from little seeds, which grew in the course of years, and became in time the brave defiers of storm and tempest, the grateful baskers in the golden sunlight, the yielder to man of pitch, tar, turpentine and resin. How tall, round and scaly their trunks appeared; how their smooth, green needles rustled in the breeze, adding their music to the sweet songs of the birds that nestled in their branches. How brave and independent they looked, as they mounted above neighboring trees of a different species. Thousands of wild vines and sweet-scented brush, crept around their broad bases, or as sometimes happened, nothing but a soft, green carpet, marked by light and shade, lay under the glossy canopy of their branches. How lovingly the limbs of each tree seemed to clasp one another, and if a doomed trunk was cut down to make a floor or frame for a house, how the neighboring pines would express their grief, in the sad and mournful waving of their cones.

Here my reflections amid this narrow pine avenue were interrupted by the tinkling of cow-bells at hand. Soon we crossed a silent stream over a little rustic bridge, on the edge of which pretty lizzards were hopping and shining. The road opened as we advanced, the prospect between the trees grew wider; pretty houses adorned with clustering vines disclosed themselves and away to the left, a Southern huntsman with a short coat and broad-brimmed hat appeared blowing his horn, while a pack of hounds followed his heels. We soon gained a pretty railing and opening a little gate the negro boy conducted me through

a large and beautiful door yard that separated Mrs. Brownfield's elegant house from the road. Flower-beds of various shapes, stocked with many fine varieties, lay beneath stately pines. A staircase led up to the broad piazza of the building, and after dismissing my guide I was very courteously received by Miss Mary, the senior of seven amiable and accomplished sisters. After presenting a note of introduction from Father Northrop, a great friend of the family, Miss Mary went to call her mother while I took occasion to observe the domestic scenery. The hall was long, wide, and adorned with a beautiful carpet, a target, arrows, pictures and other decorations. The parlors were embellished with rich, antique furniture, a fine piano, some elegant paintings, some pretty corals, various bric-a-brac, and a large, well-chosen library. The broad fire-place, with its handsome andirons, suggested blazing and hissing pine logs, which usually glowed on cold, snappy winter evenings.

Miss Mary soon returned, accompanied by her mother, and a few of her sisters. Mrs. Brownfield is a venerable old lady, remarkable for her activity and freshness, great-granddaughter of the illustrious General Sumpter, who played such a clever and patriotic part in the Revolutionary war. She is, if not in a military, in a spiritual and much higher sense, a type of that distinguished hero. She succeeded in converting her husband prior to his death, and reared up all her children in the love and service of God and His Church.* I discovered such traits of sanctity, purity, and holy knowledge among them during the few weeks of my stay at Summerville that it would take an entire volume to describe each one's moral, intellectual and personal attractions. Though seculars, they were in their way as perfect as a community of nuns. The war affected them as it did many equally wealthy families in the past; but they were not ashamed to teach the most respectable classes of children in their own and best private school of the village. As they were naturally talented and studious, the course which they gave to the children was comprehensive and splendid. Their commodious dwelling could easily accommodate several boarders, and Protestants as well as Catholics felt the magnetism of their society, because though they frequented the sacraments weekly, and all like the early martyrs were ready and willing to shed their blood for their holy religion, yet in no way did they try to force their belief upon strangers. Their exercises at school, their spiritual duties, social visits and innocent amusements were conducted as gently and regularly as clock work, and the pupils as well as boarders felt the value of their kind attentions. All the family welcomed me by turns, and I felt at home at once. My room, neat, large and airy, opened on a grassy, piny yard. Mr. and Mrs. Simmons, members of the Episcopal Church in Charleston, were boarding at the house, and their sweet and easy Southern manners seemed to me very pleasing. After beginning to feel domesticated I looked around for amusement. Two dogs, one, an old black mastiff, the other, a young and pretty setter, respectively named Oscar and Spot, were down in the piazza licking each others noses in the soothing, warming sunbeams. After some coaxing I prevailed on them to come with me on an anti-dinner walk. Where would I go? It was hard to make a selection, the whole region offered such attractions.

Innumerable foot and saddle paths ran through the pines, birds were calling in the distance, white fences ran through lovely greens, negro children danced and sported, and at last I rambled with the dogs through a passage in front of Mrs. Brownfield's. After being a couple of hours out among woods and ravines, I returned to a capital dinner of soup, venison, turkey, and sweetmeats. Everything seemed delicious in this sunny Southern home, and day followed day amid scenes which made real sore throats almost seem imaginary ones. Though the place is very quiet, yet for walking, driving, hunting, reading, meditating and observing negroes and negro life, it cannot be surpassed. If any man harassed by a life of constant worry and excitement, wants a rest for a month or two, he cannot select a better place than this. The railroad cars bring the best of meats from the Charleston markets every day, and deer and other game in the neighboring woods afford delicious dishes. Here one can tower aloft with the pines or roll with the dogs in the grassy turf. No one will break in upon his correspondence, and his letters will be delivered as regularly as his breakfast, every morning, by a negro character named "John," who is a delightful old genius. As Miss Susan works in the flower beds, while Misses Mary, Fanny and Julia, preside in the school-rooms, old John may be seen hobbling along the road, with a basket of papers and letters under his arm. You almost forget the existence of his rags in the presence of his regular features, oily face, silvery beard and good-natured smile. He shuffles and coaxes you so cleverly that you cannot resist the temptation of putting your hand in your pocket for ten cents, in order that you may have the pleasure of seeing him gleefully receive it. The charming old negress, who conducts the post-office, is equally interesting, a favorite among Democrats as well as Republicans.

While in Summerville I made two pleasant trips, one to Newington by foot, and the other to Dorchester with a party in a buggy. The former place is reached by a very beautiful though lonely pine road, past Captain De Bhies. In the course of an hour you enter a long, narrow avenue, approaching a cotton field, completely hemmed in by tall trees, and come upon the ruins of a fine old planter's mansion. The great oaks and mosses hang upon the trailing vines that cover it, as if sighing a requiem over its departed glory. A few days afterwards, a party of us set off behind a South Carolina pony for Dorchester, which is about five miles distant. Picturesque negro shanties, cattle, hogs, rice and cotton fields, were left behind on our route, and soon a primitive forest of oaks and mixed growths lay before us. The hedges and copses were literally thick with luxuriant berries and vines. The place was a perfect solitude. What was formerly a blooming village, established by a colony of Congregationalists from Massachusetts, in 1690, was now a deserted waste of trees, wild flowers, and grasses. It looked a lovely and luxuriant wilderness. Passing through an old decayed gate we entered a field of Indian corn. Beyond this lay a waving meadow, all encircled by a belt of luscious green foliage. Not a house or man could be seen. The mulatto driver urged our pony through the tall corn. Now we edged wild hedges formed by holly, alder, sweet

gum, woodbine, sweet briar and blackberry bushes. We brushed long limbs full of red, purple and yellow berries, as we moved along and stopped to gaze with delight on the Palma Christi tree, the Love Lies, Bleeding shrub, the Bleeding Heart, and the Golden Lotus. Thousands of long, reedy grasses, with light pink, grey and brown satin plumes waved over patches of a soft and silky dwarf species. In a short time, we came within view of the tower of a ruined church. Its brown and firm top unimpaired by many winters, looked bold and beautiful above the trees from which it seemed to spring. Leaving our guide and wagon in the middle of the meadow we started to walk to the ruin. We thought it a pity to tread on the bright green mosses, delicate little flowers, and tender dwarf grasses and heath whose downy, glossy seeds were cast by our feet and the zepthers in all directions. When we came to the ruins, we saw but the shell of a once handsome tower, which was originally connected with a church that was erected in 1694, and burned in 1840. No sexton, minister, congregation, or bell was present there now; all was desolate, and the only marks of visitation visible, were the inscriptions that were carved on the plastered walls inside. Tall oaks, magnolias, pines and cypress trees frowned around it and schup-pernong grape vines twisted about their trunks and limbs like massive iron ropes. Lonely graves, encircled by broken mossy walls and crowned by pyramids of briar and wild berry branches, harbored the opossum, rat, fox and rabbit in their cool shades. A lonely crow cawed in the dark branches over head, reminding us of the ghostly shriek of some departed Congregationalist, and filled with solemn feelings we quitted this gloomy spot having selected some relics as mementos of our visit. Our next objective point was the nearest bank of the Ashley, where we resolved to do justice to a suitable lunch. Our party sat on a mossy mound, and partook of the refreshments, while they chatted and gazed at the same time on the lovely river that was edged and nearly arched by great forest trees. Carmine, silvery green and golden lily pads were quivering in the stream, that was softly moved by the cooling winds. The waving grasses were chasing one another in voluptuous softness, and the modest wild berries were dropping over them from the banks, as if giving signs of darling brotherhood amid all the solemnities of nature. Snakes and lovely fish slept and watched under the shady banks; the tall oyster and cement walls of the old Spanish fort erected to beat off Indians, and choked by a thousand trees, vines and briars frowned at hand; and, warned at once to depart, owing to the gathering of dark, ominous clouds in the west, we wisely decided to enter the carriage and return home. On our arrival, Jerry, the colored man, with his cheerful face and melting smile, received us. Next day, being a splendid one for exercise, young Irving, a friend of the family, and myself went hunting. During our excursion we met lots of partridge, quail, rabbits, turkey buzzards, pigeons, larks and querulous jays. We returned in the afternoon quite fatigued. Truly, South Carolina is a capital place for game, especially if you are a good shot. A regular Democratic meeting was to take place that evening in the village to promote the election of some National and State candidates. A large number of negroes, many of whom just come over

from the Republican camp, assembled in front of the old town hall. Pine logs blazed fiercely around them, and a white man with a wooden leg, was perpetually running here and there endeavoring to harmonize the proceedings. City and rural oratorical marksmen, colored as well white, completely riddled the common political enemy with their campaign bomb-shells, while negro men, women, and children danced and yelled like brawny, tawny savages on rickety platforms under the light of the moon and the torches. It was, indeed, a representative scene, and it would take pages to describe its separate features. It was one of the last that I observed in Summerville. The end of October was now at hand. Not being thoroughly healed, I asked permission for a prolonged leave of absence, and was kindly and courteously granted it. So, as a terrible winter in the North was prognosticated, I resolved to go further south to see the scenery and try the climate. Bidding good-bye with great reluctance to my dear friends, I went to Charleston, found at the Bishop's residence there a young student of Bishop Moore's of St Augustine, Florida, and went with him by next steamer, the beautiful 'St John's, to Jacksonville.

Mixed Education.

AMONG the peculiarities which a so-called progressive age has brought into practice in many places in this country, is the co-education of the sexes. Made a feature of the public schools, it was to be expected that in higher educational institutions the same condition would gradually become common.

We are very considerably in advance of European countries in this particular. It has not been possible there to so far overcome, unless by very little, long-established Catholic usages and sentiment. We have not the force of such traditions here.

There is no danger of anything of this kind to Catholic institutions. Even if Catholic sentiment here should become corrupt in the general confusion, there would remain the conservatism of Catholic authority to maintain the interests of morality. But it is our duty to do nothing to impair correct notions even if perversion of them is not to result in harm to ourselves. We ought rather to seek to confirm such truths, and especially moral truths, as may be found among those who do not belong to the true fold. All truth leads to God. Besides we have to guard as far as possible against the extension of perverted ideas to our own people, and this should lead us to carefully abstain from approving, if not to distinctly disapprove, any system so utterly opposed to Catholic practice as co-education.

Human nature does not change. Associations that form an intrinsic danger to morality are the same always, "yesterday, to-day and to-morrow." The constant practice of the Church, an irrefragable evidence of the Spirit that animates her and ever guards her against error

of any kind, has ever been to maintain as far as possible, even with the very young, a separation of the sexes in schools. Our parochial schools maintaining it everywhere possible are a constant example, and we can well imagine with what unanimity and even horror the proposal of co-education would be rejected by our higher institutions if, indeed, any person could be found to make such a proposal.

The general freedom of associations among young men and young women here is so anomalous as to draw comment from non-Catholic visitors who have come here from countries that have for centuries in many things departed from control of Catholic traditions. That this very laxity has been productive of increasing immorality, Catholics can well understand from their appreciation of facts as well as from principles. It is unnecessary to dwell specially on the matter of co-education when we are addressing Catholics. The very thought of our convents and colleges being merged is so abhorrent, that, as we have said we believe scarcely a Catholic would be found to entertain it. The same danger to morality exists in non-Catholic mixed institutions; in fact, is far greater because of the absence of those restraints which Catholic teaching and the grace of the sacraments impose.

T. F. MAHAR, D. D. in *Catholic Universe*.

A Wish.

ONCE more, before I die I fain would see
 The lovely fields of my own country ;
 I yearn to view the old hearth-stone again,
 And ease my bosom of that long-nursed pain
 First felt at parting, born of grief and tears,
 Now long familiar thro' an exile's years,
 Wherein was little ease and little rest
 From toilsome care, here in this wea y West.
 So now the old man's heart would sail away
 Across the sundering wave in face of day,
 And kneel upon the soil where sleep his sires ;
 Ere that he pass to where his soul desires,
 That blessed land, the exile's lasting home,
 Where, when night cometh, weary feet may come.

Ah me ! those forty years of dreary days,
 And that hard path thro' life's slow toilsome ways ;
 When sorrows thickened, as ideals fled,
 And changed the race of men — when most are dead,
 We knew in youth and loved in manhood's prime—
 And the cold hearts of this ill, faithless time !
 Fain would an old man now with strife have done,
 And sail to rest beyond the rising sun.

Let me for one last time traverse the lane,
And climb the hill, and sip the spring again;
And sit at gloaming 'neath the cuckoo tree,
Where first was heard the spring bird's melody;
And kneel among the rocks, beside that stone
That made an altar in the days ago;
And by my father's grave anigh the tower,
Think on the bygone days one little hour,
And see one sunset o'er the mountains blue,
And tread the riverside my childhood knew;
And hear those words of welcome most sincere,
Earth's sweetest music to the heart and ear;
Then is my wish fulfilled, then will I rest
Fearless and still, here in the weary West.

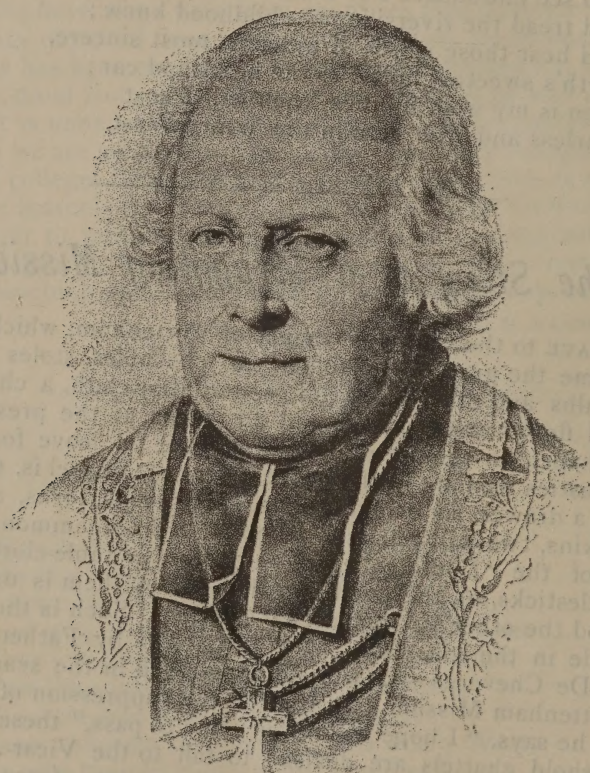
J. K.

The Story of a Struggling Mission.

"I LEAVE to the Catholic Chapel of Tottenham, which the Lord has given me the grace to establish, two chasubles, stoles and maniples, two albs and other linen things, one altar-cloth, a chest, candlesticks and flower-vases, missal, and all that is at the present time in the said chapel, for the use of Divine service. I leave for the use of the ecclesiastics who are in the house where the chapel is, the kitchen-table with a drawer, six drinking pots, four spoons, forks, and knives, some napkins, two salt-cellars, a tumbler, a backgammon board, two volumes of the 'Conferences of Grenoble,' a table-cloth, and two little candlesticks, on the condition that one of them is used for Low Masses and the other for the paschal candle." Such is the modest bequest made in the will, dated 17th July, 1796, by Father, afterwards Cardinal, De Cheverus—a will still preserved in the scanty archives of the Tottenham Mission. In case of the suppression of the chapel, "which," he says, "I hope will never come to pass," these holy things and household chattels are devised to fall to the Vicar-Apostolic of London. Happily that provision never came into force. At times, indeed, the struggle has been hard, and the life of religion has hung by a single thread. But a century of contest has ended in, at least, a partial victory; and Cardinal Cheverus addressed himself to a continuous succession of priests and people for many a generation when he closed the document, from which we have already quoted, with the words, "I recommend myself to the charitable prayers of the clergy and faithful of the chapel of Tottenham."

Some six miles from London, very accessible by an excellent service of trains, and close to open country, the straggling town of Tottenham might easily be supposed to be a popular suburban place of residence for London men of business—Catholics among others. But the tide of fashion and caprice has run West and run South; and

while towns like Croydon become the dreary capitals of bourgeois family life, the far more wholesome and characteristic Northern neighborhoods — of which Father Bampffield's Barnet may be taken as a centre — are, comparatively speaking, undiscovered. A Mission without at least one person belonging to it who can have, besides an especially watchful eye, also an open purse, for its temporal necessities, is apt to be in somewhat poor plight, when its congregation is sparse, and is limited principally to the class which depends upon its



CARDINAL DE CHEVERUS,
Founder of the Tottenham Mission.

daily toil for its daily bread. And this appears to have been pretty much the case with the Mission founded at Tottenham not quite a century ago by the Abbé Cheverus. Once, indeed, some fifty years since, the then pastor had for a short period a supporter who made him passing rich on £20 a year. But, alas! in an appeal to his flock early in the year 1834, he had to make to them an announcement of grave import. It was this: "During three years prior to 1833 a sum of £20 has been contributed to the support of this Mission by a distinguished benefactor, to whose piety and liberality the pastor regrets that he dare not offer a public tribute of his gratitude. In consequence of other benevolent arrangements the allowance has since been withdrawn."

The result of this withdrawal was one of those pecuniary crises through which the Mission has not unfrequently passed. For we learn from a number of the *Orthodox Journal* of that date that "here was a pastor providing for the instruction of his infant flock, and administering to the spiritual necessities of the adults, with an income not larger than that of a common porter." Half a century has gone since then; and we imagine that few porters would be so unworldly as to exchange against the Rev. Father Bayly's Sunday revenues his weekly wages, to say nothing of his uncovenanted "tips." Here, at Tottenham,



THE REV. FRANCIS BAYLY,
Present Pastor of the Tottenham Mission.

we are treading soil sacred to the memory of John Gilpin's famous ride; but if they "dine at Edmonton" as the Missionary Apostolic does in White Hart Lane, we, for our part, judging by the hospitality extended to visitors at St. Edmund's on Exhibition days, would rather "dine at Ware." In spite of all losses and discouragements, however, the Mission has not stood still. A nameless benefactress from a distance has lately built a presbytery. Schools adjoin the presbytery; but they are schools which do double duty as the church and the schools, and which, thus divided, no longer fulfil the requirements of the Education Act. And though Father Bayly's cupboard is more scantily stocked than well-regulated cupboards are supposed to be, the inventory of the Abbé de Cheverus, at any rate in the matter of church furniture, has been materially multiplied and increased.

The story of the Mission is soon told. French and Irish hands were joined together to lay the moral, though not the material, foundation-stone of the pretty and substantial chapel where Mass is now daily said. On the outskirts of the great Babylon, and just beyond the reach of its regulations and licenses for lodging-houses, Tottenham was in those days, as it is now, a place of refuge for a floating population of itinerant toilers, of whom very many had come from starvation in Ireland to seek a miserable sustenance in the city slums and the country lanes of England. Among these, ninety years ago, came from another Catholic country, the victims of another bitter persecution by another blind Government. United by their misfortunes, the French and Irish exiles had the yet closer brotherhood of a common religion; and it cannot be wondered at that the Abbé Cheverus, at that time French tutor in a Protestant family, hired a little upper room, where every Sunday he celebrated the central mysteries of the Faith.

In three years the Abbé left the Mission he had founded, being called on to undertake work in another portion of his Master's vineyard. This was in Boston, which in those days had little enough resemblance to the city modern English readers have traversed so familiarly in company with Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mr. Howells, and Mr. James. Of this city the Abbé became Bishop, and an earlier and far less delightful American author than those just named has borne eloquent witness to his pastoral ministrations. "Whoever remembers," — says Dr. Channing, the well known Unitarian minister, with a naïf but in those days necessary preface by way of justifying the display of a very elementary toleration — "Whoever remembers that the Catholic communion numbers in its ranks more than one hundred millions of souls, probably more than all other Christian Churches put together, must shudder at the sentence of proscription which has sometimes been passed on this immense portion of human beings. It is time that greater justice were done to this ancient and widespread community. The Catholic Church has produced some of the greatest and best men that ever lived, and that is proof enough of its possessing all the means of salvation. Who, that hears the tone of contempt in which it is sometimes named, would suspect that Charlemagne, Alfred, Dante, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Tasso, Bossuet, Pascal, Des Chartes, were Catholics! To come down to our own time, has not the metropolis of New England witnessed a sublime example of Christian virtue in a Catholic Bishop? Who, among our religious teachers, would solicit a comparison between himself and the devoted Cheverus? This good man, whose virtues and talents have now raised him to high dignities in Church and State, who now wears in his own country the joint honors of an Archbishop and a Peer, lived in the midst of us, devoting his days and nights and his whole heart to the service of a poor and uneducated congregation. We saw him declining in a great degree the society of the cultivated and refined, that he might be the friend of the ignorant and friendless; leaving the circles of polished life, which he would have graced, for the meanest hovels; bearing, with a father's sympathy, the burdens and sorrows of his large spiritual family; charging himself alike with temporal and spiritual concerns; and never

discovering by the faintest indication that he felt his fine mind degraded by his seemingly humble office. The good man, bent on his errands of mercy, was seen in our streets under the most burning sun of summer, and the fiercest storms of winter, as if armed against the elements by the power of charity. He enjoys among us what to such a man must be dearer than fame. His name is cherished where the great of this world are unknown. It is pronounced with blessings, with grateful tears, with sighs for his return, in many an abode of sorrow and want; and how can we shut our hearts against this proof of the power of the Catholic religion to form great and good men!" Transferred to his native land, the Bishop of Boston became Archbishop of Bordeaux, and, a little later, he was created Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church. Dying in 1836, he was universally lamented as a model of apostolic virtue and zeal.

The fortunes of the little English Mission read not quite so brilliantly, though quite as heroically, as those of its founder. When he said a sorrowful farewell to Tottenham, he left behind him a successor in the Abbé Filliatrais; he, being gathered to his fathers, though laid among strangers, the Abbé Salmon said Mass, baptized the new-born, and shrieved the sinner in his stead. This brings us to the first year of this nineteenth century of grace; and during the next eighteen years the Abbé Le Tellier succeeded to the Abbé Filliatrais, and was able to build, at his own cost, a modest little chapel. A cloud at this time settled over the sanctuary. What exactly happened we do not know; but it was characteristic of those dark days, when a Vicar-Apostolic would have appealed in vain to a Protestant Court of Law to maintain ecclesiastical discipline and to safeguard Catholic interests, that a priest was able to make a breach with his pastoral superiors and to continue to hold a church after he had ceased to preach or to practise the doctrines or the virtues of which it ought to have been the centre and the source.

But this deplorable alienation perhaps awakened a greater zeal among those who had their treasure, and therefore their hearts, set on the Truth. Accordingly, in the year 1826, a pious and charitable lady, with the blessings of the Right Rev. Poynter, bought ground in Chapel Place, White Hart Lane, to build on it a simple little chapel, which was solemnly opened in the spring of 1827. From that date till within a few months of his death, Father Ewart had the pastoral charge; and the organ afterwards placed in the church by public offerings, bears an inscription telling of the regard in which he was held by the flock he had tended for nearly thirty years. After him came Father Dale, who was succeeded by Father Parkinson, and he by Father Driscoll. The names of Father Woollet, Father Bradbee, and Father Meyer bring down the succession from the days of the illustrious founder of the Mission to the pastorate of the Rev. Francis Bayly, who left the Kensington pro-Cathedral, some two years ago, to undertake it, knowing well the burdens it involved, and who holds it at the present time.

It was Father Meyer who, sensible of the inadequacy of the Baroness Montesquieu's Chapel, and of the small school-house erected near to it, took upon himself the arduous task of begging week after

week in our advertisement columns for the alms of those who enjoyed a prosperity greater than that of his own immediate and rapidly increasing flock. As a result, a fine freehold site facing the high road was secured; and on this a school chapel was erected, though not without the incurring of a heavy debt. This building is divided through the week by revolving shutters, which close off half of the school for the use of the church. Simply to end this odious arrangement, by which the church loses some of that sanctity and sense of peace which a child never associates with the room in which its mental discipline is undergone, Father Bayly probably would not feel himself justified in making an appeal to the purses of our readers; but when it is added that the chapel-school is certified for a number less than that which it now musters, and that the eye of the Government Inspector is upon him; and a withdrawal of the Government grant an inevitable catastrophe under present conditions, we are giving very adequate reasons why he should join that great order in the Church's hierarchy — the goodly company of the Apostolic Beggars. His intention is to honor St. Francis de Sales with a new Church, for which Mr. Monro has already prepared designs and to relinquish to the children the entire building which now stands.

With such a purpose in his heart, but with wholly inadequate means in his pocket, a Catholic priest can appeal by right to the Catholic world; but the Mission of Tottenham has a history and traditions which link it not to England only, but to France, to Ireland, and to the New World. Those Catholics of England who are rich have never been forgetful of their brethren who are poor. Ireland, out of its stress, has put half the stones to half the churches in the wealthiest island in the world. And it may be that in lands where the memory of the Bishop of Boston and the Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux still lingers, some will be found to stretch forth arms of succor to the devoted priest who is the inheritor at Tottenham of his poverty and of his toil.

JOHN OLDCASTLE, in *London Weekly Register*.

[MR. DONAHOE will receive any donation which may be intrusted to him for the Pastor of the church in Nottingham. There are very few living in Boston who were here in the days of Bishop Cheverus. Nevertheless those who enjoy the blessings which he conferred upon the infant church in Boston might contribute something to the mission which the cardinal established before his embarkation to this city. Mr. Donahoe never had the pleasure of seeing Bishop Cheverus, as he arrived in Boston a year or two after his departure for France. But will contribute a little toward the rising church in Nottingham — say \$5. Who will follow?]

THE LABORS OF CARDINAL DE CHEVERUS IN BOSTON.

JOHN L. A. M. LEFEBVRE DE CHEVERUS was born at Mayenne, France, on January 28, 1768. His family was highly respected and enjoyed the honors of the magistracy of their native city. His early life was a very happy one, and he was blessed with a mother of whom he always spoke with veneration. Studious and devote, at the early age of eleven he expressed a desire to enter the ecclesiastical state, and in his twelfth year he received the tonsure. His ardor and faithfulness to every duty attracted the attention of the bishop of Mans

who gave him a scholarship in the College of Louis le Grand at Paris. He was also appointed prior of Torbechet.

Foreseeing the storm about to burst upon France, and feeling how useful a priest Abbé de Cheverus would be in such critical times, the bishop of Mans secured a special dispensation from Rome permitting his ordination at the early age of twenty-three. The ordination took place on December 18, 1790, and was the last which occurred before the Revolution. Returning to Mayenne, Father de Cheverus entered zealously upon the duties of the priesthood; but called upon to take the oath to the civil constitution, he refused, and, with other priests, was imprisoned. On the 11th of September, 1792, he escaped in disguise and set out for England, where he arrived safely, though nearly destitute. In the midst of strangers and totally unacquainted with the language of those about him, he resolutely set to work to master the English, and at the end of three months had so far succeeded as to be able to fill a tutor's place in a boarding-school. Finding several Catholic families in the neighborhood without a church or a priest to minister to them, after a year he applied to the Catholic bishop of London for permission to perform ecclesiastical duties in his district. Leave being granted, he at once began his labors, and soon gathered a congregation and was able to build a chapel. He continued to labor here till 1795, when he received an urgent call from the Rev. Dr. Matignon to come to his aid in the destitute mission of Boston, where every kind of apostolic labor was demanded. The mission at this time included all New England, and the Catholic families were widely scattered over this vast territory. The Indian tribes of Maine also required the services of a priest. Despite the entreaties of friends and of the bishop of London, Father de Cheverus determined to go to Boston. Before embarking he went to the French ambassador in London and made a renunciation of his patrimony in favor of his brothers and sisters, thus starting for his new field of labor destitute of worldly goods.

On October 3, 1796, Father de Cheverus arrived in Boston, to the great joy of Rev. Dr. Matignon. Soon afterwards he was appointed by Bishop Carroll to the Indian mission. He set out on foot with a guide, and travelled for several days through the sombre forests, with no food but dry bread and no bed but the earth, until one morning the sound of voices chanting was heard in the distance. Advancing, Father de Cheverus was astonished and delighted to recognize the music as that of the royal Mass of Dumont, so familiar to French ears. The travellers had reached Indian Old Town, on the Penobscot River. At sight of the "black-gown" the Indians uttered cries of delight, ran towards him, called him father, and led him to the seat of honor. He addressed them, and the next day offered up a requiem Mass for the dead, the Indians chanting the Latin responses quite accurately. "What courage and patience," exclaims Father de Cheverus, "in the first missionaries!" The Jesuit missionaries had, indeed, planted the faith so solidly in these poor savages that *after fifty years* of neglect they had not forgotten their catechism. Father taught it to son, mother to daughter, and no Sunday or festival day was permitted to pass without the recitation of the prayers of the Mass which the laity may say.

After spending three months among the Indians, baptizing, con-

fessing and teaching, Father de Cheverus returned to Boston. Here he found the yellow fever raging. Many had already died and the people were terror-stricken. Father de Cheverus at once became the nurse and consoler of the afflicted, whether Catholic or Protestant. Such devotion quickly gained for him the esteem and veneration of the people of Boston, and his after-career in their midst strengthened their attachment. At a banquet given to President John Adams in Boston, the places of honor were reserved for the President and the priest, and it was thus in every assemblage in which he appeared. An even higher mark of respect was shown him by the legislature, which, having prepared the formula of an oath to be taken by citizens before voting, and fearing something in it might be offensive to Catholic consciences, submitted it, with an expression of confidence and esteem, to Father de Cheverus. The formula prepared by him was accepted and became a law. His council was also sought on every hand, by Catholics and Protestants alike. It was through the good offices of Father de Cheverus, whose advice and instructions she had sought, that Mrs. Seton finally decided to renounce the world and devote herself to the religious life.

As the number of Catholics in Boston had largely increased, and there was as yet no church for them, Father de Cheverus, in conjunction with Rev. Dr. Matignon, determined to build one. On April 7, 1799, subscription-lists were opened, one of them being headed by President John Adams, who thus showed his regard for Father de Cheverus. This example was so fruitful that about one-fifth of the cost of the building came from Protestants. As Father de Cheverus would build only as he had money in hand, the church rose slowly; but was completed, and was consecrated by Bishop Carroll on September 29, 1803, as the church of the Holy Cross.

In the midst of these labors the honors of the prelacy were preparing for Father de Cheverus. Bishop Carroll wrote to Rome urging the erection of four new sees. His appeal was favorably received, and on April 8, 1808, Pius VII. issued a brief erecting Baltimore into a metropolitan see and creating the bishoprics of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Bardstown. For the diocese of Boston Bishop Carroll had fixed upon the venerable Dr. Matignon, who, being aged and infirm, hastened to decline the honor and urged Father de Cheverus for the place. Archbishop Carroll assenting, Father de Cheverus was elevated to the episcopacy, being consecrated in the Cathedral of Baltimore on November 1, 1810. Father de Cheverus was sorely afflicted at thus being placed above his dear friend, Dr. Matignon, and would never consent to any change in their relations. The new bishop had but one small chamber for a mansion, and so scant was the furniture, that when he had several visitors his board bedstead was used as a see. On Sundays and holydays he had all the Catholics to dine with him who lived too far from the church to return home between the services. To meet such expenses, and to aid the poor, he economized even in the necessities of life. He continued, as before, to exercise the humblest functions — "confessed, catechised, visited the poor and the sick, went on foot alone, at all hours of the day and night and in all seasons, to carry alms or consolation to the afflicted. Every year he

spent three months among the Penobscot and Passamaquoddy Indians." Among the fruits of his labors at this time were many converts, of whom two were Protestant clergymen. He officiated at the consecration of the old New York Cathedral. Upon the death of Archbishop Carroll, his successor, Archbishop Neale, being aged and infirm, sought to secure the bishop of Boston as coadjutor. Bishop de Cheverus earnestly protested that to remove him from Boston would ruin the church there, Dr. Matignon being too infirm to perform the requisite duties. Father Maréchal was finally selected for Baltimore.

Boston being at this time without a single establishment for the education of Catholic youth, Bishop de Cheverus set about supplying the want, and soon had a community of Ursulines engaged in the work.* On September 19, 1818, Dr. Matignon died. This caused the good bishop great grief, and, together with incessant labor in a rigorous climate, told upon his health; a distressing asthma set in, and at length the doctors told the bishop that his life could only be prolonged by removal to a milder climate. In the midst of his afflictions he received a letter from France announcing his nomination to the bishopric of Montauban and urging his return to his native land. This letter caused Bishop de Cheverus the keenest anguish. On the one hand, was the welfare of his beloved diocese; and on the other, considerations of health and the wishes of his friends in France. At first he decided to remain in Boston, but the insistence of the king and other reasons prevailed, and he prepared to return to France. To the Boston diocese he gave the church, the episcopal residence, and the beautiful Ursuline convent; to his successors in the episcopacy he left his cherished library; all else he gave to his friends and the poor, retaining only the most necessary articles and the old trunk which he had brought with him twenty-seven years before. He left Boston as poor as he came. Universal sorrow was expressed by all classes at his departure, and more than three hundred vehicles escorted him out of the city when he departed, October 1, 1823, for New York, where he was to embark. In a review of Fénelon's life, written many years after, the Protestant, Dr. Channing, eulogizes Bishop de Cheverus in the most glowing language.

The voyage to his native land was a perilous one, the vessel being wrecked, though the passengers were saved. In France he was everywhere received with the highest token of esteem. He took possession of the bishopric of Montauban, where he remained till July 30, 1826, when he was translated to the archbishopric of Bordeaux. On February 1, 1836, he was proclaimed a cardinal. On July 19, 1836, full of honors and in the midst of his labors, the cardinal was stricken by death. It may truly be said that all France mourned his loss. His venerable confessor said to the weeping mourners around his death-bed: "I would wish to weep like you, but I cannot; if I have lost a friend, heaven has gained a saint."

* The convent was established in 1818. For sixteen years the Ursulines labored in Boston, removing to Mt. Benedict, Charlestown, in 1827, and there in August 11, 1834, a bigoted and brutal mob stormed the convent. The nuns and pupils had to flee, having hardly time to dress. In a few moments all was in a blaze. The chapel was violated, the vestments torn to shreds, the Bible burned, the plate carried off, the tombs of the dead nuns broken open, and the uncoffined bodies left to public gaze!

In the Bedroom of Elizabeth after the Death of Mary Stuart.

Now, as the time to midnight hour wore by,
Sleep, stealing in the chamber of the Queen,
Held her in bondage; but the subtle mind
Escaped its spell, and roaming uncontrolled
Sought out companionship.— Thus, the soul sent forth
Its messengers, whose vision quick observed
Another spirit entering the room,
Cased in the fairest shape of womanhood.

Then England's haughty daughter, sighing deep,
Appeared at once to recognize the form
As Scotland's sovereign; and the Queen wailed out
A cry of pain through the great vaulted hall,
That *Mary's self*, should seek her side,
And speak against her wishes.

For some said the Queer.
Had hated Mary's fatal beauty, and *that*
Had caused dissension 'twixt these two,
And in the latter days made deadly strife.
So when the spirit in its majesty
Came forward to Elizabeth, she grew
Alarmed, and hid her face in agony.
Then, to Elizabeth spoke Scotland's Queen:
"By the past trials of my earthly life,
Whose dim remembrance lives — and, too, for that
Which e'en when life is ended, still endures,
Making our past seem sweeter to recall,
Affection! — true love's fair star (the very gem
Of worth, most priceless in its jewelled cells)
By *that* affection, I appealed to you
Whom I called 'Sister'—for I trusted you
When other refuge failed me. Oft awake
In the first hours of day, I sadly thought
That joy from me seemed banished; when sudden
There dawned within my heart a brighter hope.
Across the waves I turned and fled — believing
That at last my evil days were over;
That you, on your great throne, would intercede
For me—an outcast and so desolate!
Why then, I pray you in all sincerity,
Did you abuse my faith, and hunt to death
A woman so forsaken?"

She ceased
And waited silent, folding her sweet arms
So white and rounded. Brightly her rich hair,
In auburn loveliness, curled o'er her brow,
Seeming aglow with life. Her perfect bosom
Gleaming in the dark like some snow mountain;
And her large hazel eyes reproachfully
Were turned upon the cruel Queen, who
Shivered while she slept. But bravely still
That dauntless soul arose and answer gave:

"In that I slew you, Mary, I allow!
 For passion sullied you, and all unchaste
 You led a life disgraceful to the crown
 And to Elizabeth, since we were knit
 By kindred ties. So I freed your spirit
 From its frail, sinful shell, and sent you to
 The footstool of our God and bade *Him* judge
 Between us. And wherefore now resume that form
 More youthful grown? Has blood but washed away
 Advancing years and made you beautiful?
 Is there no justice left in Heaven, that
 You are decked with graces fresh? Where then is
 Peace for me! Your beauty stung me with an
 Aching wound. Prosperity and wealth all
 Worthless grew. Power ceased to gratify
 While yet you lived! Do I still know myself?
 Am I Elizabeth? Are *all* things false?
 Once, death was deemed a penalty, but now
 It quite rewards the sufferer. I see
 In pristine beauty walks this wanton Queen
 Whom I did slay. Oh! Why does God permit it?"

Thus she, recurring to the thought of hours
 When lovely Mary held the world in bonds,
 More bitter grew. But Scotland's fairest Queen
 Showed all her heart's deep pain, and, turning, gazed
 Reproachfully. Then in a mournful tone
 Thus made reply:

"That I have been misguided, I well know.
 And filled my soul with strife and vain regret,
 Born of wild love. It held me captive slave,
 A tortured Queen! I've done some evil things
 For dear love's sake, but not those fearful crimes
 With which you blacken me. And when my bliss
 Became my misery, and I was all
 Remorseful and alone, I went to *you*
 For comfort and protection 'gainst my fate.
 You smiled, and sentenced me to bloody death.
 And God, recording it, has let *that* blood
 Wash all my stains away. *He* knew full well
 The passion in my veins — saw my temptations,
All my sufferings — and He weighed them too —
 My sorrow with my sins! for He judges
 Not like man. Dark were my errors and my faults —
 My expiation great. Thus He pardons me!
 And cleansing every blot that vice had made
 On my frail womanhood, restores anew
 The mortal form I wore when I was young.
 To you, He grants Empire most unbounded,
 And, too, a sway such as no sovereign holds,
 A power, which still increases, and a name
 To awe the world. But since by faithless deeds
 You plunged your kindred's daughter into death,
 Making her end a tragedy of tears,
 With not one pang of mercy in your heart —
That heart, He renders desolate! No love
 Shall bless your future, and your life shall shine
 A solitary star, lighting the world
 But never warming it. No bridegroom throws
 His clinging arms 'round you in raptured fold;
 No baby lips shall linger on thy breast
 To bid it thrill. Brilliant and chaste as ice

Your undivided sway shall be, and Love
Forever shun the stony heart, that forced me
To my doom."

"What! bid me reign alone,
And dying close my eyes without a child
To mourn my fall? O woman! You, who had
A host of lovers at your willing feet,
Can never know the hungry pain in my
Starved heart. My wealth but seems to mock at me;
Worthless my fame! I crave that *very* love
I feigned to scorn. I justly dealt you death
Who well deserved it—for with a magic spell
You drew men on, making your rare beauty
Prove still my bane—since none could deem *me* fair,
While yet *you* smiled! Ah well! You smiled in death
And thus again you baffled me. But now
My path is cleared of you, and Hymen's torch
May glow upon my hearth, and I may yet
Be happy and beloved. Say *that* to God,
And He I know will listen. It cannot be
That He would still delay to save me from
This cruel blow. My pain is sharp."

"Not as the axe; nor yet so deadly sure —
It leaves you life — but bids you live alone.
And now adieu."

"O Queen and sister, hold! Leave me not thus.
Unsay my wretched doom. I *cannot* live alone.
Far better now to die."

"As I have done,
In pain and blood? Remember *that*. Farewell!"

* * * * *

"I am alone? Such is my fate; from first
To last, *alone*! My punishment is just,
And Mary Stuart is by God avenged."

Then a strong shudder moved her sleeping limbs,
And, with a painful cry, the Queen awoke.

* * * * *

The mist hung heavy o'er the sullen tide;
The dawn broke slowly, making the cold earth
Seem barren. Against the rugged shore
The waves beat, moaning with low, continued
Wail. Upon a weary world another
Dreary day arose!

New York City,

CAROLINE C. JOACHIMSEN.

MARK BOYD records the answer the German innkeeper gave to a former Duke of Brunswick, who, while traveling, had stopped his suite to breakfast at his auberge. When the Duke called for his bill, he observed an enormous charge for eggs and sent for the landlord, holding the bill in his hand. "Why, eggs must be very scarce in this country!" "Oh, no, your Serene Highness, eggs are not at all scarce, but Grand Dukes are!"

but the people should from the first be required to support the pastor and the school-master. The plan of giving or advancing (to be paid back) six months or a year's provisions to the colonists has been tried, but has proven unsuccessful; like the machinery and stock, food had better be left to the settler himself to provide.

Placing the price of land to the purchaser at \$6 an acre, a fair average price, eighty acres would cost \$480, and one hundred and sixty acres, \$960; \$350 will build a neat one and a half story frame dwelling 16x24 feet, with cellar; \$100 would build the barn and grainery. These figures could be considerably reduced if the Colonization Company were to undertake the erection of a large number of houses at the same time, and \$400 would then probably be, if anything, an overestimate for the cost of house and barn on each farm. These estimates place the cost of an eighty acre and one hundred and sixty acre farm with building at \$880 and \$1360 respectively. If, when the colonist had selected his land, and had determined whether he would purchase a quarter of a section (one hundred and sixty acres) or only half as much, he was required to pay a certain portion of the purchase money down, say one tenth, and the balance was distributed over ten years, at a rate of interest even as high as ten per cent, he would not be paying for the *purchase* of his farm as much annually as the *rent* of a small shanty, or of a miserable room in an over-crowded tenement would cost him in any of our larger cities. But ten per cent is higher than the rate of interest, usually charged on deferred payments for land, and the payments themselves are generally so arranged as to make the lightest payments come the first years of the new settler's residence in his prairie home; and the heaviest after several crops have put him well on the road to independence.

Agencies should be established in all the principal cities where full and reliable information could be obtained by all those seeking it, and this information should embrace not only particulars about soil, climate, and market facilities, but should include, as well, full directions as to the railroad route to be taken to reach the colony, and the cost of transportation thither. This, in brief, is the work a Catholic Colonization Company should propose to itself. Most of the suggestions here made, have been already carried out by those who had charge of the Colonies already established, one colony, possessing one feature of them, and another colony another; but it would be wise to have the system, so far as possible, uniform, that our people would the sooner learn to understand and appreciate a movement so fraught with good to hundreds and thousands of them. How many lives would be brightened, if removed from the dirt and filth of a city's slums to a comfortable home on a Western prairie! How many souls would not be saved by the change! No business enterprise could be organized which, while returning a reasonable interest for the money invested, would, at the same time, do so much good and benefit so many people.

It is to be hoped that a company may be speedily formed which will take up the work already begun, and carry it on with increased facilities, so long as there is any good in this direction to be done.

Suggestions for a Catholic Colonization Co.

THERE was a meeting at Baltimore recently of the gentlemen interested in Catholic Colonization in this country. This meeting marks the commencement of the second period in this most beneficial and philanthropic work. It is no longer a theory, the success of which depends upon the results of costly and lengthy experiments. All that may be expected of the movement may, at least, be at present clearly foreseen, even if it has not been already realized. The difficulties to be encountered, and the obstacles to be overcome, are known, and the methods by which alone success is attainable, has for the future been distinctly marked out.

Colonists must be helped, not supported; the new settler must be taught to place his chief reliance on himself, and not upon the colony company: these are the cardinal principals to be adhered to. Briefly they may be summarized in the statement that *independence* and not *dependence* must be encouraged.

Good land, in favorable localities, should be secured and offered for sale at low rates on long and easy terms; but the settler should be obliged to make a payment before going on the land. If this is done he feels that he has a personal interest in the property, and that he will be the loser out of his own pocket if he fails. Those colonies have succeeded best, where this plan has been adopted. Loaning money to build a small house might, possibly, if properly restricted, prove a good plan; but it is the part of wisdom to let the colonist purchase his farm machinery, cattle and horses himself. He can get time, if he needs it, from the regular dealers, and he will feel the pressure of the debt, and consequently economize more carefully to meet it, where he makes his purchases on exactly the same footing as every other farmer. If bad crops occur, assistance can be given by the Colonization Company allowing the farmer's payment to them to run over another year, so that he can use what money he has to meet living expenses and machinery bills. A company which would purchase a large tract of land, dividing it into farms of eighty and one hundred and sixty acres each, with a neat house and barn and grainery, selling the same to colonists for a small sum down, and the balance on a system of payments extending over eight or ten years, would be most likely to succeed, and would prove an incalculable blessing to hundreds and thousands of Catholics in the East, who desire a home where they may bring up their children as good Catholics and good citizens, away from the dangers, both spiritual and temporal, of city life.

They are not paupers and do not want charity. What they ask is a chance to help themselves, with what little means they can command.

The colony company might build the church and the school-house;

“Show me Ten Doctors and I will show you Nine Atheists.”

It has, unhappily, become a proverbial saying, and, we are sorry to see (observes the *London Tablet*) that the chief organ of the medical profession in England, is doing its best to justify it. *The Lancet* has a long paragraph headed “Morbid Religious Affection,” in the course of which it lays down the dictum, “Parents and clergymen, who have a care for the moral purity of the women under their protection, should interdict the use of the crucifix peremptorily and universally.” We commend to the attention of the Christian, and especially the Catholic members of the medical profession, this monstrous insult to Christianity, merely remarking that we should hardly be inclined to seek champions of moral purity in the school of M. Paul Bert. *The Tablet* further observes: It is a striking sign of the times, and one which may well lead to the most serious reflections, that the medical profession in England is committed, as far as its recognized organ in the press can commit it, to the most detestable and degrading of contemporary forms of thought: “a brutal philosophy,” to use the words of our Cardinal Archbishop. In France the medico-atheistic school has long been dominant. In this country the Christian traditions which still hallow English life were supposed to maintain a hold, however ill assured, among our physicians and surgeons. It appears to be the intention of the *Lancet* to show that this is so no longer: and that those whom it represents must be ranked among the followers of M. Paul Bert. Most sad and deplorable as this state of things is, it is not surprising. There are two reasons why those who follow the medical profession should be in special danger of Materialism. One of them was pointed out twenty-six years ago by Cardinal Newman, in an address to the Medical School of the Catholic University of Dublin, from which we shall cite a few sentences. “A medical philosopher who has so simply fixed his intellect on his own science as to have forgotten the existence of any other,” his Eminence remarked, “will view man, who is the subject of his contemplation, as a being who has little more to do than to be born, to grow, to eat, to drink, to walk, to reproduce his kind, and to die. He sees him born as other animals are born; he sees life leave him, with all those phenomena of annihilation which accompany the death of a brute. He compares his structure, his organs, his functions, with those of other animals, and his own range of science leads to the discovery of no facts which are sufficient to convince him that there is any difference in kind between the human animal and them. His practice, then, is according to his facts and his theory. Such a person will think himself free to give advice, and to insist upon rules, which are quite insufferable to any religious mind, and simply antagonistic to faith and morals.” And Cardinal Newman went on to state that he had known the most detestable counsel given to young persons by eminent physicians in consequence of this contracted view of man and his destinies. This testimony is by no means isolated.

And we think our readers will do well to note it. Such is one reason why a tendency to Materialism, to Animalism, and to Atheism, is a besetting danger of the medical profession. And there is another reason which we must not pass over.

It is notorious that, during the last thirty or forty years, and especially during the last quarter of a century, the practice of performing terribly painful experiments on living animals has become common in our medical schools. We are by no means fanatics on the vivisection question, as will have been abundantly evident to all who perused the article regarding it, which appeared in our issue of the 11th of March, 1882. But, as we then observed, "there is an overwhelming amount of evidence too painful and too revolting to admit of our doing more than allude to it here, that throughout Europe experiments are made upon living animals upon the most frivolous grounds, with the most reckless and brutal disregard of their sufferings; that many of the laboratories of so-called priests of science are mere torture chambers in which vast multitudes of helpless beasts are subjected to every refinement of cruelty, not in the true spirit of science, but out of curiosity, and on the mere chance of some discovery which may supply means for ministering to the vanity of the operators." Now there can be no question whatever that these things tend directly — to use the admirable words of our Cardinal Archbishop — to produce "hardness of the heart and deadness of the conscience." And as the heart is hardened and the conscience is deadened, the perception of supersensuous truths waxes dim and at last is lost altogether. It is by no accident that the most famous vivisectioners have, as a rule, been the most blatant and blasphemous Atheists. The step is a very short one from gloating over the agonies of an innocent creature to denying the all-merciful Creator. Professor Rolleston, of Oxford, is well borne out by the facts, when he remarks that the sight of a living, bleeding, and quivering organism undoubtedly does act in a particular way upon what Dr. Carpenter calls the emotionomotor nature, that in Kingsley's words, it "arouses the sleeping devil that is in the heart of every man." And it is not to be wondered at if such of the new generation of medical practitioners, as, to the joy of the *Lancet*, have been trained in the habitual contemplation of these horrors and in the habitual experience of these emotions, are as a rule averse from Christianity or Theism. Dr. Haughton — no mean authority — told the Royal Commission, "I would shrink with horror from accustoming large classes of young men to the sight of animals under vivisection. I believe that many of them would become cruel and hardened, and would go away and repeat those experiments recklessly. Science would gain nothing; and the world have let loose upon it a set of young devils." These are strong words. But does experience verify them? Of all demoralized youths, the medical student, inured to the contemplation of suffering of the most terrible kind, deliberately inflicted, is too frequently the most demoralized: a mere compound of filth and ferocity, with no promise at all of development into the moral censor of the *Lancet*, calling upon parents and clergymen to "interdict peremptorily and universally the use" of the most sacred emblem of Christianity, as inimical to the virtue of purity.

St. Patrick.

I.

"Look, Dalreid! how bravely that ship is standing towards us from the sea. All her sails swelling before the wind; and as if these were not enough, the oars on each side are manned; grand fellows all of them."

Dalreid looked, as Succat pointed, towards the ship which was sailing directly for the shore. But what had given the boy at his side so much pleasure, made the old herdsman shake with terror. "God save us, my young master," he groaned; then, leaving the flock to take care of itself, he laid hold of Succat, saying; "Let us fly! there may be time to escape them." But the wind blowing towards the shore, the strong men pulling at the oars, gave no time for flight beyond the shallow hiding-places among the rocks. "Let us fight for our lives!" said Succat, seeing how little was gained by running. "Oh, my boy," groaned Dalreid. "They do not care to take our lives. All they want is to get prisoners; prisoners to be their slaves!" and with a shudder, Dalreid, still keeping his hold on Succat, plunged into the low bushes, their only hiding-places. There was the possibility of being overlooked here; but they would be seen and overtaken most certainly, if they attempted a longer flight. Their suspense was short. The ship was manned by the seven sons of Sectmaide, King of Britain, and their followers. Keen-sighted, always on the lookout, they had noticed, before they were seen themselves, Dalreid and his young master, Succat, and had watched their flight; so that when they landed, swift-footed and strong as they were, they had only to swoop down upon their victims like birds of prey, and drag them to the ship; which to Dalreid, was worse than a grave.

The shore on which this took place was the northern shore of France, known as Armorica, where Succat's father, Calphurnius, who was a *Decurio*, or officer in the Roman army commanding ten soldiers, had estates. The family was noble; and his mother, Conchessa, was a cousin of Saint Martin, that great Bishop of Tours, who, while a soldier, had divided his cloak with a beggar. Perhaps there had been little of what we call luxury, in the life of this noble youth, but there had been everything which makes life happy; parents, brothers and sisters, a home of peace and of abundance, with such an offlook on the future as made the present all the more full of contentment. The youth had grown up with only one aim for this world, which was, to be worthy of his rank. How completely all his bright hopes had been overcast, Succat did not know himself, at this time. Long, very long after, he heard that his father, Calphurnius, was killed the very day that he was himself taken prisoner and that his two sisters, were also taken prisoners. God spared him these aggravations of his own misfortunes; perhaps in consideration of his youth. But from Conchessa? alas! nothing could be withheld from her. The full knowledge

of her miseries, of her terrible bereavement, came upon her like a hurricane. The death of Calphurnius even, with all his claims upon her love, and desolate as his death left her, was less hard to bear than the captivity of her children. Calphurnius had died under the weapons of his enemies, without the last consolation of his religion, it was true. But he had been, always, a good Christian, was prepared for judgment by the regular practice of his religion, and met death in the discharge of his duties as an officer and as the head of his family. For Calphurnius she had nothing to fear; but for her son, a mere youth, for her two young daughters, all in the hands of pagans — what had not her mother's heart to dread for the souls as well as the bodily safety of her children? It would be hard for the poet or painter, to represent the grief of Conchessa. Yet this mother, who was the cousin of a saint like Martin of Tours, must have known on whom to call in the day of her affliction; and when the news of these terrible calamities came to the ears of Saint Martin, as they must have come in due time, may we not believe that his prayers and tears, and the holy sacrifice which he offered with such fervor, were given, without stint and without measure, in behalf of the three children of his cousin, Conchessa, captives among pagans? Remembering, also, how prevailing were the prayers, the tears, the sacrifices of Saint Martin, may we not believe that they were like shields between these dear children and all the wickedness by which they were surrounded?

It was not a long passage from the shore of Armorica to the shore of Ireland, where the seven princes landed with all their slaves. During this expedition and the many which succeeded it, thousands were carried captives to Ireland from the northern coast of France, and then sold. Our Succat was sold to four men, who were slave-dealers, no doubt. In the end, however, one of them bought out the other three, and thus Succat had one master, whose name was Milcho, and he set Succat, the son of Calphurnius, the Roman decurion, in the midst of a desolate country to tend swine. The nights, as well as the days, were spent under the open sky, without shelter, without even so much as a sheepskin to protect him from the chill air, or to give him a bed as he threw himself on the bare ground. Then, too, the heats of summer, the thirst, the food not only coarse but so sparingly given; the utter lack of companionship, the utter lack of kindness, and what a picture rises before us of this captive, this slave, in the hands of his masters! There was no one to remind him of his prayers; no one to remind him of God, of his loving providence; there was nothing to help him lift up his mind and thoughts, and to urge him to follow the example of so many confessors, so many martyrs, who had finished their course with joy, making no account of their sufferings.

In the happy years of life with his parents, Succat had been a child singularly favored by God. When taken to a priest named Gormias, who was blind, for baptism, and no water was at hand, the priest took the hands of the infant, made with them the sign of the cross over the ground and a spring gushed forth. With the water of this miraculous spring the little one was baptized; and the blind Gormias, having washed his eyes in it, recovered sight. Again when

a flood put out the fire in the house where he was living with his nurse, so that no food could be cooked and the child cried with hunger, his nurse told him that he must wait until a fire could be kindled. With a smile like that of an angel on his wet cheeks, he dipped the five fingers of his right hand into the water, and the five drops which fell from his five fingers changed into sparks of fire, and the fire glowed on the wet hearth and the water around them ceased rising. Another time, when the wood was too green to burn, and his nurse complained that she had no dry faggots to kindle it with, he took the icicles which hung from the eaves and threw them on to the wood, and long streams of fire broke out from them and the old nurse was consoled. Again, when he was watching the sheep and lambs with his little sister, she tripped as she ran to keep her flock in order and struck her head so that she fell senseless. Her brother raised her from the ground, made over her the sign of the cross, and she was not only restored to her senses, but the wound was healed, the white scar being all that remained to tell of the miracle. One day a wolf ran off with a sheep from his flock. His nurse reproached him for it. But the next day the wolf returned, bringing the sheep with him. Another day he heard a person say that he must kill one of his oxen because the creature was so wild and fierce. Succat asked to see the ox, and his one look tamed him so that he would follow Succat like a lamb. Yet no sooner was he a captive, than he seemed to lose all power over nature, or even over the hearts of his masters. But although no miracle saved him from captivity or softened the rigors of his servitude, Succat never lost his confidence in God; God who had created him; God who had redeemed him; God who was now sanctifying him in so extraordinary a manner; preparing him for extraordinary labors by extraordinary graces. Nor was this zeal of devotion for one month or one year only; but for six years, until the youth had become a man; and this, not while herding innocent sheep, symbols of the "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world;" but while herding swine, into whose bodies our divine Lord once sent the demons cast out from one possessed. There was not one object of his care on which he could rest his eyes or his heart, or which could appeal to one sentiment, unless that of honorable fidelity to his trust. Yet, during all this time he had not asked, complainingly, why he had been created; if this was to be his occupation for life; or why he had such hardships while others were living in ease. A strange joy upheld his soul in the midst of his toils, his loneliness, his obedience to a master who could never win his esteem. From the time he was put to this menial service, he had been lifted above the usual necessities of the young; and while tending his herds, he enjoyed the companionship of angels by the exercise of unceasing prayer.

But what is the voice which Succat hears in his sleep on the bare ground, with the sky for a roof? During all these six years he had served his master, Milcho, with all simplicity of heart, without ever thinking that Milcho, king of North Dalaraida, should have special compassion upon him for any reason whatever, nor had he ever thought of escaping. In his dreams he had seen the faces he loved so well, but had waked to find himself a captive, a herder of swine, without one

thought of repining. And now a voice comes to him in his sleep, saying: "Thou dost fast well, and thou shalt now go to thy country." And again as he slept, the same voice was heard, saying: "Behold thy ship is ready." And all at once a light seemed to break in upon his mind, and a confidence in some guiding hand, which had been laid upon him a thousand times more powerfully than the hands of his captors on the shore of Armorica. There was no breach of trust, now, in leaving his swine and making his way in the direction which the voice he had heard so distinctly had indicated. He must find his way to the seacoast; but it was not with the feeling of being a stranger that he took up his staff for his long journey. He had learned the language of the country, he had acquired its peculiar ways and habits, and no one would be likely to suspect him of being a runaway slave. Accustomed to hardships, his feet were as light as his heart, when, at the end of a long day's walk over paths rather than roads, he found a shelter and a few hours' sleep under some overhanging rock or shaggy hawthorn; and he waked with the first pale streak of dawn, to speed with a gay step over the shortening distance between him and the ship which, the voice had said, was in waiting for him. Two hundred miles brought him to the port for which he had started; and there, taking in its cargo, was indeed a ship, bound, too, for Armorica. To go to its master, to ask for a passage, was the first impulse, without considering that he had no money to pay for his passage or skill as a sailor to work. The master and sailors wanted no such person on board, and told him so without any hesitation. Their gruff refusal was not to be mistaken, and Succat turned away from the ship sorely disappointed. But there was a habit which he had contracted during his long captivity which he did not forget. This was the habit of prayer; the habit of putting all his affairs, all his necessities, into the hands of God. Therefore, when he turned away from the ship, instead of giving himself up to despondency and blaming the master or sailors, he lifted his heart to Him who had protected him amid so many dangers, and had finally inspired him to make his way toward his own country. Before going to the ship he had stopped at the door of a cottage and asked for food; and the kindness with which it had been given to him encouraged him to return to it, since they would not receive him on board the ship. As he walked he prayed; and as he prayed and while still walking, he heard the sailors calling to him. One was even trying to overtake him and when he turned back they said to him, "Come, we will take you in good faith; be as good friends with us as you may wish;" and from that moment the soul of the young man was in peace.

The voyage lasted but three days when they landed; yet for twenty days we are told, the ship's crew, with Succat, wandered about in a country devastated by pirates, who had carried off the inhabitants for slaves, without being able to obtain the food necessary to sustain life. At last the captain entreated Succat to "call upon his God" for the aid they needed. The captain and his crew were pagans, and, no doubt, in the course of the voyage, and their wanderings in the desert place, Succat had spoken of the power of God, the one true and living God, to sustain the creatures he had made. When the captain made

this request, Succat prayed in all confidence, and forthwith a herd of swine ran before them, and so near that they easily caught all they needed for food; a miracle which those rude men did not deny, for they praised the God of Succat, and honored Succat himself for having been heard by this mighty Being. After a while they came across some wild honey which they were all preparing to eat, when one of the sailors remarked that honey was offered to their gods; which Succat no sooner heard than he refused the honey, much as he needed the refreshment.

But this painful journey, like all other things in this world, came to an end, and Succat was once more with his mother and his family and their relatives. If it would be difficult to describe the sorrows of the widowed Conchessa during the more than six years of bereavement which she had endured, it would be impossible to describe her joy on seeing again this beloved son and to find him worthy of her affection; worthy to receive from God marks of especial favor. Nor was Conchessa alone in this joy. All his relatives, all the friends of his honored father, united in welcoming him to his country, and were already planning for him the most honorable positions. Strange to say, no sooner did Succat find himself in his own country, among his own family, than he was sensible of a love, a deep, supernatural love for the country and for the people he had left. He had lived among them as a slave; but all the while he knew how high above them he had been raised by his Christian faith. What influence could the word of a slave have had upon his pagan master or his household? But now he was free, and an unexpected yearning sprang up in his soul for the conversion of those benighted people. Perhaps, too, this supernatural compassion was increased by contrasting the condition of these pagans, flourishing as they were, with the condition of a Christian community, even when this community had suffered great afflictions and were the victims of great wrongs. While all these thoughts were stirring silently in his mind, a vision came to Succat in the night, which had for him all the authority of that voice from heaven, which had bade him leave Ireland and return to his own country. An angel stood before Succat, clad, not in the shining garments in which Succat had seen him at other times, but in the dress worn by the master of Succat, and by others of rank. This angel, who was named Victor, bore with him innumerable letters, and as he presented one to Succat he saw written thereon: "The voice of the Irish!" And while he read this letter, he heard many voices, chiming in the same chorus: "Holy youth, we entreat you to come and walk among us."

Succat read no more. He had read enough to know that it was the will of God that he should return to the people among whom he had lived as a slave, to be their guide in the way of salvation; and to know this to be the will of God, was to have it his will also. His course was plain. This divine call implied a divine preparation for his work. If he was to teach others, he must himself be taught. And now came to mind his holy kinsman, Martin, Bishop of Tours. He would go to him and learn the divine science of instructing a nation in the Christian faith and how to practice it. From this moment the

entreaties of friends, even of his mother, to remain among them, fell upon deaf ears. He had tasted the sweets of domestic happiness long enough to know the sacrifice he was making and to merit its reward. Without delay he hastened to the city of Tours, presented himself before the bishop, his kinsman, told him the story of his captivity, which Martin must have listened to with a sympathy known only to such great souls; to the story of his flight at the call of an angel; to his safe arrival on his native shore and among his own family, and finally, of this new call to an arduous mission among a heathen people for the successful performance of which he had been prepared so mysteriously. His course was as plain to the bishop as to himself. Succat was in his twenty-second year, when he was released from captivity, which was in 410. He remained with Saint Martin four years, and was instructed in science and doctrine. At the end of four years, he received from Saint Martin the ecclesiastical tonsure; which was, to have the crown of his head shaved; and this hair was never again to be allowed to grow. But with this turning of his mind, of his whole intellect to heavenly wisdom, he turned his heart from the world altogether to God. He abandoned the cares and the pleasures of life, and made a resolution to abstain always from flesh meat. From Tours and from its holy bishop, Saint Martin, Succat went to Auxerre, and to another saint, Germanus. The story of such a life as that of Martin or of Germanus, reads like something outside the world; or better still, as if God possessed this world and governed it, as few people, nowadays, are disposed to acknowledge. If we do not acknowledge this, however, it would be impossible for us to understand these lives, so wonderful, so attractive by their beauty and their heroism as well as by their sanctity. This Germanus had once been governor of Armorica, and his noble birth, great learning and at length his extraordinary graces and correspondence with these graces, fitted him to be one of the civilizers of Northern Europe, and the founder, directly, or indirectly, of some of its most famous schools. It was under this master that Succat studied theology and canon law; and was thus fitted to be spiritual prince and lawgiver as well as priest. His life with Saint Germanus was rich in everything that would fit him for his great mission, in everything that would prepare him for a place among the friends of God; while it confirmed him in all the pious practices to which he had accustomed himself in the simplicity of his heart, during his grievous captivity. For, if Succat, the son of Calphurnius the Roman decurion, while a slave and a keeper of swine, had kept his mind fixed on God during the night watches and under the bleak skies of winter, the holy bishop of Auxerre found ways to keep his eyes from slumber, during long nights which he spent altogether in prayer. While, after three nights of prayer, he performed wonderful works, converting souls, enlightening unbelievers, curing the sick, relieving distress of all sorts; and Succat thanked God for having the example of Saint Germanus before him to encourage him to persevere in the holy habit of his youth and of his adversity. The fruit of this holy habit he was not slow to reap; for it came to him in the security with which he walked in the way of perfection, and in the light of heavenly

wisdom which was continually shed over his mind. And so it came to pass that even under the teaching of the holy and learned bishop of Auxerre, Succat felt himself called to Rome, the centre of Catholic unity, and to the Pope of Rome, the father of all the faithful, and the source of authority for all Christian teachers. The resolution once taken, he made no delay, but made his journey to Rome and was presented to Pope Celestine, who was a saint as well as Saint Martin and Saint Germanus. How easy for one Saint to read the heart of another ! Pope Celestine received cordially the student of ecclesiastical learning ; but he saw something deeper than a love for learning in that earnest face, in those eyes which had seen angels like most familiar friends, and whose ears had heard not only the voice of angels, but the voice of Him who said : "I am he who gave his life for thee." Pope Celestine heard Succat's story, and he did not doubt, any more than Succat himself, that God had called him to be a teacher of life to the Irish people. And seeing clearly that such a teacher should take with him the highest authority in the power of the Church to bestow, Celestine saw fit to ordain Succat, priest, by his own hand, and afterwards to consecrate him bishop. But this was not all. As Saul, when called to be an apostle to the Gentiles, was to be known as Paul, so Pope Celestine set his seal on the ministry of Succat, by giving him a new name, Patricius ; or, as we say, Patrick ; the name by which the Apostle of Ireland is known and loved and venerated, all over the world.

Besides this new name given with the very chrism of consecration, the zeal of Pope Celestine to furnish this new missionary with every possible aid for his work, was shown by his generosity in giving him relics — relics of the saints — as if he would secure for Patrick the influence of these friends of man, so powerful before the throne of God. We are not told the precise form in which these relics were given ; but we know that in the time of Saint Gregory the Great, one hundred years after, relics were not, as is now very general, particles of the bones of a saint. When Theodolinda, queen of the Lombards, a woman who had done good service for the Church, sent to Rome, by the Abbot John, for portions of the bodies of the saints for relics, Saint Gregory did not feel at liberty to grant the request ; but told him to take oil from the lamps burned before the shrines or tombs of the saints, and that this oil should have the efficacy of the bone of a saint. Very likely it was by a relic of this sort, not by the actual bones, that Pope Celestine strengthened the heart and the hands of Patrick ; which may well recall to us what is said, in the Acts of the Apostles, of the zeal of the people to bring their sick within Peter's shadow who were thus healed. In Catholic countries, relics are considered most precious ornaments for the altar. On great feasts, these relics, in their reliquaries, are set on the high altar for the veneration of the people ; very often instead of the flowers, so generally in use among ourselves ; and from Pope Celestine's successors, as well as from Pope Celestine himself, we have examples of the confidence felt throughout those early ages in the virtue of relics.

The time had now come for Patrick to respond to the "voice of

the Irish," which had come to him years before. There had been nothing hurried, nothing superficial in his preparation ; but now that these preparations had been made, the soul of Patrick turned to Ireland, and to its people. There is nothing said of leave-takings, or visits to his family. One desire alone burned in his soul. This was to bring the land of his captivity into the freedom of Christ. The same short sail brought him again to the Irish coast ; but he saw it surrounded by demons, who were bent upon keeping him from the island. The sign of the cross, by which he had wrought such wonders as a child, dispelled these evil spirits ; but although he landed safely on a strand near the present town of Wicklow, the spirits seemed to have entered into the heart of the chieftain at the place, named Nathi ; for he received them in a way which decided Patrick to go farther north, near Leinster, and still nearer to his old master, Milcho. Here he went on shore with his companions, and here they were found by a swine-herd, who took them to be thieves, and ran and told as much to his master, Dichu, who forthwith set his dog on them. But when Dichu came near to Patrick and looked in his face, he became gentle ; and faith, the "gift of God," came into his heart, and he was baptized by Patrick ; thus becoming Patrick's first convert in Ireland, and always his most faithful friend. It was Dichu who kept Patrick's boat while he went to pay a visit to his old master, Milcho. Full thirty years had gone by since the vision which had urged Patrick to fly to the seacoast. Yet the country of Dalaraida had changed little in that time, so that Patrick could easily make his way. But when he came in sight of Milcho's house, he saw it in flames. This poor pagan could not imagine the visit of a former slave to his master as anything than a visit of revenge ; and believing that Succat, now Patrick, had come to visit him and his household with destruction, he set fire to everything he possessed, and threw himself into the flames. Patrick predicted that none of Milcho's children would succeed him ; but an honor greater than that of a petty prince awaited them. His son Gnasacht became Bishop Granard, and two of his daughters became nuns in a monastery which sprang up near their home.

Patrick had arrived in Ireland in the autumn of the year 432. After his visit to Milcho, he returned to his convert, Dicho, and spent the winter with him, preaching in the surrounding country with wonderful success ; preaching not only by words but by example. If he taught them to pray, he himself excelled all in prayers. If he taught them mortification, he was the first to give an example ; for even the bitter cold of winter could not prevent his passing the night in the frozen rivers, while he preached by day upon the hills. Each night he sang a hundred psalms to adore the King of angels. His bed was a stone, and a rock his pillow. For a garment he wore only wet sack-cloth, and would never allow his body to be warm. And all this time the gift of miracles drew upon him the eyes of the Irish people, convincing them of his divine mission among them, and preparing them to receive his instructions. The Master who had said of his own miracles and those of his disciples, "greater miracles than these shall they do," gave to Patrick the power of healing ; of making the lame

walk, of curing lepers, of raising the dead to life. Among those favored was Rius, brother to Dichu. He was an aged man and had lost the use of his limbs. Patrick asked him if he would believe in Christ, if this same Christ would restore him to health? The aged man replied: "If thou canst, through Christ, perform on me such a miracle, forthwith I will believe in Him." Then Patrick prayed to Christ, laid his hands upon Rius in blessing, and the aged and helpless man stood once more on his feet with sound limbs and in all the vigor of manhood. But this was not all. After he had been baptized and had brought many to the fold of faith, Patrick asked his aged convert which he would prefer, to remain still on earth or depart immediately to God, who had shown such love for him, not only by healing his body but by saving his soul. Rius, without hesitation, said he would prefer to go to God; choosing heaven instead of earth. Patrick gave him forthwith all the sacraments for a happy death, and Rius, commending his soul to God, was taken to eternal rest.

The famous monastery known as the *Sabhall*, and pronounced Saul, was founded at this time. *Sabhall* means a barn; and very likely the first building was a barn, given up to Patrick until he could build a proper church and convent. At this time, too, a youth who became a saint, received the grace of conversion. As Patrick was on his way to Durlus, which is now called Bright, he saw a youth herding cattle. Something in the face of the youth told Patrick of a special grace waiting for him. So he stopped and preached the faith of Christ to the young herdsman, who heard the gospel story with perfect candor and was baptized. With the grace of faith came a vocation to the priesthood, and Patrick ordained Mochae as the first in the long line of Irish priests who have come down to our own day and are to be found in every corner of the world.

But these conversions, with so many others which have not been narrated to us in detail, did not strike at the roots of paganism in Ireland. Dalaraida was only the beginning of good things for the Celtic people. The Paschal days were approaching, and Patrick and his companions asked where they should be celebrated for the first time in Ireland? Their decision was, that no fitter place could be named than that where idolatry and druidism held its place most proudly; and this was at *Teamhair*, or Tara, and forthwith they bade Dichu farewell. On coming to the mouth of the river Boyne, Patrick left his boat in the care of a disciple named Lomman, and went forward by land. At the first place where he rested, a man named Seschnen received him and gave him lodging for the night. Benen, the son of his host, charmed with his guest, no sooner saw Patrick sleeping than he began to scatter flowers over him in token of his admiration. His parents reproved him; not, however, because they considered it undeserved, but for fear the boy would awaken their guest, who seemed fatigued with his journey. Patrick, however, heard the conversation and resolved to win this young soul to God. No time was lost in giving the necessary instructions. He was baptized, and thenceforth accompanied Patrick in his rounds as apostle to Ireland, and also followed closely in his steps in the way of sanctity. This young disciple is known to us, to-day, as Saint Benignus.

The Siege of Boston Developed.

JOHN BULL LEAVES BOSTON, MARCH SEVENTEENTH.

By order of the President of the United States, a national salute was fired, at meridian, on the twenty-fourth day of December, 1883, as a memorial recognition of the one hundredth anniversary of the surrender by George Washington, on the twenty-third day of December, 1783, at Annapolis, of his commission as commander-in-chief of the patriotic forces of America. This official order declares "the fitness of observing that memorable act, which not only signalized the termination of the heroic struggle of seven years for independence, but also manifested Washington's devotion to the great principle, that ours is a civil government, of and by the people."

The closing sentence of Washington's order, dated April 18, 1783, may well be associated with this latest centennial observance. As he directed a cessation of hostilities, his joyous faith, jubilant and prophetic, thus forecast the future: "Happy, thrice happy! shall they be pronounced, hereafter, who have contributed anything, who have performed the meanest office, in erecting this stupendous fabric of freedom and empire, on the broad basis of independence,—who have assisted in protecting the rights of human nature, and establishing an asylum for the poor and oppressed of all nations and religions."

The two acts of Washington, thus associated, were but the fruition of deliberate plans which were formulated in the trenches about Boston. The "centennial week of years," which has so signally brought into bold relief the details of single battles and has imparted fresh interest to many localities which retain no visible trace of the scenes which endear them to the American heart, has inclined the careless observer to regard the battles of the War for Independence as largely accidental, and the result of happy, or even of Providential, circumstances, rather than as the fruit of well-considered plans which were shaped with full confidence in success.

Battles and campaigns have been separated from their true relation to the war, as a systematic conflict, in which the strategetic issue was sharply defined; and too little notice has been taken of the fact that Washington took the aggressive from his first assumption of command. The title, "Fabius of America," was freely conferred upon him after his success at Trenton; but there was a subtle sentiment embodied in that very tribute, which credited him with the political sagacity of the patriot and statesman, more than with the genius of a great soldier. All contemporaries admitted that he was judicious in the use of the resources placed at his command, that he was keen to use raw troops to the best possible disposal, and took quick advantage of every opportunity which afforded relief to his poorly-fed and poorly-equipped troops, in meeting the British and Hessian regulars; but there were few who penetrated his real character and rightly estimated the scope of his strategy and the sublime grandeur of his faith.

The battles of that war (each in its place) have had their immediate results well defined. To see, as clearly, their exact place in relation to the entire struggle, and that they were the legitimate sequence of antecedent preparation, requires that the preparation itself shall be understood.

The camps, redoubts, and trenches, which engirdled Boston during its siege, were so many appliances in the practical training-school of war, which Washington promptly seized, appropriated, and developed. The capture of Boston was not the chief aim of Washington, when, on the third day of July, 1775, he established his head-quarters at Cambridge. Boston was, indeed, the immediate objective point of active operations, and the issue, at arms, had been boldly made at Lexington and Concord. Bunker Hill had practically emancipated the American yeomanry from the dread of British arms, and foreshadowed the finality of National Independence. However the American Congress might temporize, there was no alternative with Washington, but a steady purpose to achieve complete freedom. From his arrival at Cambridge, until his departure for New York, he worked with a clear and serene confidence in the final result of the struggle. A mass of earnest men had come together, with the stern resolve to drive the British out of Boston; but the patriotism and zeal of those who first begirt the city were not directed to a protracted and universal colonial resistance. To the people of Massachusetts there came an instant demand, imperative as the question of life or death, to fight out the issue, even if alone and single-handed, against the oppressor. Without waiting for reports from distant colonies as to the effect of the skirmish at Lexington and the more instructive and stimulating experience at Breed's Hill, they penned the British in Boston and determined to drive them from the land. Dr. Dwight said of Lexington: "The expedition became the preface to the history of a nation, the beginning of an empire, and a theme of disquisition and astonishment to the civilized world."

The battle of Bunker Hill equalized the opposing forces. The issue changed from that of a struggle of legitimate authority to suppress rebellion, and became a contest, between Englishmen, for the suppression, or the perpetuation, of the rights of Magna Charta.

The siege of Boston assumed a new character as soon as it became a part of the national undertaking to emancipate the Colonies, one and all, and thereby establish one great Republic.

From the 3d of July, 1775, until the 17th of March, 1776, there was gradually developed a military policy with an army system, which shaped the whole war.

Many battles have been styled "decisive." Many slow tortures of the oppressed have prepared the way for heroic defiance of the oppressor. Many elaborate preparations have been made for war, when at last some sudden outrage or event has precipitated an unlooked-for conflict, and all preparations, however wisely adjusted, have been made in vain. "I strike to-night!" was the laconic declaration of Napoleon III., as he informed his proud and beautiful Empress, that "the battalions of France were moving on the Rhine." The march of Lord

Percy to Concord was designed to clip off, short, the seriously impending resistance of the people to British authority. With full recognition of all that had been done, before the arrival of Washington to assume command of the besieging militia, as the "*Continental Army*" of *America*, there are facts which mark the months of that siege, as months of that wise preparation which ensured the success of the war. Washington at once took the offensive. He was eminently aggressive; but neither hasty nor rash. Baron Jomini said, that "Napoleon discounted time." So did Washington. Baron Jomini said, also, that "Napoleon was his own best chief-of-staff." So, pre-eminently, was Washington.

The outlook at Cambridge, on the 3d of July, 1775, revealed the presence of a host of hastily-gathered and rudely-armed, earnest men, well panoplied, indeed, in the invulnerable armor of loyalty to country and to God; fearless, self-sacrificing, daring death to secure liberty; but lacking that discipline, cohesion, and organized assignment to place and duty, which convert a mass of men into an army of soldiers. Washington stated the case, fairly, in the terse expression: "They have been accustomed, officers and men alike, to have their own way too long already."

The rapidly succeeding methods through which that mass of fiery patriots became a well-ordered army, obedient to authority, and accepting the delays and disappointments of war with cheerful submission, will stand as the permanent record of a policy which cleared the way for an assured liberty.

As early as 1775, Lord Dartmouth had asserted, with vigor, that Boston was worthless as a base, if the authority of the Crown was to be seriously defied by the colonies, acting in concert. He advocated the evacuation of Boston, and the consolidation of the royal forces at New York. Washington, early after his arrival at Cambridge, saw that the British commander had made a mistake. His letters to Congress are full of suggestions which citizens could only slightly value, so long as they saw Boston still under British control. It is difficult to see how the war could have been a success, if New York had been occupied, in force, by Lord Howe in 1775, and the rashness of Gates had not precipitated the skirmish at Lexington and the battle of Bunker Hill. It is no less hard to see where and how Washington could have found time, place, and suitable conditions for that practical campaign experience which the siege of Boston afforded.

The mention of some of these incidents will suggest others, and illustrate that experience.

A practical siege was undertaken, under the most favorable circumstances. The whole country, near by, was in sympathy with the army. The adjacent islands, inlets, and bays swarmed with scouting parties, which cut off supplies from the city. The army had its redoubts and trenches, and the heights of Bunker Hill were in sight as a pledge of full ability to resist assault. As a fact, no successful sortie was made out of Boston during the siege; but constant activity and watchfulness were vital to each day's security. Provisions were abundant and the numerical strength was sufficient. System and discipline alone were to be added.

The details of camp-life in the immediate presence of skilled enemies compelled officers and men, alike, to learn the minutest details of field engineering. Gabions, fascies, abattis, and other appliances for assault or defence were quickly made, and all this practical schooling in the work of war went on, under the watchful co-operation of the very officers who afterward became conspicuous in the field, from Long Island to Yorktown. The camp about Boston made officers. Its discipline dissipated many colonial jealousies; and there was developed that confidence in their commander, which, in after years, became the source of untold strength and solace to him in the darkest hours of the war.

The details of the personal work of the commander-in-chief read more like some magician's tale. Every staff department was organized under his personal care, so that he was able to retain, even until the end of the war, his chief assistants. Powder, arms, provisions, clothing, firewood, medicines, horses, carts, tools, and all supplies, however incidental, depended upon minute instructions of Washington himself.

A few orders are cited, as an illustration of the system which marked his life in camp, and indicate the value of those months, as preparatory to the ordeal through which he had yet to pass.

To withhold commissions, until some proof was given of individual fitness, involved grave responsibility. He did it. To punish swearing, gambling, theft, and lewdness, evinced a high sense of the solemnity of the hour. He did it. To rebuke Protestants for mocking Catholics was to recognize the dependence of all alike upon the God of battles. He did it. To repress gossip in camp, because the reputation of the humblest was sacred; to brand with his displeasure all conflicts between those in authority, as fatal to discipline and unity of action, and to forbid the settlement of private wrongs, except through established legal methods, showed a clear conception of the conditions which would make an army obedient, united, and invincible. These, and corresponding acts in the line of military police regulations, and touching every social, moral, and physical habit which assails or enfeebles a soldier's life and imperils a campaign, run through his papers.

It is in the light of such omnipresent pressure and constraint that we begin to form some just estimate of the relations which the siege of Boston sustained to the subsequent operations of the war and to the work of Lee, Putnam, Sullivan, Greene, Mifflin, Knox, and others, who were thus fitted for immediate service at Long Island and elsewhere, as soon as Boston was evacuated.

It is also through these orders that the careful student can pass that veil of formal propriety, reticence, and dignity which so often obscured the inner, the tentative, elements of Washington's military character.

While the slow progress of the siege afforded opportunity to study the contingencies of other possible fields of conflict, a double campaign was made into Canada: namely, by Arnold through Maine, and by Montgomery toward Montreal. This was based upon the idea that the conquest of Canada would not only protect New England on the north, but compel the British commanders to draw all supplies from England.

The fact is noted, as an evidence of the constant regard which the American commander had for every exposed position of the enemy which could be threatened, without neglecting the demands of the siege itself. Frequent attempts were made to force the siege to an early conclusion. The purpose was to expel or capture the garrison before Great Britain could send another army, and open active operations in other colonies, and not, merely in the indolence of the mere watchdog, to starve the enemy into terms. "Give me powder or ice, and I will take Boston," was the form in which Washington demanded the means of bombardment or assault, and gave the assurance that, if the river would freeze, he would force a decisive issue with the means already at command.

Meanwhile, he sent forth privateers to scour the coast and search for vessels conveying powder to the garrison; and soon no British transport or supply-vessel was secure, unless under convoy of a ship-of-war.

At last, Congress increased the army to twenty-four thousand men and ordered a navy to be built. Washington redoubled his efforts, confident that Boston was substantially at his mercy; but seeing as clearly that the capture or the evacuation of the city would introduce a more general and desperate struggle, and one that would try his army to the utmost.

At this juncture, General Howe was strongly reinforced. When he succeeded Gates, on the 10th of October, 1775, he "assumed command of all his Britannic Majesty's forces, from Nova Scotia to Florida," and thus indicated his appreciation of the possible extent of the American resistance. It was a fair response to the claim of Washington to represent "*The Colonies in arms.*" Howe's reinforcements had reported for duty by the 31st of December. During the preceding months, and, in fact, from his arrival at Cambridge, Washington had freely conferred with General Greene. That young officer had studied Cæsar's Commentaries, Marshal Turenne's Works, Sharp's Military Guide, and many legal and standard works upon government and history, while drilling a militia company, the Kentish Guards, and following the humble labor of a blacksmith's apprentice. He fully appreciated the value of the hours spent before Boston. Together with General Sullivan, who, as well as himself, commanded a brigade in Lee's division, he looked beyond the lines of the camp rear-guard, and spent extra hours in discipline and drill, to bring his own command up to the highest state of proficiency.

The following is the theory which he entertained, in common with Washington, as to the proper method for prosecution of the war; and he so expressed himself, when he first encamped before Boston and united his destinies with those of America.

His words are worthy of double recognition by the citizens of the United States, because they not only furnish a key to the embarrassments which attended the uncertain policy of Congress during the Revolution, but they illustrate some of the embarrassments which attended the prosecution of the war of 1861-65.

First. "One general-in-chief."

Second. "Enlistments for the war."

Third. "Bounties for families of soldiers in the field."

Fourth. "Service: to be general, regardless of place of enlistment."

Fifth. "Money loans to be effected equal to the demands of the war."

Sixth. "A Declaration of Independence, with the pledge of all the resources of each Colony to its support."

Such was the spirit with which the American army hastened its operations before Boston. Every week of delay was increasing the probability that Great Britain would occupy New York, in force. The struggle for that city would be the practical beginning of the war anew, and upon a scientific basis.

Lord Dartmouth alone had the military sagacity to give sound advice to the British cabinet. He maintained that by the occupation of New York, and the presence of a strong naval force at Newport, Rhode Island (within striking distance of Boston), and the control of the Hudson River, the New England Colonies would be so isolated, as neither to be able to protect themselves, nor to furnish aid to the central Colonies beyond the Hudson River.

For the same reason, an adequate garrison at New York might detach troops to seize the region lying on the waters of the Delaware and Chesapeake, and thereby separate the South from the centre. When General Howe, in 1775, formally urged the evacuation of Boston and the occupation of New York and Newport, he also advised the seizure of "some respectable seaport at the southward, from which to attack seacoast towns, in the winter."

Washington never lost sight of the fact, that while an important issue had been joined at Boston, its solution must be so worked out as to conserve the general interests of the Colonies as a Nation, and that the delay which was incident to scarcity of powder, and the resulting inability to assault the city, was to be employed, to the utmost, in preparing the troops for an ultimate march to New York, there to face the British in the field.

The reinforcement of General Howe, at midwinter, when an attack upon the American lines would be without hope of success, quickened Washington's preparations for crowding the siege, while constantly on the watch for some manifestation of British activity in other directions.

Within a week after the garrison of the city had been thus strengthened, Washington learned that Clinton had been detached, to make some expedition by sea. General Lee, then in Connecticut on recruiting service, was ordered to New York to put the city in a condition for defence, and arrived on the very day that Clinton anchored at Sandy Hook. Clinton, however, neglected his opportunity, and sailed southward to attack Charleston. Lee also went South, to co-operate with Governor Rutledge, in the defence of that city. The repulse of that expedition at Fort Sullivan (afterwards called Fort Moultrie) could not be known to Washington; but the knowledge that the British had enlarged their theatre of active war was a new stimulus to exertion.

The strain upon the American Commander-in-Chief, in view of this rapid development of hostilities beyond the reach of his army, was

intense. Clinton had been authorized to burn all the cities that refused submission. In a letter to Congress, Washington wrote: "There has been one single freeze, and some pretty good ice," but a council of war opposed an assault. At last he conceived an alternative plan, in the event that he would not have sufficient powder to risk a direct assault, and the two plans were balanced and matured in his own mind with the determination to act promptly, and solely, at his own independent will.

Few facts testify more significantly of the value to the army and the American cause of that long course of training, in the presence of the enemy, than the preparations thus made by Washington, without the knowledge of most of the officers of his command. He collected forty-five batteaux, each capable of transporting eighty men, and built two floating batteries of great strength and light draught of water. Fascines, gabions, carts, bales of hay, intrenching-tools, and two thousand bandages, with all other contingent supplies, were gathered, and placed under a guard of picked men.

Three nights of *mock bombardment* kept the garrison on the alert, awaiting an assault. "On the night of the 4th of March, and through all its hours, from candle-lighting time to the clear light of another day, the same incessant thunder rolled along over camps and city; the same quick flashes showed that fire was all along the line, and still, both camps and city dragged through the night, waiting for the daylight to test the work of the night, as daylight had done before."

When daylight came, —

"Two strong redoubts capped Dorchester Heights."

By the tenth of March, the Americans had fortified Nook's Hill, and this drove the British from Boston Neck. Eight hundred shot and shell were thrown into the city during that night. On the morning of March 17, the British embarked for Halifax.

Five thousand American troops entered the city, under General Ward (the venerable predecessor of Washington) as the last boats left.

On the eighteenth of March, and before the main army had entered Boston, General Heath was ordered to New York with five regiments of infantry and a part of the field-artillery.

On the twenty-seventh, the whole army, excepting a garrison of five regiments, was ordered forward, General Sullivan leading the column.

On the evening of April 14th, after the last brigade marched, Washington started for his new field of duty.

The siege of Boston is indeed memorable for that patient, persistent pressure by which the colonists grasped and held fast, all approaches to the city, until a sufficient force could be organized for a systematic siege; but, as the eye rests upon an outline map of the principal works of the besieging force, and we try to associate Ploughed Hill, Winter Hill, Prospect Hill, and other memorable strongholds, with the surroundings of to-day, we are glad to find an abounding source of comfort in the assurance, that the whole struggle for our National Independence is indelibly associated with the names the vigils, and the experiences which belong to those long months of education in the art and appliances of war.

Swiftly as that well-instructed army moved to New York, they had only time to gain position, before they realized the value of their training in the trenches and redoubts around Boston ; and no battle or siege, including the capture of Yorktown, is without its tribute to the farreaching influence which that training assured.

HENRY B. CARRINGTON, U. S. A., LL. D., in *The Bay State Monthly*

Our Presidents.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND will be the twenty-second President of the United States. Of the presidents, seventeen were elected and four—Tyler, Fillmore, Johnson and Arthur—succeeded to the office from the Vice-Presidency. Thomas Jefferson and John Quincy Adams were elected by the House of Representatives in default of an election by the Electoral College, and Rutherford B. Hayes was declared elected by the commission selected to decide the disputed election of 1876. Seven of the Presidents—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Lincoln and Grant—were elected a second time. General Grant was the youngest of the Presidents when inaugurated, being 47; Pierce and Garfield were 49; Polk and Fillmore, 50; Tyler, 51; Lincoln, 52; Van Buren and Taylor, 55; Washington and Johnson, 57; Jefferson, Madison and John Quincy Adams, 58; Monroe, 59; John Adams and Jackson, 62; Buchanan, 66; Harrison, 68. Garfield died the youngest, not having reached his fiftieth birthday; Polk was 54 at his death; Lincoln, 56; Pierce, 65; Taylor, 66; Washington and Johnson, 67; Harrison, 68; Tyler and Munroe, 73; Fillmore, 74; Buchanan, 77; Jackson, 78; Van Buren, 80; John Quincy Adams, 81; Jefferson, 83; Madison, 85; John Adams, 91. The honor of furnishing Presidents has not been evenly distributed among the states, Virginia, Massachusetts, Tennessee, New York, Ohio, Louisiana, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania and Illinois furnishing all the incumbents so far. Cleveland will be the third President from New York, Van Buren and Arthur being his predecessors. It is somewhat remarkable that no member of the United States Senate should ever have been elected to the presidency at the time of his incumbency. Disregarding the fact that experience in this body ought to fit a man for the high office, the people have ignored the senators. The army has furnished a large number of Presidents, and, with the exception of Hancock, McClellan and Scott, no military man nominated for the office has failed of election. Washington owed his elevation to his success in the field; Jackson's record in the war of 1812 was the wave which lifted him into the White House, and Harrison, Taylor, Pierce, Grant, Hayes and Garfield wore the epaulets of a general before they were honored with the chief magistracy of the nation. There are now two ex-Presidents living—Grant and Hayes—and after the 4th of March Mr. Arthur will make a third.

France and Ireland.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR OF 1870.

WITH a sudden crash the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 burst upon an astonished world. The shouts of "A Berlin! A Berlin!" were ringing in the streets of Paris, before people in these countries had fully realized the situation, so suddenly, so swiftly, had it all befallen.

For a hundred and seventy years, Ireland had been intensely and devotedly French in its sympathies. Public writers who little cared to look beneath the surface for causes, when confronted by the striking evidences of this fact in 1870, said it was owing to an absurd hope on the part of the disaffected Irish, that France might some day come to their aid. Others, a little better informed, traced its origin to the Hoche and Humbert expedition in aid of the Irish insurgents of 1796 and 1798. In truth this feeling had an older origin, and brings to view one of the rare instances which belie the proverb which declares that "Between nations there is no gratitude."

It began in 1690. It had no previous existence. Throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Spain had been the prominent, constant and liberal ally of the Irish in their struggle against the English power. But the services of France were not merely more recent; they touched sensibilities that never were moved by gifts of arms and cargoes of doubloons. That French armies had fought on the Irish side, on Irish soil, was much; that Irish battalions for nearly a hundred years, had served through Europe, under the "fleur-de-lis" was more; but what seems to abide most deeply of all in the Irish memory is the part played by France in affording asylum to the fugitives, and education to the children of Ireland in "the penal times." There is scarcely one of what are called the "old families" in the kingdom to-day that does not treasure in its traditions the story of how some one or more of its members, a hundred years ago, was smuggled off to France to be educated in an "Irish College." Ireland is full of these reminiscences. Nor is it possible to conceive of anything more calculated to touch the feelings of a poor but proud people, than the conduct of France to the Irish in the last century. Just in proportion as the penal code was degrading and humiliating them at home, so did France surround the refugees with every mark of honor and respect, opened to them her schools and colleges, placed them at the head of her battalions and gave them high commands in every branch of the public service. It can not be wonderful that a century of relations, so peculiar and intimate as these, should create a very considerable "solidarity" between the two countries.

The news of war between France and Prussia had an electric effect in Ireland. That France would win — that in a few weeks Napoleon would be at Berlin — was regarded as a foregone conclusion. In fact, the possibility of any other issue never once presented itself to the Irish mind.

"Let us serenade the French Consul to-night," said a friend to me, as, with flashing eyes, he rushed into my room one day. "We must make a sign; we must show on what side we are."

"Yes, 'twould be a good idea," I said, "but there is not time to arrange it for to-night. We would require a day or two."

"Phew! A day or two! Say an hour or two. You don't know the state of feeling. The slightest notice will bring the people out in thousands. I'll run off to Nolan, and you'll see the result."

That evening, about half-past seven o'clock, the strains of a trade's band in Thomas Street gave signal that "something was up." At the very first stroke of the drum, an instinct, I can call it nothing else, seemed to tell the people what was afoot, when the band marched off eastward to the Corn Market and struck up the Marseillaise, a shout, a wild thrilling cry, burst from thronged street and crowded windows. Gathering as it went, the crowd reached Carlisle Bridge, turned into Beresford Place and up Gardiner Street, halting opposite the French Consulate. A police inspector and a few of the force had met it at the foot of Sackville Street. The officer seemed not to know what to make of it all. At length he appeared to think the right thing was to clear the street, and he evidently wished to do so as good humoredly and gently as possible.

"Move away!" he called out to the band master; "you must move away, boys; I can't let you stay here, you know."

An angry shout of "stand your ground," broke from the crowd. The Marseillaise went on.

"I must have you move off, men. Where's Mr. Nolan?"

The indomitable John Nolan, presiding genius of the scene, cried "Here."

"Mr. Nolan, let us not have any unpleasantness. I must clear the street."

"Do you mean to prevent the people complimenting the French Consul?"

"No, but this crowd, and all the rest of it, don't you see I can't allow this — oh — here's Mr. Sullivan."

"Mr. Sullivan, I appeal to you. There will be bad work. Speak to the people, sir."

"Really, Mr. Hawe," I said, "I think you are unnecessarily uneasy. Such demonstrations take place every day amongst us unhindered."

"Never mind," whispered Nolan in my ear, "we will move on, for I hear the Bricklayer's Band coming up. We'll have a dozen of them here in five minutes; and you'll see fun."

"Yes, boys," he shouted aloud, "we will move on; we'll march up and down between this and the Custom House; fall in! ready! march!"

The inspector was in the act of expressing his intense satisfaction, when — what! — did he hear aright? at the upper end of the street, another Marseillaise.

He and his men ran at full speed to meet and turn back the new arrival. While expostulating with the bricklayers' musicians at the

corner of Britain Street, another crash of drum and opheclides broke on his ear coming drawn Summer Hill.

"Run, boys, some of you, and stop that Summer Hill band."

Bang, bang, came another big drum from the opposite direction of the Rotunda.

Down North Great George's Street came "*Partant pour la Syrie.*"

Up Talbot Street marched "*Mourie pour la Patrie.*"

The unfortunate police-inspector looked the picture of distraction.

What was he to do? The bands *all kept moving*. No less than a dozen or more of them in the midst of twenty or thirty thousand wildly excited people, kept circulating, so to speak, between the Custom House and Britain Street corner, baffling all prevention.

And then such a medley of French and Irish airs! Bands, side by side, playing away as if for dear life with desperate energy. "St. Patrick's Day" was hopelessly mashed up with "*Allons enfants de la Patrie*;" the "Wearing of the Green," was compounded with "Dunois, the young and brave."

In a short time quite a formidable body of police had arrived; but they were powerless for any useful purpose, and had much better have been quietly kept out of view, close at hand, as is always done in like cases on the more fortunate side of the channel. No one was being molested, alarmed, or menaced. The people much excited and enthusiastic, but thoroughly good-humored, seemed as if they would never tire of cheering; and as clearing the street was an absurd impossibility, and was utterly unnecessary, the police were simply an irritation, despite the best efforts of the leaders on both sides to bring things to an end pleasantly. Towards ten o'clock, and as the demonstrationists were preparing to move off homeward, an incident occurred which well illustrated the way in which collisions are precipitated but too often in connection with popular demonstrations in Ireland. At the head of one of the bands was carried a French flag. Some police subordinate without the knowledge of his superiors, thinking to signalize himself in efficiency, shouted out to seize the flag. A more unwarranted, nay a more culpable, proceeding than this could hardly be conceived. It might have led to a riot, which in the then state of popular feeling would have spread all over the city. The populace would have spilled the last drop of their blood in defence of that flag in front of the consulate. One easily perceives what a "point of honor" was involved in this. I realized all the danger, and rushed to the spot where the trouble had arisen. There, in the fitful gleams of the gas-light, I saw a fierce struggle going on. Two or three policemen had gripped Mr. P. J. Smyth round the throat, and were assaulting him in the most violent manner. Striking out in his defence was my brother, at whom other policemen were hitting hard. In the midst of all, guarding the precious tricolour, were P. Egan and John Nolan.

I rushed to a police sargeant, who seemed the busiest in the struggle, and shouted in his ear, "The Superintendent will report you for this. I will have him here now." I could think of no better device for securing, even a moment's cessation of the encounter, so that I might have a chance of intervening.

He turned round, and to my intense relief seemed to recognize me. "You have no authority for this," I said, "while your Superintendent has been trying to keep things in good temper, you are beginning a scene of bloodshed. Come to him this instant, and hear what he has to say."

"These men have assaulted us in the execution of our duty," he said, half bullying, half hesitating.

Although, as a matter of fact, I knew not at what part of the street the Superintendent was when I ventured to use his name, he now came running up, breathless, and assuredly in most fortunate time! Grips were let go, some noisy altercation no doubt followed; but things ended peaceably in rather a comical compromise, by which neither side seemed defeated. The police carried off the flag-pole, but the tricolour itself was retained by its guardians, who, waving it proudly over their heads, marched away amidst frantic cheers. In an hour afterwards the whole assemblage had peaceably dispersed. The big drums were put away; the trombones laid to rest, and, as midnight tolled, few would have imagined that that tranquil city had so narrowly escaped a night of turmoil and riot.

Before the first shot was fired at Sarlouis the Gallic sympathies of Ireland found a vent. All over the country there sprang up committees to aid the sick and wounded of the French Army. Bales of lint, and hundreds of pounds, came pouring in daily. A Central or National Committee was formed in Dublin; and on the list of its members were to be found some of the foremost citizens of the Irish metropolis. The whole country responded with enthusiasm to its call for funds, and it soon became clear that the Dublin Committee had but to say what Ireland could do for France, and its suggestion would be instantaneously effected.

At one of the earliest meetings it was decided to organize, equip, and forward, an Irish Ambulance Corps. No sooner was this fact made known in the newspapers than the house of Mr. Lesage, one of the secretaries—an energetic and ardent French-Irish citizen of Dublin—was besieged with a crowd of "volunteers." They blocked up the footway, they reached out into the street; they rendered the transaction of business impossible. He had thought to enroll a score of names in a day. In little over twenty-four hours *two thousand* had applied, of whom he could enter the names of only a couple of hundred! An office was now taken, at which the work of medical examination of the applicants, and investigation into their testimonials of character were carried on, by a sub-committee; while another section of the general body were busy purchasing ambulance wagons, tents, horses, harness, hospital beds, and surgical stores and appliances.

The rage for enrolment in the Corps became something astonishing. The most violent scenes took place daily at the office, when young men, who had come to Dublin from even the most distant counties, bent on "joining," were told the lists were closed. It became absolutely necessary to add to this announcement the words "for the present," and to open a register out of which future detachments might be forwarded.

It was plain these thousand of volunteers had a purpose beyond the tame and peaceful duties of attending ambulance wagons, and uneasy and serious were the deliberations of the Committee as to whether they ought to persevere with the project, in view of the turn things might take the moment our Corps touched the soil of France. Some were for desisting; others, the majority, decided that the course of action which individual members of the Corps might take in France was a matter beyond the interference or responsibility of the Committee, whose duty was discharged as long as they strictly and in good faith confined their efforts to the establishment and maintenance of an Irish Ambulance Corps.

In seventeen days from the first mention of the project the Dublin Committee had provided one of the most extensive and complete and best equipped Field Hospitals that ever attended an army. On the 8th of October, 1870, the men mustered in the Round Room of the Rotunda. Having received their uniforms, they "fell in," and were finally inspected in the gardens close by, where the wagons, ready horsed and fully stored, were drawn up. Dr. C. P. Baxter, surgeon in chief, and his medical staff, in the presence of an immense concourse, took charge of the Corps. Headed by a band they marched off to the quay, where the French barque *La Fontaine*, specially chartered for their conveyance, awaited them. Amidst ringing cheers, and prolonged farewells from the crowded shore, they sailed on their errand of friendship and succor.

Throughout the whole of the Franco-Prussian war that Corps was maintained in the field wholly by the Irish people, that is to say, out of the funds contributed to the Dublin Committee, who declined to allow the French Government to pay any part of its expense. The most flattering testimonials attest the high regard in which the French authorities, army and people, held its labors and services, amongst these tokens being a massive gold medallion presented by the inhabitants of Chateaudun to the Surgeon-in-chief commanding the corps.

Meanwhile a terrible overthrow awaited the Irish faith in the invincibility of France. While bonfires were being prepared and flags got ready for that glorious French victory which we all regarded as a simple certainty sure to be announced in a day or two, there came one morning the news that in the first great encounter of the war the French had been utterly defeated; and worse, still keener blow for Ireland, the vanquished corps was MacMahon's!

I shall ever remember the way in which the intelligence of this, and of the other French reverses was received in Ireland. Stupor, incredulity, grief, dismay, anger, came in turn. At first, the people would not believe the evil tale. In Thurles the enraged townsmen smashed the placard boards on which the announcement of MacMahon's defeat appeared; and were with difficulty restrained from wrecking the shop of the unfortunate newsvendor who sold the daily papers containing the telegram. Somewhat similar incidents occurred at various places. Excited crowds surrounded the newspaper offices, waiting for the afternoon bulletin. When it appeared telling of some new disaster to the French cause, a groan of anguish, or a cry of wrath,

burst from the assemblage. Strong men have been known to weep like children on reading the placards which announced the surrender of the army at Sedan. On the day the news of that fatal blow reached Dublin, I drove home in a cab, accompanied by some members of my family. I noticed that at first the driver seemed a little dazed, and did not start very readily. "Go on, driver; Drunisondra." He looked at me as if there was something on his mind, but eventually drove off. As we were ascending the hall-door steps at Belfield, he suddenly, in quite an eager voice, said —

"I beg your pardon, sir, but is this news true?"

"What news?"

"Oh, that the Emperor and the army is all taken!"

"Yes," I said, my voice betraying my own emotion; "it is all quite true."

He absolutely leaped with a spasm of passion. With eyes flashing, he glared at me as if he hated me for speaking the words, and exclaimed —

"Great God! You don't mean to tell me we're beat like that!"

And he turned away, and raised the cuff of his coat to wipe the tears that coursed down his cheek!

All over the country it was the same. Some of the ebullitions of popular feelings were not without a touch of the grotesque or comical. Outside the door of the *Cork Examiner* Office the usual throng of men, women and children, were one day discussing and bewailing the dreadful news set out on the placard that Victor Emmanuel had turned the hurly burly to his own account, and seized on Rome.

"Oh, Mrs. Mulligan, Mrs. Mulligan!" exclaimed one female citizen to another, "what is to become of us, at all, at all; we're beat in France, and now here's our poor Holy Father robbed and kilt by them mudtherin villians out there. *One would think Almighty God was turning Prodestant!*"

In the same city a curious case came before the Police Court Magistrates. Mr. Mike Crowley, fish-jilter, summoned Mrs. Ellen Leary, retail herring hawker, for abusive language tending towards a breach of the peace, and so forth. Mr. Crowley told his story. A little exchange of epithets had been going on between the parties on the Coal Quay. Mrs. Leary called him a crooked faced bla'guard; which was quite a trifle. Indeed, it appeared that he retorted by assuring their fellow fish-vendors that Mrs. Leary's spouse, at that very moment, was in the hospital, bearing marks of her affectionate attentions in the shape of a ground-plan of the walls of Troy, in sticking-plaster on his head. The defendant, now thoroughly aroused, called plaintiff "a notorious robber," which passed him by like the idle wind; "a murderer, a public notorious murderer;" but this also, he explained to the Bench, he was able to bear with equanimity. At last, working herself up to the climax of feminine wrath, she rushed up to him, and, finishing a volley of scathing epithets, screamed out (in the hearing of several credible fishwomen), "You — you — you bloody old *Prooshian*, you. God forgive me, for saying such a word!"

Mr. Crowley could not possibly stand *this*. The line should be

drawn somewhere. He had borne patiently being called a blackguard and a robber, and a murderer; but a *Prooshian*! He rushed off, and summoned Mrs. Leary, who, however, to his infinite disgust, instead of getting seven years in Spike Island, was let off with a caution.

The enterprising manager of an evening newspaper in Dublin, the *Evening Post*, noticing the incredulity and displeasure with which news of Prussian victories was received, conceived the singular idea of getting up a circulation by "special telegrams" of Prussian defeats. One evening he startled the city with a wire from his "own correspondent," announcing that Prince Frederick Charles' Army had been taken prisoners. The paper sold in thousands, the popular joy was unbounded. When the *Freeman's Journal* was found not to contain the news, the paper was torn in pieces by the indignant purchasers in the street. Incredible as it may appear, the fact stands, that, for several weeks, the *Evening Post* flourished on a systematic manufacture of French victories, or rumored French victories. It slaughtered a German army corps every second day, until at length it was computed that about a million and a half of the Teutons had been killed or taken prisoners by the enterprising Dublin editor.

At length, the too terrible truth began to force itself on the Irish people, that France was beaten to her knees. Then there took place one of the most singular revulsions of popular feeling which Irish journalists ever experienced. Not only did the upward rush of newspaper circulation, which marked the outbreak of the war, give way to a corresponding decline, but the circulation quickly sank far below its normal level. The country news agents reported that the people now hated to read or hear any news at all.

Ere yet the worst had befallen the French arms, and while all eyes were fixed on the corps assembling at Chalons under MacMahon, I was sitting one day in the *Nation* Office when word was brought that "a foreign gentleman" wanted to see me. He was shown in.

"Pardon, monsieur; but my business is of exceptional importance. I bring you letters which I must destroy the moment you peruse them," and he handed me a packet.

I divined in an instant what it all meant.

The letters were from one whom I knew to be high in the confidence of the Empress, and bore the impressed stamp of her bureau. They accredited the bearer, Colonel MacAdaras, as a gentleman who wished to lay before me and others some matters on which it was desirable to learn our opinions. Could volunteers for France be raised in Ireland?

I could not bring myself very readily to a fixed estimate of my visitor. However, I made not the slightest disguise of the pleasure it would afford me to see an Irish Corps of twenty thousand men serving under the great Franco-Irishman, Marshal MacMahon. In any case, I said, if once it became known that an Irish legion was in course of enrolment in France, not any human power could stop our people from rushing thither in one way or another. As to any further particulars of his mission I intimated that I should require a day or two for consideration; meanwhile he could see others to whom also he brought letters.

That same evening came the news of Sedan. Two days subsequently the Empress was a fugitive, and the Empire overthrown.

"What is to be done now?" I asked of the Colonel when next he called. "Here is a new state of things entirely. Your authorization falls; your mission is at an end."

He said, "Not at all. No doubt a dreadful disaster had occurred, and a new *regime* was established in Paris; but France would fight on all the same."

"But," I replied, "I can assure you, it is not at all the same with us here in Ireland. The men who have done this deed in Paris, the men who saw, in the hour of their country's agony, only a gladly welcomed opportunity for factious vengeance and triumph—these men will be execrated in Ireland. It is not that we are, as regards French affairs, either imperialists or 'legitimists' or republicans. To France the Nation, in whatever form organized by its own free choice, our friendship will always turn. But the Reds of Paris are not France. We hate them."

In fact, I refused to stir a finger till I saw further as to affairs in Paris. A few days subsequently Colonel MacAdaras waited on me for the last time, and I gave him fully the conditions upon which alone, under the new circumstances that had arisen in France, would any influence which I and my friends might happen to possess, in Ireland be lent to the project of a Franco-Irish military force. I am sure he felt hurt at my change of sentiments; and thought he could find readier co-operation elsewhere. He tried; but the result was eminently unsatisfactory.

The Irish Ambulance Corps no sooner reached Havre than it broke up into two sections; one forming into an Irish Company of the Line under Captain M. W. Kirwan; the other remaining under the Geneva Cross. These Irishmen fought bravely throughout the whole struggle. Ragged and shoeless, wounded and footsore, like their French comrades, they crossed the Swiss frontier under Bourbaki, and laid down their arms on Helvetian soil.

But my estimate of affairs as affected by the events of September was verified. Irish sympathy for France was as strong as ever, but it was no longer practicable to raise a Franco-Irish Brigade.

A year rolled by. The siege of Paris, the battle of Orleans, the capitulation of Metz, the armistice, the negotiations, the peace—all passed before the gaze of Europe like the scenes of a diorama. At last the end came. The war was over. The officers and men of the Irish Ambulance returned to Ireland, proudly exhibiting their certificates of service and honorable discharge. The time had come for formally closing the labors of the Dublin Committee, and in view of the creditable record it now had to exhibit, it was decided to do this with as much *éclat* as possible. A public meeting was to be held in the Rotunda on the 17th of August, 1871, to receive the final report of the Committee; and to this meeting it was resolved to invite the presence of Count Flavigny, President of the French Society for the Relief of Sick and Wounded in War. Later on, this idea was improved upon; and Monseigneur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, and the son of Marshal

MacMahon, were also invited. We little imagined that our project was to grow into the dimensions, or assume the importance, which it afterwards attained.

One morning Mr. Lesage brought me news which reached him by private letter from Paris. Count Flavigny's official answer to our invitation was being delayed for a day or two, as it was more than likely M. Thiers would confer upon him a quasi-ambassadorial character, and make the occasion of his visit to Ireland an opportunity for publicly conveying the thanks of France to the Irish people. In a few days an official letter was received, stating that Count Flavigny would accept the invitation of the Irish Ambulance Committee. When the newspapers announced this fact, and further notified that along with the Count there also were expected the Bishop of Orleans and the son of Marshal McMahon, all the old popular fervor of feeling for France broke forth anew. The Dublin Committee wrote to Paris conveying them thanks for the high honor about to be conferred on them; and requesting that the French delegation would consider themselves the guests of the Irish people during their stay in Dublin. A public reception, was, of course, decreed. The Trades' Guilds decided to turn out in full regalia. The Lord Mayor and Corporation resolved to attend in state, and present an address of welcome. Day by day public feeling rose higher and stronger, and by the time the Delegation started on their errand, Ireland was in a glow of expectancy and excitement "from the Shannon to the sea."

The committee thought the embassy would consist of three or four personages; but it was decided by the French authorities — whose action throughout, however, in an affair so delicate, was cautiously semi-official — to surround their representative with all suitable dignity and importance. Not only did a suite of civil and military attachés attend him, but, lending a special lustre to the whole proceeding, he was accompanied by men, some of whom, as M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, and M. de Lavison, were distinguished citizens of the world through their services to science and civilization; others, like the Duc de Feltre and Count O'Neill de Tyrone, representing episodes in the international relations of France and Ireland that touched Irish feeling to its depths.

On the 12th of August we received a letter acquainting us that Count Flavigny's party, which had just left Paris, and would reach Dublin on Wednesday evening, was composed as follows: — Count de Flavigny and his daughters, Countess de Petray and Vicountess de la Panouse; Duke de Foltre; M. Ferdinand de Lesseps and Madame de Lesseps; M. Rufz de Lavison and Mademoiselle de Lavison; Count O'Neill de Tyrone; Lieut. Henri O'Neill; M. Denis Cochin, Captain de Contenson, and M. Alfred Duquet. The members of the Dublin Committee were overjoyed at the news. Every one rushed off to act as a "sub-committee" in perfecting the additional or more extensive arrangements, rendered necessary by the increase in the number of our visitors. Obeying a resolution of the Trades' Societies most of the Dublin factories and workshops closed at two o'clock in the afternoon, in order that the grand procession might be effectually organized by the hour fixed for the reception. Indeed, the day was observed very

much as a holiday throughout the city. The entire line of streets through which the procession was to pass, exhibited an almost unbroken stretch of decorations, arches, flags, streamers, mottoes, and devices of all kinds, and as early as three o'clock in the afternoon, crowds had begun to assemble along the route from Kingstown pier to Dublin, a distance of six miles.

On and around Kingstown pier an immense multitude assembled to greet the delegation. On landing from the Holyhead steamer they were received by the Irish Ambulance Committee and by the Chairman, Town-clerk, and Town Commissioners of Kingstown, who presented an address of welcome. Six carriages, with outriders mounting tricolor cockades, were in attendance to bring the party by road to Dublin. About seven o'clock they drove off, hoping to reach Dublin by half-past eight. Vain hope. At no part of the six miles could they move beyond a walk, so dense was the throng, and so wild was the desire of the assembled thousands to grasp, or even touch, the hand of some of the visitors.

At "Morrison's" and "The Shelbourne" — the two principal hotels of the city — apartments had been engaged for them; and every one discerning that the Corporation reception and trade's display at the city boundary would be lost in the darkness of the night, the living mass that filled the intervening streets now poured steadily into and blocked up St. Stephen's Green and Dawson Street, where the hotels are situate. When the carriages reached within a quarter of a mile of their destination, further progress was for a long time impossible, and ultimately it took them forty-five minutes to accomplish that distance. When, after desperate efforts, Count Flavigny and his friends were got safely into the Shelbourne, there arose from the crowd a cry of "The balcony, the balcony." We explained to the Count their desire that he should show himself, and speak to them a word or two. When the old gentleman, grave, calm, and dignified even in the midst of all this commotion, came forward to the window and looked out on the sea of upturned human faces, extending as far as the eye could reach, and heard the cries of welcome, the storm of cheers, the crash of music — he stopped and burst into tears, exclaiming, "My God! this,—all this, and we *defeated!*"

At that moment assuredly he could realize that there is a friendship between nations as between individuals, which takes no note of fortune's smiles or frowns; or rather, which grows the stronger in the gloom of adversity!

Next day, 17th of August, 1871, at a great public meeting in the Rotunda, attended by the Delegation, the Ambulance Committee presented their final report, and Count Flavigny, who was rapturously received, made a very graceful speech, conveying the thanks of France to Ireland for "services never to be forgotten." A public banquet, a visitation of the public institutions of the city, and an excursion to the Dargle, Powerscourt, Glendalough, and Glencree in the County Wicklow, all under the auspices of the Irish Committee, occupied the week in the course of which, moreover, the Delegation were entertained at dinner by the Lord-Lieutenant at the Vice-regal Lodge.

Count Flavigny and his friends expressed a wish to visit Cork and Killarney, and the late Mr. John Martin, M. P., and myself, were deputed to accompany them to the south of Ireland. Cork City, which had acted very much by itself, and with characteristic generosity throughout the war, now determined to rival, if not surpass, Dublin in a public reception. On the morning of Monday, the 21st of August, our party started, on what turned out to be, not so much a private pleasure tour, as "a royal progress" through the land. At Kildare, the first station on the way at which the train stopped, we found the platform thronged; banners waving and bands playing. The Town Commissioners, with bared heads, came forward to the carriage-door, and presented to Count Flavigny an address of welcome. At the next station, and the next, and the next, it was the same. At Tipperary Junction a strange scene awaited us. The train for some while could not enter the station, for, not merely the platform, but the line or "track" itself was occupied by the people. They crowded on the roofs of the adjacent buildings; they clung in scores to the beams and girders of the iron roof that crossed the station. They surged into every vacant spot; they occupied every coigne of vantage. Finally, when at length the train crept slowly and carefully up to the platform, they seized it, stopped it, crowded on the top of it, choked every window in frantic endeavors to "shake hands" with some one inside, on the chance that he might be a Frenchman. The doors and windows being thus blocked, Tipperary ingenuity found yet another chance. Some of our captors pulled out the stoppers from the lamp-openings in the carriage roofs, and down through each of these half a dozen arms were thrust, and were kept waving to and fro just to get shaken or touched by the occupants beneath. It was one of the most comical sights imaginable, as all we could see was the cluster or bunch of arms and hands hanging down through the hole in the roof, and swaying in the air! The entry into the southern capital was infinitely beyond the Dublin demonstration in its perfection of organization. It impressed the Frenchmen more than anything they had yet seen. The city was *en fête*. An excursion by steamer down the river or estuary to Queenstown and East Ferry — a panorama of marvellous beauty — and a banquet on board, filled up the memorable day.

Next morning we set off for Glengarriff, by way of Macroom and Gougaun Barra. At the latter wild but lovely spot, in the depths of the mountain solitude, we found that, as it seemed, some one with the ring or the lamp of Aladdin had been at work. Snow-white marquees stood on the sward at the brink of the lake, and beneath them a sumptuous *déjeuner* awaited us; the host of this romantic entertainment proving to be a young gentleman of the neighborhood, Mr. William Murphy of Bantry. At world-famed Glengarriff, where we stayed for the night, a like hospitality met us; another Bantry gentleman, Mr. J. Cullinane, constituting the whole party his guests at the hotel while in the Glen. I doubt not we might have travelled the island through and found the same spirit prevailing.

For forty miles the road from Macroom to Glengarriff passes through a wide and lonely mountain district of exceeding grandeur.

The population even still almost exclusively speak the Irish tongue; and retain to a large degree the peculiarities of dress, manners and customs, which have obtained among them for generations. They had heard that "the French" were coming; and for a week previously they seemed to have been gathering vast heaps of furze or heath on every crag top, cliff, and mountain crest. As the carriages containing our party approached, these piles were fired, a wild hallo rang from rock to rock, and aloft we could see groups of the mountaineers wildly gesticulating. The effect of all these fires — this line of fires — at night time would, I am sure, have been something most striking. As it was, even in broad daylight it was quite impressive. For twenty miles around us there smoked and blazed hundreds of these welcome-signals.

From Glengarriff we proceeded to Kilkarny by Kenmare; the people of which latter town, always high-spirited and proud, would not, of course, be outdone by neighboring counties. They, too, had their address and reception.

The shadows of evening were falling as our cavalcade descended the hill-side drive whereby Kilkarny is approached from the south, each turn in the road unfolding a scene of landscape beauty unsurpassed in the world. Seven miles from the town we heard bugles in the woods, close by and, looking up amidst oak and arbutus shade, we could see here and there, perched on branch of tree or point of rock, some one of a line of videttes who signalled our approach. At Muckcross, four miles from Kilkarny, we came upon the assembled townsmen, with their bands and banners, public officials, and address of welcome, headed by the ecclesiastical representative of the Catholic Bishop, and by The O'Donoghue, M.P., the ancient domains and ruined castles of whose family were all around us. Night had fallen as we turned into the avenue which led to the Castlelough Lake Hotel. From the trees overhead hung Chinese lanterns, in red, blue, and white, and during our stay of two days amidst the enchanting beauties of the Lakes, every guide and boatman wore on his breast, and every pinnacle carried at her stern, the colors of vanquished France.

A day or two subsequently, surrounded by a demonstration which surpassed even that which had hailed their arrival, the French Delegation bid adieu to *Hibernia non ingrata*.

I know of no chapter in latter-day Irish history that illustrates so appositely and so forcibly as this, that tenacity of the Irish memory which is the explanation of much that perplexes the English politician. The quality which is called "practical mindedness" in Englishmen, fixes their attention on the present or the future; while Irishmen, it is complained, are always looking back. "We cannot ask Paddy why he does not put a window in his hut, but he begins to tell us of the battle of the Boyne. No good will come to Ireland till she learns to forget."

Nothing can excuse the man or the race who, in place of grappling manfully with the duties of the present, fold their arms and maunder about the past. But there is not an evil, nor a failing, nor an anomaly, social or political, in Ireland, that can be explained or remedied without a reference to the past, and as to this tenacity of memory, why should it not be turned to good account? Little, very little, of

material services had France ever conferred on Ireland. The *Times* newspaper, writing of the scenes I have just described, tauntingly declared that the balance of obligation at the close of the penal times was the other way; that France had made but a poor return for the lives of two hundred thousand Irishmen who had fallen in her service from 1701 to 1789. Probably so, on a mere ledger and day-book estimate of things. But France had touched Irish sensibilities, had gratified Irish national pride. The Irish people are much more readily approached through their sympathies and affections than through their interests and fears. They think less of how much is done for them, than of how and in what spirit, it is done. It never once occurred to them to tot up the column of debtor and creditor account with France in money, or money's worth. That would very likely be the practical-minded way of doing things. But the world will be nothing the better, it may be greatly the worse, for banishing sentiment and sensibility, and of reducing everything to a pounds, shillings and pence level. These demonstrations of sympathy for beaten and helpless France were dictated by no selfish calculations or political designs, though they unquestionably sprang from political or historical recollections. They were evidences of qualities in the Irish heart that England has never touched — has but to touch, to discover what a wealth of sympathy, what a force of enthusiasm, what elements of strength, have lain so long within her reach, doubted, discredited, or unknown.

A. M. SULLIVAN, M. P.

Dynamite.

N. Y. Sun: What is England doing to defend herself? What has she done, or will she do, to shield Continental Governments, which also have reason to dread assassination or explosion? What steps has she taken to prevent the manufacture of dynamite for use in St. Petersburg or at Niederwald? Do or do not Russian Nihilists and German Anarchists make of London at this moment their council room, their armory, their treasury? It is far from certain that every ounce of the explosives used on Saturday was not made in the heart of London under the noses of the metropolitan police. Let England show a determination to protect herself and to protect her Continental neighbors before she cries out so wildly for help from this side of the Atlantic.

Irish-American: The London *Times*, striving to goad Mr. Parnell into some declaration on the subject of the recent explosions in London that would enable it to incriminate him and the Irish people, says that it will not do for him to ignore those outrages by silence as he did the arraignment of his party by Mr. Forster, for the Phoenix Park murders. The memory of the *Times* writer must be as unreliable as that of one of our modern politicians, when it indulges in such twaddle as this; for its own files can show that Mr. Parnell did not "ignore" the false and malicious arraignment of the Irish party to which it refers. He

simply took his own time and opportunity to meet and repel it; and when he put in his reply to it, he did so in such an effective manner that "Buckshot" Forster wilted beneath his denunciation like a weed before the sirocco, and has never since dared to brave the scrutiny of the Irish leader on any topic relating to Ireland. The *Times* must be well advanced in its dotage; but it is as vicious as ever, so far as Ireland is concerned.

Michael Davitt, speaking of the London outrages, said the dynamite operations had few sympathizers in Ireland, and less in America than was generally supposed. He believed Patrick Ford and O'Donovan Rossa were not actuated by mercenary or blood-thirsty motives. Dynamiters consist of two classes — those who are convinced that it is impossible to persuade English statesmen of the reality of Irish grievances by legal methods, and those who have suffered for the Irish cause and their relatives and friends. Davitt said experience had shown that agitations were without result, while movements bordering on revolt product different results. He alleged that it was impossible for Rossa to forget the degrading insults received while in an English prison. Davitt charged that the secret police were fostering outrages through their agents, such as McDermott. They would find their occupation gone unless the scare was kept alive. He believed the present outrages were the precursors of more desperate and reckless ones in the near future. "England," he said, "can deal a most effective blow to the dynamiters by showing them that the mainsprings of Irish discontent — Dublin Castle and landlordism — shall not continue to be England's only expression of good-will towards Ireland."

Mayor Grace has voiced the sentiments of every true and patriotic Irishman in the country, and what ought to be the sentiments of every true American as well. On Saturday evening, 24th of January, at the banquet tendered him by the Lotus Club, Mayor Grace, a reference having been made by the President to his Irish birth and the explosions on that day in London, spoke as follows: "The president has referred to the dynamite explosion in London to-day, and I see that being of Irish birth I am expected to reply. My position in regard to the right of Ireland's to Home Rule has been made very clear, yet my sympathy has been at all times in favor of legitimate agitation, and the creation of a healthy public opinion for the redress of Ireland's wrongs, and not for dynamite and assassination. I made my opinion clear in 1883 at a banquet given in August in London by the Lord Mayor, and told the English people then what I thought of the misgovernment of Ireland. I reiterate the same now, as I will add that if the late severe laws of repression, passed in 1882, had never been enacted, and England had sought to treat Ireland by reason and not by penal laws, the dynamite outrages of to-day never would have taken place. Irishmen are in favor of Home Rule, and will strive by all civilized means to secure it, but they do not count assassination among those means." Let England grant justice to Ireland, and she will not only render a brave and suffering people prosperous and happy, but will also establish peace and good-will within her own realm.

Western Watchman, St. Louis: Senator Bayard meant well, but

his action was unnecessary, out-of-place and fulsome. England does not want our sympathy, and it will do her very little good. How much sympathy did England express for us when the Rebels fired on Fort Sumter? — Notices now appear all over England: "Irishmen not wanted here." For seven hundred years notices have been posted in Ireland: "Englishmen not wanted here." This explains the situation exactly. — There seems little probability that any of the dynamiters will ever be brought to punishment. Give Ireland home government and all these miscreants will be swinging from gibbets before a year. — London has been the asylum of political cut-throats and assassins ever since the bomb and poniard were consecrated to the liberation of nations. Where did Mazzini find safety and welcome? Where did Orsini obtain funds for the prosecution of his nefarious work? Who were the staunch friends of Cavour during the years when he was chief organizer of murder and conspiracy in Europe? What parliament passed resolutions condoling his death, and declaring it a calamity for the human race? We prefer to reserve our sympathy. — Did it ever occur to our readers that the vessels that carry Dynamiters to England sail under the British flag? Are they aware that the explosive material that has wrought such havoc in London was all carried in English bottoms? This is a serious matter. It shifts the national responsibility from the shoulders of America to that of England. These English vessels are engaged in a horrible traffic; importing for a price the worst criminals on earth with their engines of death into the country whose protection they enjoy. If any American steamship lines were to engage in the business of smuggling Coolies or Mongolians into this country how soon would we put an embargo on the traffic? We have desperate outlaws among us, it is true; but we take care of them ourselves and ask no country to take them off our hands. We manufacture a vast deal of giant powder and nitroglycerine, but we use it in blowing up stumps and pulverizing boulders in our mountains. We do not seek to work up an export trade in the article, and the men who are smuggling it into England defraud our revenue. We should hold England to a strict accountability for her complicity in this matter. Her flag waves in protection over dynamite and dynamiters, to the injury of our commerce and the destruction of our citizens abroad. When it transpired that large quantities of explosives had been shipped on the English Queen, the officers of the line to which she belonged promptly denied the charge and thus added insult to injury. The United States has a remedy if she but wishes to use it. These English ships have forfeited their right to trade in our ports. Let a law be passed at once making it an offence for any English vessel to carry freight or passengers from this country to any other country. Let this law be made in furtherance of international comity and as a measure of just regard for the peace of a power with which we are at peace. Let us show our sympathy for England by banishing from all our seaports the naval accomplices in the murder of our English cousins. This would revive our shipping without a doubt. With all trade between this country and England carried in American bottoms we could equally face our responsibility and charge ourselves with the crimes committed by our "scientific" warriors to whom we have furnished transports.

OUR YOUNG FOLK.

SONG WITH A SHAMROCK.

THERE'S a sweet little Mary, from green Tipperary,
In the land of old Ireland, so dear unto me —
And this sweet little Mary, from green Tipperary,
Is proud a sweet Irish colleen for to be.

She says she remembers each valley and highland,
From Shannon's green side to the banks of the Suir;
That she ne'er can forget her own loved little Island,
No matter how distant, how abject, and poor.

The birds used to sing in the hedges in spring,
There were friendship and feasting and music galeor;
There were friends true and tried, thro' the land far and wide;
And what could the heart of a mortal wish more?

Ah, sweet little Mary! from green Tipperary,
There's freedom and wealth in the land where you dwell;
But a monarch's rich treasure can ne'er buy the pleasure,
Your childhood enjoyed in your home at Clonmel.

J K.

NELLIE: A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

A CHILD had been passed in the dispensary as a fit inmate for the Children's Hospital in Dublin, and had been brought up to the wards by the nun in charge. Truly, the new patient was an odd little figure. The ward-maid, who had received it from the nun, looked at it in surprise, though pretty well-accustomed to strange-looking children. Sore eyes, sore spots on the face, a tangle of wild hair, a swelled mouth, and a frost-bitten nose. The little creature was clad in the most curious assortment of rags; a boy's pair of pantaloons in holes, a girl's draggled petticoat, a remnant of a woman's jacket wrapped about the shoulders.

"Are you a boy or a girl?" asked the ward maid, looking at the forlorn object with puzzled eyes.

"I dun' know," said the child stupidly.

"What do they call you?"

"Nellie Murphy."

"Have you a father and mother?"

"Iss."

"What is your father's employment?"

No reply. The question was not understood. The eyes were too

sore to emit any particular expression, and peered blankly into a corner away from the questioner.

"What does your father be doing all day?" said the ward-maid, putting her question in a more familiar, and therefore more comprehensible, form.

"*Murdherin' my mother!*" was the quick and startling answer.

The ward-maid said no more, but proceeded to give her a bath, to cut off her tangled hair, to put her into a little white nightdress and flannel jacket, and establish her in a crib in a shaded corner of the girl's ward, where the light from the windows should not hurt her eyes. As soon as her head touched the pillow the child fell asleep, and slept almost without interruption for three long nights and two dark winter days. Early in the morning after the third night, she was found sitting bolt upright in her bed, gazing around her, and eagerly demanding to know what day of the week it was.

"It's Saturday, my dear, and you have been here since Wednesday evening," said the Sister, patting her little hand kindly. "And really," she added to the ward-maid, "her eyes are better, and her face is not so swelled, and she has got a spark of intelligence in her countenance."

The child had dropped back on her pillow again, however, and rolled herself away from the light, taking no notice of anything, while all the little life and bustle of day in a children's hospital began and continued around her. A baby clambered out of its bed and turned a somersault on the floor, right behind the back of the Sister, who was serving out the bread and milk, and a chorus of delighted laughter from twenty cribs greeted the performance. Another infant screamed for its neighbor's crowing toy cock. Two or three little convalescents, with shaven heads and smiling, pallid faces, hugging broken-nosed dolls, in their lank young arms, came to Nellie's bedside, trying to make overtures of friendship to the stranger. But Nellie would have none of them. She was pining for the hovel out of which she had been taken, home-sick for the home where her seven years of existence had been passed amid quarrelling, drunkenness, and dirt. All that day she would neither speak nor eat; but late in the evening, a sound of sobbing and wailing was heard from the crib in the corner.

"What is the matter, my poor child?" said the good nun, bending over the little figure, convulsed with sobs under the coverlet.

"It's Saturday night, and my mother'll be bet, an' I won't be there to save her!" wailed Nellie, and refused to be comforted.

Days and weeks passed away, for Nellie's case was a tedious one. Her blood had been poisoned by foul air, and fevered by the "sups of whiskey" given her to dull the pangs of hunger, her system exhausted by years (her few years!) of half-starvation. It took all the father's wages to keep him in whiskey and porter, so how could Nellie get a bit to eat except when the neighbors gave it to her? The child had always been hungry in order that the father might always be drunk. Nellie had no objection to that — she did not think anything about it; but the one thing she could not bear was to see her mother beaten. In order to quell the storm of fear and anguish which the child suffered

in her crib, the nuns went to visit her mother in her den of a home, and found her gaunt, tipsy, idle, gossiping in her doorway with others like herself. Sister Mary asked leave to come in and talk to her. She had brought her news of her child, and she had also brought her a little present of tempting food. The wretched mother was overcome, and covered her face with her dirty apron.

"It's a poor place for the likes o' you, ma'am, an' shamed I am to ask you to sit down. I had a betther place wanst. I was a dacent sarvant and thought much o' myself before I saw Pat Murphy's face, or smelt the whiskey."

"Ay, Mrs. Murphy, it's the whiskey does it," said the nun gently. "Now, if you would only promise me that you, at least, will never taste it again."

The woman shook her head. "When he throws the stools at me," she said, "I've to run out an' get it — only for the whiskey I'd go mad."

"Better to go mad without the whiskey than with it," said the Sister sorrowfully. "But cheer up now, Mrs. Murphy, and come and see Nellie on Sunday. You cannot think how improved she is."

The mother came on the Sunday. She washed her face and borrowed a neighbor's gown and shawl; and as she had kept sober all Saturday, and hidden from her husband on Saturday night, she presented a much less shocking appearance than usual as she sat by Nellie's crib. The child gazed at her with adoration in the big black eyes, which were now visible under the eyelids from which the sores had been gradually cleaned away, and was as happy as it was possible for the unhappy little mortal to be. This hollow-eyed, skeleton-like, uncleanly mother was to her the most lovely, loving, lovable creature in God's universe. She saw no fault in her, thought no ill of her, and the child's one complaint against a cruel world was that on Saturday nights this worshipped mother should be "bet." Her own sores were nothing to Nellie, cold was nothing to her, hunger was nothing to her, so long as she might be allowed to fling her own small person upon her mother's body, to ward off the blows that were aimed at that beloved form.

Now, as Nellie sat up in her crib, healed, smiling, pretty, and clean in her clean nightdress, and with her short, curly crop, the mother scarcely knew her; and the woman wept softly as her child's arms fastened themselves tightly round her neck, and the soft cheek nestled gladly against her own. As she sat there, rocking her in her arms, and shedding quiet tears over her darling, who knows what thoughts passed through Anne Murphy's drink-sodden mind? She would try to bear her troubles better, and keep away from the whiskey palace. She would get some work to do, and strive to earn over again the good character she had once possessed and had miserably lost. She would live to be decent once more, and appear like yonder neat, respectable young woman who was visiting her sick baby in the neighboring bed. She would struggle not to go mad when the blows fell upon her, to remember Nellie; and then time was up, the visiting hour was over, and the mother left her child and went back to her trials and temptations.

More weeks passed away. Nellie's case had not been less tedious than was expected; but a continued course of wholesome food, cleanliness, freedom from recurring shocks of terror, even more than the doctor's treatment, had transformed her into a pretty, intelligent, and lively little girl, who, if not very strong, was in a sufficiently wholesome and healthy state. She had learned to forget the horror of seeing her mother "bet," to find her little world a pleasant place, and to have hope and confidence in the goodness of "big people." Naturally of an amiable temper and full of fun, she had become the life and soul of the girls' ward. The Sister, who in leisure moments amused the children by teaching them to sing, had found Nellie an apt pupil; and her piercing sweet voice rang above all the rest when hymn or ballad or merry catch was trilled by the young convalescents for the comfort of the more suffering patients. When she sang "Mother of Mercy," or the "Wearing o' the Green," even the boys in the next ward set up in their cribs and forgot their pains in listening.

At last, however, the day arrived when Nellie had to leave the hospital. The doctors pronounced her cured, and another and more suffering mite of humanity was waiting to take possession of her bed. She said good-by to her young companions, going round the cribs and shaking hands with all. A child who had just come in envied Nellie for going "home;" and very happy and bright Nellie looked in the nice blue woollen frock and holland pinafore in which the kind Sisters had clothed her. Her dark curly hair lay in smooth rings on her forehead; her big grey eyes were full of tears as she flung her arms round the neck of the nun who had been her tender nurse; and yet all the while her little face was shining with smiles at the prospect of being again with her beloved mother.

"Lord pity her, poor babe!" thought the Sister, as she let the little hand go, and gave her in charge to the ward-maid who was to take her home. "How will she be able to bear the life she is returning to?"

The ward-maid came back with a very serious face from her errand of leaving Nellie at home.

"Such a black, drunken hole!" she said to the Sister. "I give you my word, ma'am, it was all I could do to keep from snatching her up and running back with her here away from them. I felt like dropping a lamb into a wolf's den; so I did."

"Indeed, I wish we could have kept her," said the Sister; "but this is not an orphanage, and we have no place for her. But I will bear her in my mind, and we may get her in somewhere."

"I doubt if she would leave the mother," said the ward-maid. "To see her hugging the tipsy wretch, and calling her all the loveliest names! God knows, I can't eat my dinner for thinking of the sight!"

And the ward-maid sat down to dine with a disgusted look on her good-natured face; and the nun went away about the duties of the hour, thinking much about Nellie Murphy and how she should manage to get the child away from her incorrigible parents and into a decent home.

A few quiet, cheerful days had elapsed at the Children's Hospital. Nellie was still missed by her young companions, but her bed was now

fillen by a stranger, and the little new-comer already had had her pains assuaged by the skill and care always at work in the place. Saturday night came round again, and just as the dusk was deepening in the wards, a loud ring was heard at the great front door. The ward-maid came hurrying in to the girls' ward, where the Sister in charge was sitting by the crib of a very young infant, softly singing it to sleep.

"If this is a case, Bridget, you know it cannot be taken in to-night. The hour is past —"

"Oh, ma'am, it's Nellie Murphy — *murdered!*"

The Sister turned pale. "Hush!" she said; "don't frighten the others;" and slipping her arm from under the shoulder of the now sleeping babe, she followed Bridget down-stairs.

There she was — Nellie stretched on a board, an old broken battered door, torn from some crazy "condemned" tenement, to serve her as a couch. Her face was white as marble, her curly hair dabbled in blood, her eyes closed, to open no more on a troublesome world. The warm frock was gone, pawned for whiskey, and the child's delicate form was wrapped in an old gutter-draggled rag, with neither shape nor texture. A woful change, a pitiful sight, only for the truth which here seemed conveyed that Nellie had got away to heaven! But no, she was not in heaven yet; she was still breathing, and might yet return to life. Very quietly, and without any fuss, they carried her up to the room where she had been so happy, and placed her in a bed but that morning vacated. It was a quiet hour in the ward: most of the children, even the convalescents, were resting in their cribs, and some had fallen asleep, and were dreaming of a "home" perhaps deservedly dear, for, thank God, *all* poor Irish homes are not like Nellie Murphy's. It was not until an hour or two later, when lamps had been lighted and supper-time arrived, that Nellie's old companions discovered that their favorite fellow-patient had come back again amongst them. But why was she lying so quiet? Why did she sleep so soundly? It was only the other day she went away, and she could not have grown very sick since then. Ah, she was only pretending, and would put up her head and laugh at them all in minute! Two of the nuns had been bending over her, trying to wake her, of course, and now they had gone into the next ward. How lazy Nellie had grown! "We'll sing the 'Wearing o' the Green,'" said the children, "and if anything will waken her, that will!"

The "Wearing o' the Green" was sung with a shrill chorus, one verse, two verses; but still Nellie's head lay motionless and stiff upon the pillow, and by neither look nor movement did she notice her favorite song. Then the Sisters came in and hushed the disappointed singers. Nellie was very ill; Nellie had met with an accident. The doctor was coming, and perhaps he would make her well.

All that night and all next day, Nellie lay there stiff and stark, the blood oozing from her ears, her pulse faintly beating. No efforts of doctors or nurses would ever open again those sealed eyes. At last the pulse stopped beating, and Nellie was dead.

"How did you say it happened?" asked the doctor, laying down the small marble hand on the coverlet, with a shake of the head that announced all was over.

"Drink!" said the ward-maid indignantly. "The neighbors who brought her here told me the story. The father, a great strong brute, aimed a blow at the mother; the child threw herself between them, and caught the blow on her head. That's the way it happened, doctor."

"A very common case, I'm sorry to confess," said the doctor, turning away.

And now the last scene of the tragedy. Nellie was lying in the sanctuary of the nun's chapel, under the light of the holy lamp, safe at last from cruel blows, from wicked example, from all the evils that lay in wait for her on her parents black hearthstone. She was dressed in a little white gown that typified her innocence, and one white blossom was folded in her waxen hands — herself a broken flower gathered for heaven before Satan had had time to trample its purity in the dust. It was very late; Sisters and ward-maids were locking up for the night, when a dull, single knock at the door startled them, followed by a wailing murmur at the keyhole.

"Lord have mercy on us, ma'am!" said Bridget, after listening some moments with her ear to the lock. "It's Anne Murphy, the mother!"

"Too late to let any one in, Bridget."

"She wants just one look at her child, ma'am. God knows what way she'll be in the morning."

The Sister reflected a moment, and then opened the door herself, admitting a gaunt, crouching creature, that came creeping into the hall like a whipped animal. Yes, it was Anne Murphy, thinner and more haggard, dirtier and more ragged, than even herself of a couple of months ago. A hateful odor of drink entered the hall with her, and tainted the pure air of the peaceful house. The nun signed to her to follow, and, leading the way to the quiet chapel, stood back to allow her to enter. But one look from the doorway was enough for the wretched mother. With a glance she took in the small, still face on which the sanctuary light shone — the folded hands, the white garb that seemed to fit this little creature for the company of the angels; and the woman fell flat on her face, and grovelled on the threshold.

"My child! I killed my child!" the Sister heard her stammer. "Murdered for me — murdered by her father!"

Then she rose up, swinging her arms frantically over her head; and, with a cry of despair which those who heard it can never forget, fled away through the hall-door into the outer darkness.

ROSA MULHOLLAND in *Irish Monthly*.

HOLD ON, BOYS!

HOLD on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly. Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, snatch, or do any improper act. Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running off from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame, or crime.

Useful Knowledge.

CORPULENCE is greatly increased, where there is an extreme tendency to it, by pastry, bread, butter, milk, sugar, beer, and potatoes; abstinence from them as much as possible is the best course. The proper diet is — For breakfast, four or five ounces of beef, mutton, kidneys, broiled fish, bacon, or cold meat of any kind except pork; a large cup of tea, without milk, or sugar, biscuit or dry toast. For dinner, five or six ounces of any kind of fish, meat, poultry or game; any vegetable except potato: dry toast, and the fruit of a tart without pastry; claret, sherry, or madeira, port wine being as objectionable as beer. For tea, avoid milk and sugar, and eat rusks, fruit, or watercresses. Supper, if any, should be regulated by the rules for dinner.

SALT FOR THE THROAT.—*Connecticut Catholic*: In these days, when diseases of the throat are so prevalent, and in so many cases fatal, we feel it our duty to say a word in behalf of a most effectual, if not positive, cure for sore throat. For many years past, indeed, we may say, during a whole life of more than forty years, we have been subject to a dry, hacking cough, which is not only distressing to ourselves, but to our friends and those with whom we are brought into business contact. Last fall we were induced to try what virtue there was in common salt. We commenced by using it three times a day: morning, noon and night. We dissolved a large tablespoonful of pure salt in about half a small tumbler. With this we gargled the throat most thoroughly just before meal time. The result has been that during winter we were not only free from colds and coughs, but the dry hacking cough had entirely disappeared. We attribute these satisfactory results solely to the use of salt gargle, and most cordially recommend a trial of it to those who are subject to diseases of the throat. Many persons who have not tried the salt gargle have the impression that it is unpleasant; but after a few days' use, no person who loves a nice, clean mouth, and a first rate sharpener of the appetite, will abandon it.

EFFECTS OF SLEEPING TOGETHER.—There is a good deal of logic and truth in

the theory that injury may be sustained by one of two persons who are accustomed to sleep together. People differ in temperament, and the influence of temperament is either negative or positive. Positive natures are reflective; negative natures are absorptive. Of two persons who generally room together, the positive one, if of weakly habit, will lose elements of strength; they will be absorbed by the negative, and the result in time will be a decrease of physical energy and nervous power, which will be evident. We do not approve the practice of a sickly or weak person sleeping with a strong one. Healthy children of the same age may room together, but we should protest against an old person sleeping with a young one.

DEATH IN THE FRYING PAN.—A short time ago a sensation was created by the heading in the newspapers, "Death in the Frying-pan," and the particulars of a case in which that apparently harmless culinary instrument had played a fatal part. The frying-pan in question had been, we believe, one of those procured at an establishment where groceries and ironmongery are dealt in under a tempting system, and it had been lined with some substance which contained poisonous matter. In a letter to the *Ironmonger* a correspondent draws attention to some facts which show that it is not merely in the poorer descriptions of hardware that this dangerous feature is to be looked for. In the house of a West-end London tradesman he says he paid as much as 15s for a metal-lined frying pan, and, alarmed at the look of the lining, he took the precaution of having the metal analyzed by the public analyst for the county Stafford, Mr. Jones. This is the result which that gentleman's investigations disclosed:—Lead, 63.81; tin, 30.05; iron, 5.28; copper a trace. Lead, we need hardly tell our readers, is a slow but sure poison, and here it is found to predominate largely in the cooking vessels sold by even the most respectable houses in the trade. This is a subject which needs looking after. It is just as important that the public should be on its guard against poison in these articles as in food itself.

The Humorist.

A MAN who is advertising lodgings to let "for early risers," adds, "Cochin China fowls, of unusual vocal powers, are kept in the adjoining premises."

CARE will kill a cat. The care must be exercised in taking aim. It is extremely difficult, however, to hit one in the dark with a bottle.

A GIRL has visited a music shop and asked for "The heart boiled down with grease and care," and "When I swallowed home-made pies." The shopman at once recognized what she desired.

AN old lady visiting the antiquarian museum the other day, on inspecting the old weapons very earnestly, and failing to find what she was apparently looking for, asked a visitor if he could tell her whereabouts they kept the Ax of the Apostles.

"PAPA, did mamma say yes to you right off when you asked her to marry you?" "Certainly she did." "Why don't she say yes now just as quick when you ask her to do things?" "Mamma's hearing is not as good now, darling—that's all."

"If I can find my gun, I bet I'll settle them cats," said Mulberry the other night at a late hour, as he slid out of bed and went groping around the room in the dark. "Come back to bed, you old fool," pleaded the gentle voice of Mrs. Mulberry. "That isn't cats; its Emeline's new beau down in the parlor singing 'Some Day.'"

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER with small experience of marketing—"I hardly know what to order for dinner; we had veal yesterday and lamb the day before." Butcher—"How would a leg of mutton do, or beef or tongue?" Young Housekeeper (relieved at the question)—"Oh, yes, that would do nicely. You may send me a leg of tongue!"

MOORE gives the story of a man asking a servant "Is your master at home?" "No, sir, he's out." "Your mistress?" "No, sir; she's out." "Well, I'll just go in and take an air of the fire till they come." "Faith, sir, that's out too."

"DEAR me!" exclaimed a lady, as she looked at the boa-constructor in a show,

"why the skin of the creature is of a regular tartan pattern!" "It is, my dear," remarked her husband; "and that is what Shakspeare alluded to when he talked about a snake being scotched."

THEODORE HOOK declared that when a "skipper" of a noble schooner asked the owner whether he would like to "take the helm," he replied that "he never took anything between breakfast and dinner."

AN Irish nobleman one day visited a lawyer at his office, in which at the time there was a blazing fire, which led him to exclaim, "Mr. X, your office is as hot as an oven." "So it should be, my lord," replied the lawyer; "it is here I make my bread."

"HERE," said the farmer as he exhibited a broken jar to the manufacturer, "I packed this jar full of butter, and the jar split from top to bottom. Perhaps you can explain the phenomena?" "Oh, yes, I can;" was the ready reply; "the butter was stronger than the jar."

A FEW years ago a baggage-man was shamefully treating a long, singular-looking wooden box in the freight room of the Old Colony depot, Boston. After he had pushed the box here and hurled it there, he stood it on end in a corner. To his consternation a voice at this juncture proceeded from it: "Oh, don't! Don't stand me on my head. Please don't." The man recovered from his terrified surprise sufficiently to leap forward and lay the box horizontally; but a stifled groan arose, and in more piteous accents came new remonstrance: "Oh, no. Now you are smothering me. I'm on my face." A crowd soon gathered, of which the long box and the excited porter were the centre. The boy inside continued to protest and plead. A hammer and chisel were brought, and the supposed victim of a trance about to be rescued from his coffin, when a gentleman interfered. The gentlemen had been in the room from the first. It was Signor Blitz, the ventriloquist, and in the box was his lay-figure, "Tommy," with whom he used to carry on such amusing dialogues. The baggage-man and the crowd were indignant, and threatened to annihilate the magician and manikin, and only the coming of the train saved them.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, MARCH, 1885.

Notes on Current Topics.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR. — We give from "Patron Saints," the first part of a charming life of the Apostle of Ireland, from the pen of Miss Eliza Allen Starr. We copy it from the extremely interesting biographies of Miss Starr, published in two volumes, and containing the lives of the most eminent saints in the calendar. That of St. Patrick, of which we give an instalment in this issue, is a fair sample of the other biographical sketches. A portrait of each saint precedes the biographical memoir. The book can be had of any of our Catholic publishers.

CROMWELL IN IRELAND. — We conclude these very interesting papers in this issue of our MAGAZINE. It is admitted to be the best account published of Cromwell's campaign in Ireland. The work originally appeared in our excellent contemporary, *The Irish Monthly*.

Boston Sentinel, is the name of a new paper just started in this city. It makes a very respectable appearance, and is well filled with a variety of entertaining matter. Mr. Edward Fitzwilliam is the editor, and the paper is published at No. 4 State Street.

DYNAMITE IN LONDON. — Three explosions of dynamite — the most serious that have yet taken place — occurred in London on the 24th of January, and all at the same time, 9.30 A.M. One took place in the lobby of the House of Commons, which was badly damaged, another was in

Westminster Hall, near the House of Lords, while the third was in that part of the Tower called the "White Tower," which was also much shattered. Saturday being visiting day, there were large numbers of strangers in all the public buildings. Some twenty were injured by the explosion. None of these, however, are reported as mortally hurt, except a policeman, who attempted to quench the fuse of the infernal machine in Westminster Hall. A man named Cunningham has been arrested as concerned in the plot. A day or two previous Mr. Parnell's declaration at Cork, that "the restoration to Ireland of her own Parliamentary power was imminent," the *London Times* said: — "To ask for an Irish Parliament is to ask independence, pure and simple, for Ireland. That is more than England could ever grant or Ireland retain." — Shortly after the explosions, an American, a passenger on a Northwestern railway train from London to Liverpool, became involved in an altercation with some of his fellow-passengers, who denounced the United States government for permitting Russia to be at large and conduct his nefarious operations at will. He was roughly handled and finally drew a revolver with which he defended himself until the train reached Chester, where he alighted, deeming it dangerous to proceed further with his excited fellow travellers.

PROTESTANT CHILDREN IN CATHOLIC INSTITUTIONS. — We forbid non-Catholic pupils attending Catholic schools to be obliged to assist at Mass or other religious exercises. Let them be left to their own discretion. — *Instruction of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide, 25th April, 1868, transmitted to all the Catholic bishops of North America.*

"TURN UP HIS TOES."—*Catholic Citizen*: Every day or two, for the past few weeks, our city (Milwaukee) papers announced as among the officers elected of some Masonic lodge, individuals of the name of Reilly, O'Neil and Murphy. We would advise their Masonic brethren never to place an Irish Catholic in any of their offices of trust. He will always call for the priest when about to "turn up his toes."

THE NEW MOVEMENT.—*The Catholic Telegraph* of Cincinnati, O., has this allusion to a new movement recently inaugurated by two distinguished Irish leaders in that city:—"A number of our Exchanges appear to be worried about the alleged new Irish movement to be started in this city. Don't be alarmed, gentlemen; there is nothing in it. 'It will die a'bornin.' We are on the ground, and know whereof we speak."

THE HOME.—The twentieth annual meeting of the managers of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children, Boston, was held in the institution, Jan. 8th. At this meeting the following board of officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, J. B. O'Brien; vice-president, J. W. Dunphy; treasurer, P. F. Sullivan; secretary, James Havey; executive committee, John W. McDonald, David A. Ring, John Miller. During the twenty years that this charity has been conducted, it has provided nearly 6000 destitute children with homes, and admission to the Home has always been free, the only requisite being that the child shall be really destitute.

ALL ROUND OVER-PRODUCTION.—*Boston Daily Globe*:—The consistency of a certain class of social reformers and political economists is occasionally very amusing. They tell the laborer that the reason why his wages are low is because of over-production of those things which he produces, commonly supposed to be the necessities of life. At the same time these same men tell these same laborers that the reason why they are poor is because they have too large families.

That is, the laborers are producing too much food and too much clothing, and at the same time are producing too many mouths for this food and too many bodies for this clothing.

CORN AND COAL.—In some parts of Nebraska the farmers are burning corn for fuel. They have figured the matter out and find that it is cheaper to burn their corn than it is to sell it and buy coal. In some parts of Pennsylvania and Ohio coal miners are suffering because the great combinations will not permit them to work. The output of the mines is regulated by agreement in order to maintain prices. The miners are not employed much more than two-thirds of the time, and it frequently happens that they are idle for months at a time. There is something wrong when the farmer of Nebraska cannot profitably exchange his corn for coal. He needs the coal. The miners need the corn. The fact that they cannot be exchanged shows how unjust combinations can be made to oppress people and disrupt trade.

MAYOR GRACE OF NEW YORK.—*Dublin Freeman's Journal*: For the second time Mr. W. R. Grace has been chosen as Mayor of "The Empire City." Of all the leading politicians of New York perhaps there is none whose character, after many a trying struggle, remains so high as that of this distinguished Irishman. He has in this country hosts of friends, but the Irish population of America are his ardent admirers. Mr. Grace is brother of Mrs. Wm. Farrell, of Naas, and many a young Irishman, we understand, owes to his esteemed influence a successful introduction to life in America.

RUSSIA AND ENGLAND.—There's going to be a big fight some day between Russia and England. The *Nineteenth Century*, one of the most popular of English periodicals, says that Russia is swallowing up the provinces that separate her from India with alarming rapidity. Russia is now at Herat, almost on the borders of India, and she is stringing out her railroads eastward with amazing alacrity. According to the periodical mentioned "the entire distance between the eastern shore of the Caspian Sea and Herat, the so-called key to India, can be made in forty-eight hours at the most. In summing up the entire distance it results in this, that, taking the westernmost starting point, Odessa, an army can be thrown in six days from the south of Russia into the interior of Asia without any great exertion and without interruption."

A MEMORIAL.—Mr. and Mrs. John Watts Kearney, of Louisville, Ky., have just placed in the Dominican church of that city, as a memorial of their daughter, such an altar as has never before been in the west. It has a frontage of $17\frac{1}{2}$ feet, is 32 feet high, and is constructed of the purest American statuary marble. There are four magnificent niches, one for benediction and three for statues. The benediction niche is inlaid with onyx and has four small columns of Tennessee marble. The tabernacle door underneath is of firegilt and looks like solid gold.

COME HOME TO ROOST.—*Catholic Review*: When the agents of Continental secret societies blew up the institutions belonging to the Pope in Rome, England was silent in disapproval and even applauded the crime, for it was against the Catholic religion quite as much as against the State that these assassinations were directed. It needed no prophetic power to tell England, as did the *Catholic Review*, that these crimes, participated in by her concurrence and approval, would some day come home to roost. Proud of her strength that made and unmade the nations of the world, she feared no future. What enemy could pass her "silver streak of sea?" To-day London is stricken with a frenzy of mad-dened fear. A month ago it was the highway of the world that was shaken to its base. At this hour they are picking up the debris of the shattered Parliament House and the shaken Tower, the very symbols of England's strength and supremacy! Who the criminals are that wrought this terrible crime has not yet been even charged, and it is not worth while pausing to inquire. The fact is, that some of England's evil deeds, unrepented and unatoned, have come home to roost.

THE ITALIAN RACE OUTSIDE ITALY.—A work lately published at Rome gives particulars concerning the number of Italians living in foreign countries at the end of 1881. At the head of the list stands France, which, with Algeria and the colonies, contain 274,825, of whom 21,577 are in Paris, 33,693 in Algeria, and 57,861 in Marseilles. The Argentine Republic, or La Plata, has 254,388, 103,595 of whom live in Buenos Ayres. Strange to say, the United States has in its immense population only 175,000, of whom 20,286 are in New York. The number in Brazil

is 82,196. In Austria and Hungary there are 43,875, of whom Trieste has 16,202. In Switzerland there are 41,645, of whom 19,603 are in the canton of Ticino. In Uruguay, 40,000; in Turkey, 18,612; in Egypt, 16,302, most of whom live in Alexandria and in. Only 14,567 find a home in the British Isles and all the colonies, and of these only 7,189 are in great Britain and Ireland. Tunis has 11,106, Peru about 10,000, Spain 8,825, the German empire 7,096, of whom 1552 fall to Prussia (not including Hesse, which has 496). Then comes Mexico with 6,102 Italians, Monaco with 4,347, and at last the Russian empire with 3,933.

THE wedding of Miss Eva Mackay and Prince Colonna will be celebrated either in the chapel of the French Nunciature or the Church of the English Passionists in the Avenue Hoche, Paris. The event will take place about the middle of February. Miss Mackay's dowry is said to be a million dollars. Contrary to the rumors prevalent, there is no doubt that the marriage is the result of mutual affection. Prince and Princess Colonna will probably take up their residence in the Eternal City.

A WHOLE TOWN CANNOT READ OR WRITE.—An interesting discovery is reported to have been made by the Governor of Irkutsk in the course of a prolonged inspection of the province, which shows that Siberia is still an unknown country, even to the Russian authorities. The Governor came upon the little town of Ilim, which contains five hundred inhabitants, four ancient churches, and some remarkable relics of Kossak times. The town is still under the republican rule of a *vetche* or public assembly, which is convoked by a bell, as in old Novgorod the Great, although the municipal reform was supposed to have been applied to that part of the Czar's empire ten years ago. Another curious circumstance, mentioned in connection with this strange town, is, that not one of the inhabitants can read or write.

ACCORDING to a late European paper, ex-President MacMahon is enjoying the hunting season at his country home, much more than he ever enjoyed the *soirees* of the Elysee at Paris, as President of the French Republic.

A SENSIBLE LANDLORD.—Landlords and financiers with ideal capital ought to take example from Lord Tollemache, of Peckforton Castle, Cheshire, England. His lordship takes the keenest personal interest in the management of his estates, and during his lifetime (he is now in his 80th year) has broken the estate up into farm of 200 acres each in order to find accommodation for the increased number of his tenantry. He has built over sixty model dairy farms and homesteads at a cost of £148,000, and 260 laborers' cottages, to which are attached a few acres of land at very moderate rentals, on which the laborers are enabled to keep a couple of cows, and pursue poultry raising and fruit and vegetable farming during their spare moments. It is a significant fact that, despite the agricultural depression, there is not a halfpenny arrears of rent due on any part of his lordship's property.

THE English press are making John Bull appear very ridiculous in the eyes of Brother Jonathan. Every little fire or explosion in England is being attributed to "Americans." If a bottle is found in the debris, it is "supposed" to contain American dynamite. The persons suspected of the London bridge explosion are said to have "spoken English fluently." Whereupon an American journal remarks that "they could not be Americans, for no English journal would admit that Americans speak English fluently."

THE FATAL THIRTEEN.—The superstitious dread of sitting down—thirteen at table—has been the cause of a sad occurrence in Berlin. A number of guests were invited to dinner to celebrate the birthday of a daughter of the house. In the midst of a pleasant talk, one of the ladies present remarked with evident terror that there were thirteen at table. Of course her words sent a smile round the table, and the others present tried to reason her out of her silly idea that there was anything ominous in the fact of thirteen being together. It was useless, however, and then, in order to humor her, they complied with her request that all present should draw lots, and the one with the lowest number should leave the gathering and get her share of the birthday cake the following day. Strange to say she herself drew the lowest number, and, of course, could not be prevailed upon to remain. She valued her life, she said, more than the cake. Ac-

cordingly she left, but slipping at the head of the stairs, she fell to the bottom and five minutes afterwards was a corpse.

VILE PLAY-BILLS AND OTHER MONSTROSITIES.—We are glad to see that our esteemed contemporary, the *Catholic Review*, has joined in the crusade against the indecent advertisements which meet the public gaze at almost every turn in our larger cities and towns. The review says: So gross has been the offence that public opinion is at last aroused to something like indignation. The decent press has opened a running fire on the offenders. Decent people are indignant that their children, their wives and daughters should be confronted at every turn by such shocking illustrations. The most effectual method to check, if not wholly to put an end to the offence, is to mercilessly "boycott" the offenders; to refuse to deal with people or papers that lend themselves to such immoral practices, and to let them know of the refusal.

THE youngest viscount is Viscount Southwell, an Irish Catholic peer, aged twelve; and the youngest member of the House of Commons is an Irish Catholic, Mr. Matthew Joseph Kenny, for the borough of Ennis, aged twenty-three.

OLD KENTUCK.—In 1795, the Catholic Church in Kentucky consisted of one priest and 1,500 people. To-day, 1884, there are two bishops, 193 priests, 653 churches and stations, a Catholic population of 300,000, or one eighth that of the whole State; fifty-seven colleges and academies, and 100 free schools, which instruct 16,344 pupils; and nine asylums and four hospitals for the orphaned and infirmed members of the flock.

ARRANGEMENTS have been completed for holding a Roman Catholic Council in Sydney, New South Wales, in September of this year, to which Archbishop Moran, in his capacity of Papal delegate, has summoned all the Prelates of the Catholic Church in Australia.

NEW SOUTH WALES produced 35,220,640 pounds of sugar last year! A sweet country.

"IT is a bad will that does not include God among the legatees."—*Cardinal Manning*.

THERE died at St. Paul, Minn., on the 8th of January, a venerable old man, at the age of 112 years in the House of the Little Sisters of the Poor. His name was Thomas Farrell. Among his papers was the following brief account of himself, in his own writing: "Thomas Farrell was born in Kilkenny, Ireland, the 4th day of December, 1773, and came to the United States in the winter of 1800. He was naturalized in the year 1805. I enlisted in the war of 1812." He was under fire in the battle of New Orleans, Jan. 8th, 1815. On another scrap of paper, he had marked a few incidents of the battle, as he recollected them: "Porter, Captain of the Essex. General Jackson; Lieutenant Spotts. Peckenham was shot in the right arm, and the next shot killed his horse. Peckenham was an Englishman. The English lost 2,000 killed, or wounded, or taken prisoners."

THE Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, is writing a *Life of St. Vincent de Paul*. Those of our readers who recall a beautiful sermon his Eminence once delivered on this saint, will understand that the labor he has in hand will be a labor of love.

"GRATTAN'S PARLIAMENT."—That's the rallying cry in Ireland. "Advance, Australia," is the motto of the immense English-speaking colony under the Southern Cross.

IN Bunker Hill District, Boston, 26th inst., at the residence of her son, Mr. Edward Riley, 7 Belmont Street, Mary Riley, ninety-five years. She was a native of the county of Cavan, parish of Killa Shandra, Ireland.

THE BOSTON DIRECTORY, — Containing the City Record Directory of the Citizens and Business Directory, No. LXXX, for the year commencing July 1, 1884. The publishers of this indispensable annual have been before the people of Boston for a long period of years. The punctuality with which they issue the Directory, its mechanical execution, and everything appertaining to its business arrangements entitle it to the support it generously receives from the citizens of Boston. No business house can conveniently get along

without it. The publishers are Messrs. Sampson, Davenport & Co., 155 Franklin Street.

The same publishers issue the BOSTON ALMANAC and DIRECTORY for 1885, which completes the semi-centennial of its publication. This publication is more for the family than the counting house. It is very convenient for reference to everything appertaining to the city's industries, business, &c.

MRS. BONAPARTE is authority for the statement, again renewed, that her daughter by a former marriage, Miss Constance Edgar, will shortly enter a convent, in pursuance of the bent of her religious convictions. She graduated at the Georgetown convent last June with high honors, and in order to rest, and, if possible, to dissipate, her predilection towards conventual life, Col. and Mrs. Bonaparte took her to Newport for the season, and also formed a plan for Continental travel and sojourn with her. This plan has now been abandoned, and it is said that she will assume her initial vows not later than Easter. This young lady, through her mother, is a great-granddaughter of Daniel Webster.

A BOSTON LADY proposes contributing \$50,000 as the nest egg for a fund, the income of which shall be used to pay for taking care of the teeth of poor children whose parents are unable to pay the dentist. If it could be employed to convert parents, rich or poor, from the use in their families of white flour, hot bread, ice water, pie, and few other abominations, including candy, the dentist might starve, and that would be both profitable and pleasant for the rest of us.

THE GREATEST LITERARY PRIZE ever offered, is that which will fall due on December 1st, 1925, in St. Petersburg. According to the *Frankfurter Journal*, the great friend and adviser of the Emperor Alexander I. of Russia, Aranjeyeff by name, founder of the military colonies at Novgorod, deposited, in 1833, in the Imperial Bank a sum of 50,000 roubles in gold. This deposit is to remain in the bank at 4 per cent. interest until 1925, and on December 1st of that year—the centenary of Alexander the First's death—the entire sum will be paid to the writer of the best history of the reign of that Emperor. The prize is to be decided by

the Petersburg Academy of Sciences, one quarter to be devoted to the expenses of publishing the fortunate work. At this rate the value of this grand prize on the day in question will be no less than 1,918,960 roubles — say £300,000!

FUNERAL SERMONS.—*Catholic Citizen*: Funeral sermons indiscriminately preached, are apt to be insincere and opposed to true Christian humility. They cheapen the pulpit. Far better some provision for Requiem Masses, which will assist the soul of the deceased, rather than forced eulogies that merely flatter the feelings of the living.

MR. P. J. SMYTH, the late member of Parliament for Tipperary, died on the 12th of January at his residence in Belgrave Square, Dublin, after a short illness. He retired from Parliamentary life upon accepting the position of secretary to the Irish Loan Fund Board a few weeks ago; but never discharged any of the duties of that office. Mr. Smyth with be remembered as one of the last of the Young Irishmen of 1848. He was buried in Glasnevin Cemetery.

DEATH OF A MONSIGNOR.—The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Julian Benoit, Prelate of the Papal Household and Vicar-General of the Diocese of Fort Wayne, died at his residence in Fort Wayne, Ind., on Monday night, the 26th of January, of blood poisoning. He received the last Sacraments from the hands of his Diocesan, Bishop Dwenger, and in his last moments was surrounded by a number of the priests of Fort Wayne. Mgr. Benoit was one of the best known priests in the United States. He was eminent both for his learning and piety. He was created Prelate of the Papal Household by Pope Leo XIII. in 1883. May his soul rest in peace!

THE death is announced of the Very Rev. Dom Angelo Pescetelli, Procurator-General of the Benedictine Order. The sad event took place in the Monastery of St. Paul's Without the Walls, Rome.

THE Empress Eugenie has deferred the removal of the remains of the Emperor Napoleon and the Prince Imperial from

Chislehurst to the new mausoleum at Farnborough for some time, to meet the convenience of certain distinguished Bonapartists who desire to be present at the ceremony.

BISHOP SPALDING, of Peoria, Ill., is at work compiling the general Catechism, authorized by the Plenary Council. Before its adoption, a copy of the same will be sent to each Archbishop and Bishop in the United States for inspection.

THE FESTIVAL of the Conversion of St. Paul, January 25th, was chosen as the fitting occasion for three important ecclesiastical ceremonies in America—the reception of the pallium by Mgr. Leray, the Archbishop-elect of New Orleans; the consecration in Covington of Mgr. Maes, the Bishop-elect of that See, and the dedication of the new church of the Paulist Fathers in New York, one of the finest churches in the country. St. Paul pray for us.

MR. PARNELL shows a great deal of good sense in refraining from referring in his public speeches to the dynamite explosions. In an interview with a reporter after a speech in the county Clare he said: "I repudiate the idea that it is necessary for me, or those who think as I do, to disavow responsibility for these outrages. To do so would be to admit the justice of the suspicion. 'Who excuses, accuses.' To try to connect the Irish parliamentary party with last Saturday's crimes, is a wanton insult to each one of us. Why don't they put it on the Tories? Simply because they fear them, and they think they can insult us with impunity because we have been insulted so often."

THE IRISH OUTLOOK.—Sir Thomas Brassey, member of Parliament, and a junior lord of the admiralty, in a speech at Hastings, said that he believed a movement for the direction of local self-government in Ireland as imminent, and that important concessions would be made to the Irish.—Mr. Parnell said at a meeting in Cork: He pointed out certain indications, as he believed, that England was already favorable at heart to the concessions demanded by the Irish members of Parliament, and he predicted that if Irishmen would but remain true to their cause, there would ere long be a parliament at Dublin.

PARNELL AT MILTON.—In the course of a brilliant speech at Milton, Mr. Parnell said: "You assembled here are relics of a noble race not quite driven into the Atlantic. You are the descendants of men whom Cromwell tried to 'send to hell or to Connaught,' and only succeeded in sending them as far as Connaught. During many centuries you baffled and defeated the attempts of the English enemy to drive you from the soil of sacred Ireland, which I believe is for you and all men. This west coast of our country shows such an example to the Irish race as will enable us to stand shoulder to shoulder, and march from the west to the east and recover, inch by inch, slowly but surely, every rood of land which has been robbed from us."

LAST YEAR'S EMIGRATION.—Ireland lost by emigration during the year 1884 no less than 72,463 persons. This is a large number—far larger, it is needless to say, than the country could afford; but there is some little comfort in the fact that it shows a very substantial falling-off from the preceding year (1883) when the number of Irish emigrants was 105,743. During the last month of 1884 the number of emigrants who left Ireland was 1,590, which is less by 130 than the number for the same month of 1883. Of the 72,463 who left Ireland during the year, 59,166 went to the United States, 4,513 to British North America, 8,271 to Australasia, and 516 to other places. The number of English emigrants during 1884 was 147,335, and the number of Scotch emigrants was 21,893.

SISTER MARY CYRIL, of the Charity Hospital, New Orleans, was recently invested with a golden crown, in commemoration of the completion of fifty years' service in the Order.

MR. PARNELL'S MIGRATION COMPANY—having lodged in the Land Judges' Court the sum of £44,000, the purchase-money of the Bodkin estate, in the county Galway, Judge Flanagan has been engaged in allocating the money among the various incumbents on the estate, whose claims are very large.

THE Industrial School of the House of the Good Shepherd, Milwaukee, Wis.,

was recently presented with a turkey, which, when under the carving process on the table, was found to be stuffed with \$525 in gold. The purse was handed over to the Rev. Mother, who was filled with grateful surprise for the generous offering.

DEATH OF THE REV. P. C. NOLAN, P. P.—We deeply regret to announce the death of the Rev. Patrick Celestine Nolan, P. P., which occurred Jan. 12th, at the parochial house, Rathvilly, county Carlow. The deceased, who had reached the ripe age of eighty-three years, was one of the most popular and venerated priests in Carlow, and his decease has caused the profoundest regret throughout the country.

I MUST venture the opinion that for a poor girl the best education is how to keep house, cook a dinner and sew a garment.
—*Nun of Kenmare.*

THE venerable Sister Mary Aloysia has been elected Superioress of the Western Province of the school Sisters of Notre Dame at Milwaukee, to fill the place vacated by the late death of Mother Seraphine. Archbishop Heiss counted the votes that were cast by all the mission houses of the order. The new Superioress was born in Germany and a professed member of the order for over thirty-six years.

New York Herald: Great Britain owes us reparation. It is against Great Britain that the dynamiters arm themselves. If Great Britain had treated Ireland with common justice the dynamiters would not exist.

A SPLENDID STEAMER, *The Ireland*, will shortly leave the premises of Messrs. Laird, of Liverpool, for the mail service between Kingstown and Holyhead. The new vessel is described as three hundred and seventy-five feet long, her beam thirty-eight feet, and her depth twenty feet nine inches. "Builder's measurement, she will turn the scales at two thousand six hundred tons." She is of six thousand horse-power, capable of making twenty knots an hour, and expected to do the across Channel trip in two hours and fifty minutes.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

THE *Western Catholic* announces that Rev. James H. O'Brien, author of "Sacerdos Vagabundus," died in Santa Fe, N. M., sincerely penitent "for any scandal he may have caused in the past by his conflicts with his ecclesiastical superiors."

REV. DANIEL O'TOOLE, who was a Doctor of Divinity, though he was but twenty-eight years of age, died on the 3d of January of pneumonia at St. Michael's Church Rectory, on Ninth street, Jersey City, N. J.

REV. THOMAS F. FITZPATRICK, assistant of the Rev. Arthur J. Donnelly, of St. Michael's Church, No. 380 Ninth avenue, N. Y., died January 4th. He was born in New York city on February 18th, 1856.

REV. JOHN KELLEY, died January 15, at Globe Village, Mass. Father Kelley was born in Roscommon, Ireland, in 1849. He was ordained fifteen years ago. In 1872 Father Kelley was appointed to organize the parish of St. Peter's Church at Globe Village.

A DESPATCH from Sydney, N. S. W., announces the death of Rt. Rev. Dr. Quinn, Roman Catholic bishop of Bathurst, N. S. W.

ON the 26th of December, the death of another priest of the diocese of Hexham and Newcastle, England, occurred, the ninth, all told, for the year 1884. The Very Rev. Thomas Augustine Slater, who was termed the patriarch of the diocese, having attained his eighty-ninth year, after a severe illness in September and consequent gradual decay, expired at the Presbytery at Hutton House, in the County of Durham, and was buried at Ushaw College.

SISTERS.

SISTER THERESA, niece to James G. Blaine, died at St. Mary's convent at Wilkesbarre, Pa., January 21. Sister Theresa's secular name was Annie

Walker. She was the daughter of Major R. C. Walker and Elizabeth Blaine-Walker, a sister of James G. Blaine, and was born in Brownsville, Pa. She finished her course of studies at St. Xavier's Academy, in Westmoreland county, and made her religious profession at St. Mary's convent in Pittsburg in 1869. She was thirty-six years of age.

THE nuns of St. Augustine's Priory, near Newton Abbot, England, have just sustained a heavy loss in the death of their much-esteemed Superioress, Sister Clare Magdalen (May) Vaughan. She was one of a somewhat remarkable family — a family indeed highly favored by God, Who has called no less than eleven of its members from the life of the world, to serve Him either at the Altar or in the cloister. Six of her brothers became priests, one of whom was the late lamented Archbishop of Sydney, and four of her sisters entered Religious Communities. The Poor Clares, the Sisters of Charity, the Visitation Nuns, and the Augustinians — each have numbered one of Colonel Vaughan's daughters among their members. She was thirty-nine years old.

LAY PEOPLE.

LADY GEORGIANNA CHARLOTTE FULLERTON, wife of Alexander George Fullerton sister of Lord Granville, is dead.

THE death of the Mother of Bishop Walsh, of London, Ontario, is announced. The venerable deceased had attained her ninety-second year.

P. J. SMYTH, the recalcitrant Home Ruler and late member for Tipperary, is no more. He died on the 1st of January after a short illness. He was sixty years of age, and had been only a few weeks in his new position of clerk in a government office. He was a man of great and varied attainments; and, in spite of his unfortunate falling out with the Home Rulers and Land Leaguers, he left a host of warm and admiring friends behind him. He leaves his family almost without means.

Notices of Recent Publications.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., and St. Louis.

HINTS ON LETTER WRITING for the use of Academies and for Self-Instruction. Adapted from the French of the author of the "Golden Sands," by Miss Ella McMahon. 16mo, cloth, 60 cents.

The object of this little treatise chiefly addressed to young people, is to form them to think and to write, by not only placing before them examples of correct styles, but by laying down certain simple, plain rules, the observance of which, will tend to cultivate and form their taste. The author says in his Preface:

"No one can directly acquire the art of writing a good letter. It is a gift which has more to do with nature than art. The writers celebrated for their letters never knew they were authors. They wrote only because they had friends to love, to console, to direct, to protect, to amuse; they were unconscious that their letters would be read by any but those to whom they were addressed, but because the minds of the writers were cultivated by study and reflection, their taste formed by good reading, what they wrote in the intimacy of affection still charms and pleases posterity. This charm is due, doubtless, in a measure to the intelligence and delicacy of sentiment with which God endowed them; but its method of expression comes more especially from the cultivation of the mind."

Thorndike, Nourse & Co., Detroit, Mich.

DR. BROWNSON'S WORKS. The Seventeenth volume of Dr. Brownson's Works contains:

The Higher Law; The Fugitive Slave Law; Summer on Fugitive Slaves; Slavery and the Incoming Administration; The Slavery Question Once More; Politics at Home; The Great Rebellion; Slavery and the War; Archbishop Hughes on Slavery; The Struggle of the Nation for Life; State Rebellion, State Suicide; Emancipation and Colonization; What the Rebellion Teaches; Confiscation and Emancipation; Slavery and the Church; The Seward Policy; The President's Policy; Catholics and the Anti-Draft Riots; Return of the Rebellious States; The Federal Constitution; The President's Message and Proclamation; Abolition and Negro Equality; Are the United States a Nation?

ALL of the above books can be obtained of Messrs. Noonan & Co., as well as of the publishers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. MAURICE F. EGAN, associate editor of the N. Y. *Freeman's Journal*, has now in the press a volume of his Irish-American stories that proved so popular on their first appearance. The excellent work that Mr. Egan has done in the literary domain has won him a high reputation, and the forthcoming collection should have a wide and ready sale. The volume will be issued from the publishing house of Pustet & Co.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MESSRS. THOMAS B. NOONAN & Co., of Boston, have in press, for early publication, the following new books for juvenile readers. They will be handsomely printed, and bound in new and unique styles: "Brave Boys of France"; "The Wanderer, and Other Stories"; "Wonder Tales"; "Tales of Adventure"; "Mary Burton, and Other Stories"; "Clotilde, and Other Stories"; "The Young Explorers, and Other Stories"; "Adventures of Little Snowdrop, and Other Stories"; "Stories for Stormy Sundays," from the "Ave Maria"; "Jack Harold, and Other Stories"; "The Birthday Party, and Other Stories"; "Our Dumb Pets."

MR. JOSEPH GILLOW is engaged upon a Literary and Biographical History, or Bibliographical Dictionary of the English Catholics, from the Reformation, in 1534, to the present time. He hopes to complete the work in five volumes, the first of which is ready for press.

MR. CONNOLLY'S COLLECTION OF POETRY.—One of the needs of the present, is a great collection, carefully edited, of the best of the Irish poems of the century. Since "Hayes' Ballad Poetry of Ireland," no such work has been attempted. Readers of the *Pilot* will rejoice to learn that such a volume is in actual preparation by a man eminently qualified for the task. Mr. Daniel Connolly, of New York, a poet himself, has for years been engaged in compiling an exhaustive collection from all sources; and we trust that it will soon be in the publisher's hands. Such a book will remain a standard for a whole generation.

—*Boston Pilot.*

APPENDIX TO CROMWELL IN IRELAND.

YOUGHAL.

Ensign Nicholas Monkton, English Protestant, now resident at Ballingarry—in the county of Limerick, at the securing of Youghal for the parliament, an ensign in the town. A few days before the first declaring of Youghal, Captain Henry Smithick, acquainted E. with a resolution of several officers in Youghal to secure the town for the Parliament of England.

The same night on which they did declare, Captain John Widenham and others did meet to consider the best way for the prosecuting of the design, and to inform themselves what their expectations might be of Colonel Warden, who had promised to come with a party of horse to their assistance. Notwithstanding they had certain information that Colonel Warden, with others, were taken prisoners by the Lord of Inchiquin, yet they prosecuted their former resolution. The next morning after the declaring, the Lord of Inchiquin came before the town with a party of horse, and sent a messenger to desire that some might be sent to treat with him; and both Captain Widenham and Captain Thomas Graham went forth, and on the second and third day after there were conditions made between them; but what they were E. knoweth not, only that Sir Piercy Smyth, formerly governor by the Lord Inchiquin's appointment, was then restored to his command. And about a fortnight after Cork had declared for the English interest, Colonels Gifford and Warden came with a party of horse to secure the garrison of Youghal for the Parliament of England. About seven o'clock at night E. and others were drinking a pint of wine at the White Hart. There came in a little boy or maid and told them that Colonels Warden and Gifford were come with a party of horse. Whereupon they immediately ran down to the iron gate, where they found Sir Piercy Smyth, then governor, and Colonel Manhood, with some of their servants, having drawn the chain of the iron gate with an intent, as he conceives, to secure it till they had made some conditions. But E. with Dashwood and Smyth, observing Captain Widenham to be come with his company to the other side of the gate and calling to have the gate open, sent away Sir Piercy Smyth and Colonel Manhood to their homes (where they were secured), and immediately opened the gate.

Major Jasper Farmer, English Protestant, then resident at Garmore, in the county of Cork, was told by Major Foulke that his brother Lieutenant Foulke

was sent by Colonel Phayre from Dublin to him, that he might engage as many English then of Inchiquin's army to do their utmost in securing the chief garrisons of Munster for the then Parliament. And among the rest Foulke engaged him to use his endeavors in the work. Whereupon he acquainted Colonel Richard Townsend and several others, who were ready to yield their assistance. Major Foulke told him that he would go to Youghal to engage the officers there, which he did; and some small time after there was a day appointed by Major Foulke, Colonels Townsend, Warden, and himself, to meet at Tallow, and there to make what party of horse they could, and intended from thence to have marched to Youghal, in order to have joined themselves with those who had engaged to secure the town. But so it was that one Johnson, who had taken his oath to be faithful in the business, discovered the same to the Lord of Inchiquin, and by that means Inchiquin sent a party to Tallow and apprehended Colonels Warden and Gifford, and so prevented the bringing of the horse to Youghal. Townsend made his escape into the country; but the next morning he was apprehended in his own house. But by this time the town of Youghal had actually declared for the Parliament, which he and Major Foulke hearing of, took a cott and went down by water to Youghal, and having joined themselves with the officers there, at a council of war resolved to maintain the town for the English interest. The next day after the town declared, Inchiquin came with force and encamped before the town, and it was by the council resolved that the town should be defended against him. The soldiers upon the walls cried out that the town might be defended against Inchiquin and the Irish; but after some jealousy of Captains Widenham and Graham, articles were agreed upon by consent of the officers for the redelivering of the said garrison to Inchiquin, upon conditions that none of the English might be drawn out of the said town nor Irish put in.

Colonel John Widenham, English Protestant, now residing at Adare, in the county of Limerick, and at the time of securing of Youghal for the Parliament of England and the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland a captain in the said town. At the first declaring of Youghal he and Captain Smithick had frequent consultations about the securing of the town; and that which moved the discourse and action was the sense that Captain S. had of the danger

the town was then in, and the English interest, for that the Lord Inchiquin had not only joined with the Irish, but also intended to place an Irish garrison in the town and to draw out the English then in the town. Ensign Nicholas Monkton was within the iron gate when the gate was opened to let him in with his company, and some of the party of horse that came from Cork.

KINSALE.

Mr. Robert Southwell, at the rendition of Kinsale to the Parliament, Nov. 12th, 1649, an inhabitant of Kinsale, remembers that a few days before, Major Woodliff came to Kinsale with about 60 soldiers, who were received into the town, being reputed a friend; being Englishmen made them to be joyfully received. They maintained the guard of the English town. Near 100 of the Irish soldiers that came into the town from the fort were taken, disarmed, and secured in the magazine. At the time of Cork's declaring for the Parliament, the town of Kinsale was secured by the English and Irish inhabitants of the same, and not by the soldiers of the army in pay; and before the declaring of Cork Colonel Crosby, with about 500 men, was sent by Lord Inchiquin to secure the fort and town for the King, which it could not oppose, though very fearful to receive them being Irish. About a fortnight before the town declared, Crosby drew all his soldiers out of the town into the fort. About Nov. 12th, 1649, the inhabitants convened themselves together, viz., the chief of both Irish and English, and agreed to declare for the Commonwealth, in order to which they drew up a letter, which they subscribed, and directed to Lord Broghill and Colonel Phayre, acquainting them, and desiring some assistance of horse and foot for the taking of the fort, to which work the inhabitants did yield their best endeavors. An answer was returned with assurance that said inhabitants should be reckoned under the same care with their own party, and promised assistance, which was sent next day; and Captain Cuffe was sent with a troop of horse into the barony of Coursies, on the fort side, to besiege it; and Colonel Gifford with some others came to Kinsale, where the towns-people planted a gun upon Compass Hill over against the fort, from whence were made about six or seven shot, and soon after it was delivered to Lord Broghill upon conditions.

William Wolf, of Cork, at the rendition of Cork an inhabitant of the town. At the

time of Cork's declaring, the town of Kinsale was wholly secured by the English and Irish inhabitants for Lord Inchiquin; and at the arrival of Colonel Crosby with about 600 men, the commonalty of the town shut the gates against him; but the sovereign and other chief men of the town went out to Crosby and agreed that he and his party should come into the town, where he stayed about a week, and then drew into the fort. He did exceedingly oppress the town, demanding not only cadows, but also exacting money, from the inhabitants and meat from several merchants, which did put the town upon declaring, and which he believes was the only reason for so doing. On Tuesday night being resolved to declare, they sent for some of the Irish inhabitants, in particular the sovereign, to come and join with them; but at first he was unwilling and wept, but at length consented, and sent a letter to Cork to Lord Broghill.

TIMOLEAGUE.

John Godfrey, minister of Timoleague, at the time of the rendition of Timoleague castle for the Parliament, November, 1649, an inhabitant of Timoleague. Remembers that Captain Swete acquainted him of his purpose to secure the castle for the English interest, and that he had despatched letters into England intimating so much, and likewise for the coming of shipping into the bay. That afterwards Swete acquainted him that he had received orders from Lord Inchiquin to march with his company from the castle, and desired E. to frame a petition in the name of the gentlemen and other inhabitants of the country and present it to Lieutenant General Barry, that Swete and his company might be continued among them.

John Barnes, of Clonakilty, English Protestant, at the rendition of the castle of Timoleague sergeant in the castle. Remembers Captain Swete, then governor and captain of the castle, did acquaint him of his intention of securing the castle for Parliament, and willed deponent to discourse his company, which consisted of about 32 men in the castle, and try whether they would join in the design. He did discourse with them, and finding them ready to join, acquainted Swete, who directed E. to bring them two or three, at a time to himself, which was done. E. was sent to Bandon to inform Lord Broghill that they had secured the castle for the Parliament, and had seven Irish prisoners. He found Lord Broghill had marched from Bandon, and left Colonel

Warden governor, who ordered the prisoners to be brought to Bandon.

BANDONBRIDGE.

Abraham Savage, now resident at Bandonbridge and at the time of the rendition. Suddenly after the declaration of Cork for the Parliament, Lord Inchiquin, being jealous of the town following the example of Cork, ordered Captain Constantine with a troop of horse to possess himself of said town, and disarm all townsmen; and Inchiquin ordered a company or two of Irish into the town, but soon after observing the disaffection of the town towards the Irish soldiers, ordered one Colonel Francis Courtenay to be governor, who brought in his own company, and soon after all the Irish were removed; and the townsmen came several times to E., expressing their readiness to attempt the seizing of the governor, officers, and guards then in the town, and secure it for the Parliament, but could not effect their purpose; and also Captain Braly and some others, a day or two before Broghill came with a force against the town, secured the west guard of the town, and disarmed the soldiers, turning them out; but it being so sudden a business, such as were appointed to seize on the other guards were prevented, the design being discovered. And so those persons were besieged in the said guard by the soldiers then in town, and several shots made at them, so they were constrained to yield themselves prisoners; and that night the inhabitants dispatched William Bull to Lord Broghill, informing him of the danger of the persons taken prisoners, and desiring him with some forces to come before the town, the inhabitants engaging that if the governor did not deliver up the town, they having his countenance would open the postern gate by seizing on the sentinels, and receive them into the town; but when Lord Broghill came, hostages were sent forth, and the town suddenly delivered by the Governor on conditions only made for himself and his soldiers.

Nathaniel Cleere, of Bandonbridge, merchant. Remembers the inhabitants of the town, about Nov. 16th, in the forenoon, did endeavor to surprise the guard of the west gate, at which time other persons were appointed to surprise two other guards, but were discovered and imprisoned. Next day Lord Broghill came against the town with a party of horse and foot, when these persons told the governor, Colonel Courtenay, that it was in vain for him to oppose them, for they

were resolved to deliver up said town to Lord Broghill; thereupon Colonel Courtenay desired them not to deliver him up before he had one hour's time to make conditions for himself and party, which was granted; and that time expired, Mr. Savage and an officer belonging to the said colonel were sent forth to treat with Lord Broghill, to whose pleasure the town wholly referred itself. And there was only one gun fired from a flanker by one of Courtenay's gunners, who with his men departed second next day, and some the day following; and the inhabitants live since quietly without giving any assistance to the Irish or other enemies of the Commonwealth.

HALLBOWLINE.

Edward Holwell, in October, 1649, a sergeant employed in the fort. The second day after the rendition of Cork, being in the fort, and having with him Thomas Davis, Sergeant Richard Estcourt, gunner, and some private soldiers, said Davis and E. conferred, and speedily resolved to deliver the fort, and thereupon called the gunner, captain, and soldiers, and acquainted them with their resolution, who were ready and gave their assistance, first in securing Captain Whitcraft, governor there, and his lieutenant, and setting the guards for keeping said fort for the Commonwealth, and sent away the captain and lieutenant prisoners to Cork.

Richard Estcourt, gunner. Two days after the declaring of Cork, the governor sent his lieutenant to Lord Inchiquin, to obtain more forces for securing of Hallbowline. The next morning Sergeant Davis came to E. and consulted how they might secure the governor and deliver up the garrison for the use of the Parliament, which was done. And the same boat which carried up the captain to Cork brought down relief both of men and provisions for the garrison, and the day following more relief was sent from Cork.

VIII

THE CLONMACNOISE DECREES.

Declaration of the Bishops and Clergy assembled at Clonmacnoise, 4th December, 1649.

By the Ecclesiastical Congregation of the Kingdom of Ireland, we, the Archbishops, Bishops, and other Ordinaries and Prelates of this Kingdom of Ireland, having met at Clonmacnoise *proprio motu* on the 4th day of December in the year

of our Lord God, 1649, taking into our consideration among other the affairs then agitated and determinated for the preservation of the Kingdom, that many of our flock are misled with a vain opinion of hopes that the Commander-in-chief of the rebel forces, commonly called Parliamentarians, would afford them good conditions, and that relying thereon, they suffer utter destruction of religion, lives, and fortunes, if not prevented. To undeceive them in this their ungrounded expectation, we do hereby declare as a most certain truth that the enemy's resolution is to extirpate the Catholic religion out of all his Majesty's dominions, as by their several covenants doth appear, and the practice wherever their power doth extend, as is manifested by Cromwell's letter of the 19th of October, 1649, to the then Governor of Ross; his words are: "for that which you mention concerning liberty of religion, I meddle not with any man's conscience; but if by liberty of conscience you mean a liberty to exercise the Mass, I judge it best to use plain dealing and to let you know, where the Parliament have power, that will not be allowed of." This tyrannical resolution they have put in execution in Wexford, Drogheda, Ross, and elsewhere; and it is notoriously known that by the Acts of Parliament called the Acts of Subscription, the estates of the inhabitants of this Kingdom are sold, so there remaineth now no more but to put the purchasers in possession by the power of forces drawn out of England. And for the common sort of people, towards whom if they show any more moderate usage at the present, it is to no other end but for their private advantage and for the better support of their army, intending at the close of their conquest (if they can effect the same, as God forbid) to root out the commons also, and plant this land with colonies to be brought hither out of England, as witness the number they have already sent hence for the Tobacco Island, and put enemies in their places.

And in effect, this banishment and other destructions of the common people must follow the resolution of extirpating the Catholic religion, which is not to be effected without the massacring or banishment of the Catholic inhabitants.

We cannot, therefore, in our duty to God and in discharge of the care we are obliged to have for the preservation of our flocks, but admonish them not to delude and lose themselves with the vain expectation of conditions to be had from

that merciless enemy. And, consequently, we beseech the gentry and inhabitants, for God's glory and their own safety, to the uttermost of their power to contribute with patience to the support of the war against that enemy, in hope that by the blessing of God they may be rescued from the threatened evils, and in time be permitted to serve God in their native country, and enjoy their estates and the fruits of their labors, free from such heavy levies or any other such taxes as they bear at present; admonishing also those that are enlisted of the army to prosecute constantly, according to each man's charge, the trust reposed in them, the opposition of the common enemy in so just a war as is that they have undertaken for their religion, king, and country, as they expect the blessing of God to fall on their actions. And that to avoid God's heavy judgment and the indignation of their native country, they neither plunder nor oppress the people, nor suffer any under their charge to commit any extortion or oppression, so far as shall lie in their power to prevent.

Declaration of the Bishops and others assembled at Clonmacnoise, 13th December, 1649.

Whereas heretofore many of the clergy and laity did in their actions and proceedings express much discontent and divisions of mind, grounding the same on the late difference of opinion which happened amongst the prelates and the laity, by which the nation was not so well united as was necessary in this time of great danger, wherein all as with one heart and hand ought to oppose the common enemy. We, the Archbishops, Bishops, and Prelates of this Kingdom met, *motu proprio*, at Clonmacnoise, 4th December, 1649, having removed all difference among us, not entering into the merits of diversities of former opinions, thought good for the removing of all jealousies from our own thoughts, hearts, and resolutions, and from others who had relation or were adherent to the former diversity of opinion, to manifest hereby to all the world that the said divisions and jealousies grounded thereupon are now forgotten and forgiven among us on all sides as aforesaid. And that all and every of us, the above Archbishops, Bishops, and Prelates, are now by the blessing of God as one body united, and that we will, as becometh charity and our pastoral charge, stand all of us as one entire body, for the interest and immunities of the Church,

and of every the Prelates and Bishops thereof, and for the honor and dignity, estate, right, and possession of all and every the said Archbishops, Bishops, and other Prelates. And we will, as one entire and united body, forward by our counsel, action, and devices, the advancement of his Majesty's rights and the good of this nation in general and in particular occasions according to our power, and that none of us, in any occasion whatsoever concerning the Catholic religion or the good of this Kingdom of Ireland, will in any respect single himself, or be, or seem opposite to the rest of us, but will hold firm and entire in one sense, as aforesaid, hereby detesting the actions, thoughts, and discourses of any that shall renew the least memory of the differences past, or give any ground of future differences among us, and do in the name of Jesus Christ exhort all our flock to the like brotherly affection and union, and to the like detestation of all past differences or jealousies as aforesaid, arising hitherto among them. And we desire that this our declaration be printed and published in each parish, by command of the respective Ordinaries, ut videant opera vestra bona et glorificent Patrem vestrum qui in cœlis est.

Datum apud Clonmacnoise, 13 Decembris, 1649.

HUGO, Ardmachanus.
FR. THOMAS, Dubliniensis.
THOMAS, Casselensis.
JOANNES, Archiep. Tuamensis.
FR. BOETIUS, Elphinensis.
FR. EDMUNDUS, Laghlinensis et
Procurator Waterfordiensis.
EMERUS, Clogherensis.
ROBERTUS, Corcagiensis et Clu-
anensis.
NICOLAUS, Fernensis.
EDMUNDUS, Lymericen. et Procu-
rator Episcopi Ossorien.
FRANCISCUS, Aladensis.
ANDREAS, Fenaborensis.
JOANNES, Laonensis.
FR. OLIVERIUS, Dromorensis.
FR. ANTONIUS, Clonmacnoisensis.
FR. HUGO, Duacensis.
FR. ARTHURUS, Dunensis et Con-
norenensis.
FR. TERENCEIUS, Imolacensis.
FR. PATRITIUS, Ardachadensis.
OLIVERIUS DEISE, Procurator
Episcopi Midensis.
DR. JOANNES HUSSEI, Procurator
Ep. Ardfertensis.

FR. JOANNES CANTWELL, Abbas
S. Crucis.
DR. THADEUS CLERY, Procurator
Episcopi Rapotensis.
FR. GREGORIUS O'FERRALL, Pro-
vincialis fratrum min.
WALTERUS, Ep. Clonfertensis,
Congregationis Secretarius.

*Decrees of the Bishops, &c., assembled at
Clonmacnoise, 13th December, 1649.*

We, the Archbishops, Bishops, and other Ordinaries and Prelates of the Kingdom of Ireland, having met at Clonmacnoise, *proprio motu*, the 4th day of December, in the year of our Lord 1649, to consider of the best means to unite our flocks for averting God's wrath fallen on this nation, now bleeding under the evils that famine, plague, and war bring after them, for effecting a present union, decreed the ensuing acts:—

1. We order and decree as an Act of this Congregation, that all Archbishops and other Ordinaries within their respective dioceses shall enjoin public prayers, fasting, general confessions, and receiving, and other works of piety, *toties quoties*, to withdraw from this nation God's anger and to render them capable of his mercies.

2. We order and decree as an Act of this Congregation, that a Declaration be issued from us, letting the people know how vain it is for them to expect from the common enemy commanded by Cromwell, by authority from the rebels of England, any assurance of their religion, lives, or fortunes.

3. We order, and decree as an Act of this Congregation, that all the pastors and preachers be enjoined to preach unity. And for inducing the people thereunto, to declare unto them the absolute necessity that is for the same, and as the chief means to preserve the nation against the extirpation and destruction of their religion and fortunes resolved on by the Enemy. And we hereby do manifest our detestation against all such divisions between either provinces or families, or between old English and old Irish, or any of the English or Scots adhering to his Majesty. And we decree and order, that all ecclesiastical persons fomenting such dissensions or unnatural divisions be punished by their respective prelates and superiors, juxta gravitatem excessus, et (si opus fuerit) suspendantur beneficiati et pastores a beneficio et officio ad certum tempus, religiosi autem a divinis juxta circumstantias delicti. Leaving the laity offending in this kind to be corrected by

the civil magistrate by imprisonment, fine, banishment, or otherwise, as to them shall seem best for plucking by the roots so odious a crime; the execution whereof we most earnestly recommend to all those having power and that are concerned therein, as they will answer to God for the evils that thereout may ensue.

4. We decree and declare excommunicated those highway robbers commonly called the Idle Boys, that take away the goods of honest men or force men to pay them contribution; and we likewise declare excommunicated all such as succour or harbor them, or bestow or sell any victualling, or buy cattle or any other thing else wittingly from them; likewise all ecclesiastical persons ministering sacraments to such robbers or Idle Boys, or burying them in holy grave, to be suspended *ab officio et beneficio si quod habent*, by their respective superiors *juxta gravitatem delicti*. This our decree is to oblige within fifteen days after the publication thereof in the respective dioceses.

Datum apud Clonmacnoise, 13 Decembris, 1649. (Here follow the same signatures as before.)

IX.

*A Declaration of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, For the Undeceiving of De-luded and Seduced People: which may be satisfactory to all that do not shut their eyes against the light: In answer to certain late Declarations and Acts framed by the Irish Popish Prelates and Clergy in a Conventicle at Clonmacnoise.*¹

Having lately perused a Book printed at Kilkenny in the year 1649, containing divers Declarations and Acts of the Popish Prelates and Clergy framed in a late Conventicle at Clonmacnoise, the 4th day of December, in the year aforesaid, I thought fit to give a brief Answer unto the same.

¹ Carlyle's *Letters*, &c., vol. ii. p. 120, &c. We give this "Declaration" in full, as it contains a complete statement of the policy, civil and religious, pursued by Cromwell and his party in dealing with Ireland. We beg to refer the reader who wishes to see how that policy was carried out, to Mr. Prendergast's work, *The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland*, which John Mitchel, no mean authority on such a matter, has declared to be "the most perfect monograph of one special and cardinal point of our Irish history." *Reply to Froude*, p. 21.

And first to the first;—which is a Declaration wherein (having premised the reconciliation of some differences among themselves), they come to state their War, upon the interest of their Church, of his Majesty, and the Nation, and their resolution to prosecute the same with unity. All which will deserve a particular survey.

The Meeting of the Archbishops, Bishops, and other Prelates at Clonmacnoise is by them said to be *proprio motu*. By which term they would have the world believe that the Secular Power hath nothing to do to appoint or superintend their spiritual Conventions, as they call them;—although in the said meetings they take upon them to intermeddle in all secular affairs; as by the sequel appears. But first for their "Union" they so much boast of. If any wise man shall seriously consider what they pretend the grounds of their "differences" to have been, and the way and course they have taken to reconcile the same; and their expressions thereabout, and the ends for which, and their resolutions how to carry on their great design declared for; he must needs think slightly of their said union. And also for this, That they resolve all other men's consent into their own, without consulting them at all!

The subject of this reconciliation was, as they say, "the Clergy and Laity." The discontent and division itself was grounded on the late difference of opinion, happening amongst the "Prelates and Laity." I wonder not at differences of opinion, at discontents and divisions, where so Antichristian and dividing a term as "Clergy and Laity" is given and received. A term unknown to any save the Antichristian Church, and such as derive themselves from her: *ab initio non fuit sic*. The most pure and primitive times, as they best know what true *union* was, so in all addresses to the several churches they wrote unto, not one word of this. The members of the Church are styled "Brethren and Saints of the same household of Faith;" although they had orders and distinctions among them for administration of ordinances—of a far different use and character from yours,—yet it no where occasioned them to say, *contemptum* and by way of lessening in contradicting "Laity and Clergy." It was your pride that begat this expression. And it is for filthy lucre's sake that you keep it up, that by making the people believe that they are not so holy as yourselves, they might for their penny purchase some sanctity from you, and that

you might bridle, saddle, and ride them at your pleasure; and do, as is most true of you, as the Scribes and Pharisees of old did by their Laity,—keep the knowledge of the law from them, and then be able in all their pride to say, “This people, that know not the Law, are cursed.”

And no wonder,—to speak more nearly to your “differences” and “union,”—if it lie in the Prelates’ power to make the Clergy and Laity go together by the ears when they please, but that they may as easily make a simple and senseless reconciliation! Which will last until the next Nuncio comes from Rome with super-mandatory advices, and then this Gordian knot must be cut, and the poor Laity forced to dance to a new tune.

I say not this as being troubled at your “union.” By the grace of God, we fear not, we care not for it. Your covenant is with Death and Hell; your union is like that of Simeon and Levi: “Associate yourselves, and ye shall be broken in pieces; take counsel together, and it shall come to naught!” For, though it becomes us to be humble in respect of ourselves, yet we can say to you: God is not with you. You say, your union is “against a common enemy;” and to this if you will be talking, of “union,” I will give you some wormwood to bite on, by which it will appear God is not with you.

Who was it that created this “common enemy” (I suppose you mean Englishmen)? The English? Remember, ye hypocrites, Ireland was once united to England. Englishmen had good inheritances which many of them purchased with their money, they and their ancestors, from you and your ancestors. They had good Leases from Irishmen, for long times to come; great stocks thereupon; houses and plantations erected at their own cost and charge. They lived peaceably and honestly amongst you. You had generally equal benefit of the protection of England with them; and equal justice from the Laws, saving what was necessary for the State, out of reasons of State, to put upon some few people, apt to rebel upon the instigation of such as you. You broke this “union.” You, unprovoked, put the English to the most unheard-of and most barbarous Massacre (without respect of age or sex), that the sun ever beheld; and at a time when Ireland was in perfect Peace. And when, through the example of English Industry, through commerce and traffic, that which was in the Natives’ hands was better to them than if all Ireland had been in their possession, and not

an Englishman in it. And yet then, I say, was this unheard-of villainy perpetrated,—by your instigation, who boast of “peace-making” and “union against this common enemy.” What think you: by this time, is not my assertion true? Is God, will God, be with you?

I am confident He will not! And though you will comprehend Old English, New English, Scotch or whom else you will, in the bosom of your Catholic charity, yet shall not this save you from breaking. I tell you and them, you will fare the worse for their sakes. Because I cannot but believe some of them go against, some stifle, their consciences. And it is not the fig-leaf of pretence that “they fight for their King,” will serve their turn; when really they fight in protection of men of so much prodigious of blood; and with men who have declared the ground of their “union” and fighting, as you have stated it in this your Declaration, to be *Bellum Prælatum et Religiosum*, in the first and primary intention of it. Especially when they shall consider your principles: that except what fear makes you comply with, viz., that alone without their concurrence you are not able to carry on your work of War,—you are ready, whenever you shall get the power into your hands, to kick them off, too, as some late experiences have sufficiently manifested! And thus we come to the Design, you being thus wholesomely “united,” which is intended to be prosecuted by you.

Your words are these: “That all and every of us, the above Archbishops, Bishops, and Prelates, are now, by the blessing of God, as one body united. And that we will, as becometh charity and our pastoral charge, stand all of us, as one entire body, for the interest and immunities of our Church and of every the Bishops and Prelates thereof; and for the honor, dignity, estate, right, and possessions of all and every of the said Archbishops, Bishops, and other Prelates. And we will, as one entire and united body, forward by our counsels, actions, and devices the advancement of his Majesty’s rights and the good of this Nation, in general and in particular occasions, to our power. And that none of us in any occasion whatsoever concerning the Catholic religion or the good of this Kingdom of Ireland, will in any respect single himself; or be or seem opposite to the rest of us; but will hold firm and entire in one sense, as aforesaid, &c.”

And now, if there were no other quarrel

against you but this, which you make to be the principal and first ground of your Quarrel; to wit, As so standing for the rights of your "Church," falsely so called, and for the rights of your "Archbishops, Bishops, and Prelates," as to engage People and Nations into blood therefor:—this alone would be your confusion. I ask you, Is it for the "lay-fee," as you call it, or for the Revenue belonging to your Church, that you will after this manner contend? Or is it your jurisdiction, or the exercise of your Ecclesiastical Authority? Or is it the Faith of your Church? Let me tell you, Not for all or any of these is it lawful for the ministers of Christ, as you would be thought to be, thus to contend. And therefore we will consider them apart.

For the first, if it were "St. Peter's Patrimony," as you term it, that would be somewhat that you lawfully came by! But I must tell you. Your predecessors cheated poor seduced men in their weakness on their death-beds; or otherwise unlawfully came by most of this you pretend to. And Peter, though he was somewhat too forward to draw the sword in a better cause, yet if that weapon, not being proper to the business on hands, was to be put up in the case, he must not, or would he, have drawn it in this. And that blessed Apostle Paul, who said, "the laborer was worthy of his hire," chose rather to make tents than be burdensome to the Churches. I would you had either of these Good Men's spirits; on condition your Revenues were doubled to what the best times ever made them to your predecessors! The same answer may be given to that of your "Power and Jurisdiction," and to that pre-eminence of Prelacy you so dearly love. Only consider what the Master of these same Apostles said to them: "So it shall not be amongst you. Whoever will be chief shall be servant of all." For He Himself came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. And by this he that runs may read of what tribe you are.

And surely if these, that are outward things, may not thus be contended for, how much less may the doctrines of Faith, which are the works of Grace and the Spirit, be endeavoured by so unsuitable means! He that bids us "contend for the Faith once delivered to the Saints," tells us that we should do it by "avoiding the spirit of Cain, Corah, and Balaam;" and by "building up ourselves in the most holy Faith," not pinning it

upon other men's sleeves. Praying "in the Holy Ghost;" not mumbling over Matins. Keeping "ourselves in the love of God;" not destroying men because they will not be of our Faith. "Waiting for the mercy of Jesus Christ;" not cruel, but merciful! But, alas, why is this said? Why are these pearls cast before you? You are resolved not to be charmed from "using the instrument of a foolish shepherd." You are a part of Anti-Christ," whose Kingdom the Scripture so expressly says should be "laid in blood;" yea, "in the blood of the Saints." You have shed great store of that already; and ere it be long, you must all of you have blood to drink, "even the dregs of the fury and the wrath of God, which will be poured out unto you."

In the next place, you state the "interest of his Majesty," as you say. And this you hope will draw some English and Scotch to your party. But what "Majesty" is it you mean? Is it France, or Spain, or Scotland? Speak plainly. You have, some of you lately, been harping, or else we are misinformed, upon his Majesty of Spain to be your Protector. Was it because his Majesty of Scotland was too little a Majesty for your purpose? We know you love great Majesties. Or is it because he is not fully come over to you in point of religion? If he be short in that, you will quickly find out, upon that score, another "Majesty." His Father, who complied with you too much, you rejected; and now you would make the world believe that you make the Son's interest a great part of your Quarrel.

How can we but think there is some reserve in this? And that the Son has agreed to do somewhat more for you than ever his Father did? Or else tell us: Whence this new zeal is? That the Father did too much for you, in all Protestant judgments, instead of many instanced let this be considered: What one of your own Doctors, Dr. Enos, of Dublin, who writing against the Agreement made between the Lord of Ormonde and the Irish Catholics, finds fault with it and says it was "nothing so good as that the Earl of Glamorgan had warrant from the King to make; but exceeding far short of what Lord George Digby had warrant to agree with the Pope himself at Rome, in favour of the Irish Catholics." I intend not this to you; but to such Protestants as may incline to you, and to join with you upon this single account, which is the only appearing inducement to them; seeing there

is so much probability of ill in this abstracted. And so much certainty of ill in fighting for the Romish Religion against the Protestant; and fighting with men under the guilt of so horrid a Massacre. From participating in which Guilt, whilst they take part with them, they will never be able to assail themselves, either before God or good men.

In the last place, you are pleased, having, after your usual manner, remembered yourselves first and "his Majesty," as you call him, next, like a man of your tribe, with his *Ego et Rex meus*, you are pleased to take the people into consideration. Lest they should seem to be forgotten: or rather you would make me believe they are much in your thoughts. Indeed I think they are! Alas, poor "Laity!" That you and your King might ride them and jade them, as your Church hath done, and as your King hath done by your means, almost in all ages! But it would not be hard to prophesy, That the beasts being stung and kicking, this world will not last always. Arbitrary power men begin to be weary of in Kings and Churchmen; their juggle between them materially to uphold Civil and Ecclesiastical Tyranny begins to be transparent. Some have cast off both, and hope by the grace of God to keep so. Others are at it! Many thoughts are laid about it, which will have their issue and vent. This principle, That People are for Kings and Churches, and Saints are for the Pope or Churchmen, as you call them, begins to be exploded; and therefore I wonder not to see the Fraternity so much enraged. I wish "the People" wiser than to be troubled at you; or solicitous for what you say or do.

But it seems, notwithstanding all this, you would fain have them believe it is their good you seek. And to cozen them, in deed and in truth, is the scope of your whole Declaration, and of your Acts and Decrees in your foresaid Printed Book. Therefore to discover and unveil those falsities, and to let them know what they are to trust to, from me, is the principal end of this my Declaration. That if I be not able to do good upon them, which I most desire,—and yet in that I shall not seek to gain them by flattery; but tell them the worst, in plainness, and that which I am sure will not be acceptable to you, and if I cannot gain them, I shall have comfort in this, that I have freed my own soul from the guilt of the evil that shall ensue, and on this subject I hope to leave noth-

ing unanswered in your said Declarations and Decrees, at Clonmacnoise.

And because you carry on your matter somewhat confusedly, I shall therefore bring all that you have said into some order; that so we may the better discern what every thing signifies, and give answer thereunto.

You forewarn the People of their danger, which you make to consist: First, "in the extirpation of the Catholic Religion;" Secondly, "in the destruction of their lives;" Thirdly, "in the ruin of their Fortunes," to avoid all which you forewarn them; First, that they be not deceived by the Commander-in-Chief of the Parliament Forces; and in the next place, having stated your War, as aforesaid, you give them your positive advice and counsel to engage in blood. And lastly, bestow upon them a collation in Four Ecclesiastical Decrees or Orders, which will signify as little, being performed by your spirit, as if you had said nothing. And the obligation to all this you make to be your Pastoral relation to them, "over your Flocks."

To which last a word or two. I wonder how this relation was brought about! If they be Flocks, and you ambitious of the relative term? You are Pastors; but it is by an antiphrasis, a *minime pascendo!* You either teach the People not at all; or else you do it, as some of you came to this Conventicle who were sent by others, *tantum Procuratores*, as your manner is, by sending a company of silly, ignorant Priests, who can but say the Mass, and scarcely that intelligibly; or with such stuff as these your senseless Declarations and Edicts! But how dare you assume to call these men your "Flocks," whom you have plunged into so horrid a Rebellion, by which you have made them and their country almost a ruinous heap? And whom you have fleeced, and polled, and peeled hitherto, and make it quite your business to do so still. You cannot feed them! You poison them with your false, abominable, and Antichristian doctrine and practices. You keep the Word of God from them; and instead thereof give them your senseless Orders and Traditions. You teach them "implicit belief;" he that goes amongst them may find many that do not understand anything in the matters of your Religion. I have had few better answers from any since I came into Ireland that are of your Flocks than this, "That indeed they did not trouble

themselves about matters of religion, but left that to the Church." Thus are your "Flocks" fed; and such credit have you of them. But they must take heed of "losing their religion." Alas! poor creatures, what have they to lose?

Concerning this is your grand caveat. And to back this, you tell them of "Resolutions and Covenants to extirpate the Catholic Religion out of all his Majesty's Dominions." And you instance in "Cromwell's Letter of the 19th of October, 1649, to the then Governor of Ross," repeating his words, which are as follows, viz: "For that which you mention concerning liberty of conscience, I meddle not with any man's conscience. But if by liberty of conscience you mean a liberty to exercise the Mass, I judge it best to use plain dealing, and to let you know, Where the Parliament of England have power, that will not be allowed of." And this you call a "tyrannical Resolution;" which you say hath been put in execution in Wexford, Ross, and Tredah.

Now let us consider. First, you say, The design is, to extirpate the Catholic Religion. Let us see your honesty herein. Your word "extirpate" is as ill-collected from these grounds, and as senseless as the word "Catholic," ordinarily used by you when you mention the Roman Catholic Church. The word "extirpate" means a thing already rooted and established; which word is made good by the proof of "Covenants," by that Letter expressing the non-toleration of the Mass (wherein, it seems, you place all the "Catholic Religion," and there you show some ingenuity), and your instance of what was practiced in the three Towns afore-mentioned: do these prove, either considered apart or all together, the "extirpation of the Catholic Religion?"

By what law was the Mass exercised in these places, or in any of the Dominions of England or Ireland, or Kingdom of Scotland? You were *intruders* herein: you were open violators of the known Laws! And yet you call the "Covenant," and that in the Letter, and these practices "Extirpation" of the Catholic Religion — thus again set on foot by you by the advantage of your Rebellion and shaking off the just Authority of the State of England over you! Whereas, I dare be confident to you, you durst not own the saying of one Mass above these eighty years in Ireland. And through the troubles you made, and through the

miseries you brought on this Nation and the poor People thereof, your numbers, which is very ominous, increasing with the *wolves*, through the desolations you made in the Country, did you recover again the exercise of your Mass? And for the maintenance of this, thus gained, you would make the poor People believe that it is ghostly counsel, and given in love to them as your "Flocks," That they should run into Wars, and venture lives, and all upon such a ground as this! But if God be pleased to unveil you of your sheep's-clothing, that they may see how they have been deluded, and by whom, I shall exceedingly rejoice; and indeed, for their sakes only have I given you these competent characters, for *their* good, if God shall so bless it.

And now for them, I do particularly declare what they may expect at my hands in this point. Wherein you will easily perceive that, as I neither have, nor shall flatter you, so neither shall I go about to delude them with specious pretences, as you have ever done.

First, therefore: I shall not, where I have power, and the Lord is pleased to bless me, suffer the exercise of the Mass where I can take notice of it. Nor suffer you that are Papists, where I can find you seducing the People, or by any overt act violating the Laws that are established; but if you come into my hands, I shall cause to be inflicted the punishments appointed by the Laws, to use your own term, "*secundum gravitatem delicti*," upon you; and to reduce things to their former state on this behalf. As for the People, what thoughts they have in the matter of Religion in their own breasts I cannot reach: but shall think it my duty, if they walk honestly and peaceably, Not to cause them in the least to suffer for the same. And shall endeavor to walk patiently and in love towards them, to see if at any time it shall please God to give them another or a better mind. And all men under the power of England, within this Dominion, are hereby required and enjoined strictly and religiously to do the same.

To the *second*, which is "the destruction of the Lives of the Inhabitants of this Nation:" to make it good that this is designed, they give not one reason. Which is either because they have none to give; or else for that they believe the People will receive everything for truth they say; which they have too well taught them, and God knows the People are too apt, to do.

But I will a little help them. They speak, indeed, of "rooting out the common People;" and also, by way of consequent, that the extirpating the Catholic Religion is not to be effected without the "massacring, destroying, or banishing the Catholic Inhabitants." Which how analogical an argument this is, I shall easily make appear by and by.

Alas! the generality of "the Inhabitants" are poor "Laity," as you call them, and ignorant of the grounds of the "Catholic Religion." Are they then so interwoven with your Church Interest as that the absence of *them* makes your Catholic Religion fall to the ground? We know you think not so. You reckon yourselves, and yourselves only, the pillars and supporters thereof; and the Common People, as far as they have the exercise of the club-law, and like the ass you ride on, obey your commands. But concerning these relations of your Religion, enough has been spoken in another place; only you love to mix things for your advantage.

But to your logic. Here is your argument: The design is to extirpate the Catholic Religion; but this is not to be done but by the massacring, banishing, or otherwise destroying the Catholic Inhabitants: *ergo*, it is designed to massacre, banish, and destroy the Catholic Inhabitants. To try this no-concluding argument, but yet well enough agreeing with your learning, I give you this dilemma; by which it will appear that whether your religion be true or false, this will not follow: If your Religion be the true Religion, yet if a Nation may degenerate from the true Religion and apostatise, as too many have done (through the seducements of your Roman Church), then it will not follow that men must be "massacred, banished, or otherwise destroyed," necessarily; no, not as to the change of the *true* Religion in a Nation or Country! Only the argument doth wonderfully well agree with your principles and practice, you having chiefly made use of fire and sword, in all the changes in Religion that you have made in the world. If it be change of your Catholic Religion so-called, it will not follow, because there may be found out another means than "massacring, destruction, and banishing," to wit, the Word of God; which is able to convert. A means which you as little know as practise, which, indeed, you deprive the People of! Together with humanity, good life, equal and honest dealing with men of a different opinion; which we desire to exercise

towards this poor People, if you, by your wicked counsel, make them not incapable to receive it, by putting them into blood!

And therefore, by this also, your false and twisted dealing may be a little discovered. Well, your words are, "Massacre, destroy, and banish." Good now. Give us an instance of one man since my coming into Ireland, not in arms, massacred, destroyed, or banished; concerning the massacre or the destruction of whom justice hath not been done, or endeavored to be done. And as for the other of banishment, I must now speak unto the People, whom you would delude, and whom this most concerns; that they may know in this also what to expect at my hands.

The question is of the destruction of life; or of that which is little inferior to it, to wit, of banishment. I shall not willingly take, or suffer to be taken away, the life of any man not in arms, but by the trial to which the People of this Nation are subject by Law, for offences against the same. And as for the banishment, it hath not hitherto been inflicted upon any but such who, being in arms, might justly, upon the terms they were taken, and put to death: as those who are instanced in your Declaration to be "sent to the Tobacco Islands." And, therefore, I do declare, That if the People be ready to run to arms by the instigation of their Clergy or otherwise, such as God by His providence shall give into my hands may expect that or worse measure from me; but not otherwise.

Thirdly, as to that of "the ruin of their fortune." You instance the Act of Subscription, "whereby the estates of the Inhabitants of this Nation are sold, so as there remaineth now no more but to put the Purchasers in possession; and that for this cause are the Forces drawn out of England." And that you might carry the Interest far, to engage the Common sort of People with you, you further say to them, That "the moderate usage exercised to them is to no other end but to our private advantage, and for the better support of our Army; intending at the close of our conquest, as you term it, to root out the Common People also, and to plant the land with Colonies to be brought hither out of England." This, consisting of divers parts, will ask distinct answers.

And first, to the Act of Subscription. It's true there is such an Act; and it was a just one. For when, by your execrable Massacre and Rebellion, you had not only

raised a bloody War to justify the same ; and thereby occasioned the exhausting the Treasury of England in the prosecution of so just a War against you, was it not a wise and just act in the State to raise money by escheating the Lands of those who had a hand in the Rebellion ? Was it not fit to make their Estates defray the charge, who had caused the trouble ? The best, therefore, that lies in the argument is this, and that only reaching to them who have been in arms, for further it goes not : " You have forfeited your Estates, and it is likely they will be escheated to make satisfaction ; and therefore you had better fight it out than repent or give off now ; or see what mercy you may find from the State of England. And seeing holy Church is engaged in it, we will, by one means or another, hook in the Commons, and make them sensible that they are as much concerned as you, though they were never in arms, or came quickly off ! " And for this cause doubtless are these two coupled together ; by which your honest dealing is manifest enough.

But what ? Was the English Army brought over for this purpose, as you allege ? Do you think that the State of England will be at five or six Millions charge merely to procure Purchasers to be invested in that for which they did disburse little above a Quarter of a Million ? Although there be a justice in that also, which ought, and, I trust, will, be seasonably performed towards them. No, I can give you a better reason for the Army coming over than this. England hath had experience of the blessing of God in prosecuting just and righteous Causes, whatever the cost and hazard be ! And if ever men were engaged in a righteous Cause in the world, this will scarce be a second to it. We are come to ask an account of the innocent blood that hath been shed, and to endeavor to bring to an account, by the blessing and presence of the Almighty, in whom alone is our hope and strength, all who, by appearing in arms, seek to justify the same. We come to break the power of lawless rebels, who having cast off the authority of England, live as enemies to Human Society ; whose principles, the world hath experience, are, To destroy and subjugate all men not complying with them. We come by the assistance of God, to hold forth, and maintain the lustre and glory of English Liberty in a Nation where we have an undoubted right to do it ; wherein the People of Ireland (if they listen not to such seducers as you are), may equally participate in all benefits ; to use liberty and fortune equally

with Englishmen, if they keep out of arms.

And now, having said this to you, I have a word to them ; that in this point, which concerns them in their estates and fortunes, they may know what to trust to. Such as have formerly been in arms, may, submitting themselves, have their cases presented to the State of England ; where, no doubt, the State will be ready to take into consideration the nature and quality of their actings, and deal mercifully with them. And as for those now in arms, who shall come in and submit, and give engagements for their future quiet and honest carriage and submission to the State of England, I doubt not but they will find like merciful consideration, excepting only the Leading persons and Principal Contrivers of this Rebellion, whom I am confident they will reserve to make examples of Justice, whatever hazards they incur thereby. And as for such Private Soldiers as lay down their arms, and shall live peaceably and honestly at their several homes, they shall be permitted so to do. And, for the first two sorts, I shall humbly and effectually represent their cases to the Parliament, as far as becomes the duty and place I bear. But as for those who, notwithstanding this, persist and continue in arms, they must expect what the Providence of God, in that which is falsely called the Chance of War, will cast upon them.

For such of the Nobility, Gentry, and Commons of Ireland, as have not been actors in this Rebellion, they shall and may expect the protection on their Goods, Liberties, and Lives which the Law gives them ; and in their husbandry, merchandising, manufactures, and other trading whatsoever, the same. They behaving themselves as becomes honest and peaceable men ; testifying their good affections, upon all occasions, to the service of the State of England, equal justice shall be done them with the English. They shall bear proportionately with them in taxes. And if the soldiery be insolent upon them, upon complaint and proof, it shall be punished with utmost severity, and they protected equally with Englishmen.

And having said this, and purposing honestly to perform it, if this People shall headily run on after the counsels of their Prelates and Clergy and other Leaders, I hope to be free from the misery and desolation, blood and ruin, that shall befall them ; and shall rejoice to exercise utmost severity against them.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Given at Youghal, January, 1650.

X.

LANGLEY OF THE IRON HAND.

WHEN Erin before Clonmel fell,
A man of whom I'll tell you
As they advanced to storm Clonmel
Was foremost in the melee.

Charles Langley hight, a man of power,
Of all the troops the best,
For when they stormed the western
tower,
He towered above the rest.

A mower standing in the breach,
With scythe to guard the pass,
His hand cut off, as if to teach
That flesh is still but grass.

But yet a gallant warrior's boast,
Might to his wounds bring balm;
For though his hand the hero lost,
He bore away the palm.

He could aver that in the fray
Where balls and bullets fly,
He had on that eventful day
A finger in the pie.

And what a wondrous change took place
When of his limb bereft!
He found, when thinking o'er his case,
His right hand was the left!

The furious foe, in joyous glee,
The bleeding hero scanned,
And bade him then in irony
To get an iron hand.

But Langley, with his sabre bright,
Struck at the boasting clown.
To crown the labors of the fight,
He cut him through the crown.

His iron hand henceforth he wore,
His various works to settle,
Thus proving then just as before,
Himself a man of mettle.

The following curious will was made by a namesake, probably a relative of his, who also fought at Clonmel:—

I, John Langley, born at Wincannon, in Somersetshire, and settled in Ireland in the year 1651, now in my right mind and wits, do make my will in my own handwriting:

I do leave all my house, goods, and farm of Blackkettle of 253 acres to my son commonly called Stubborn Jack, to him and his heirs for ever, provided he marries a Protestant, but not Alice Kendrick, who called me "Oliver's whelp." My new buckskin breeches and my silver tobacco-stopper, with J. L. on the top, I give to Richard Richards, my comrade who helped me off at the storming of Clonmel, when I was shot through the leg. My said son John shall keep my body aboveground six days and six nights after I am dead; and Grace Kendrick shall lay me out, who shall have for so doing five shillings. My body shall be put upon the oak table in the brown room, and fifty Irishmen shall be invited to my wake, and everyone shall have two quarts of the best aquavita, and each a skein, dirk, or knife laid before him; and when their liquor is out, nail up my coffin and commit me to earth whence I came.

This is my will. Witness my hand this 3rd day of March, 1674.

JOHN LANGLEY.

Some of his friends asked him why he would be at such a charge to treat the Irish at his funeral, a people whom he never loved. "Why for that reason," replied he, "for they will get so drunk at my wake that they will kill one another, and so we will get rid of the breed. And if every one would follow my example in their wills, in time we should get rid of them all."

XI.

SURRENDER OF THE IRISH FORTRESSES.

Ross,	Surrendered to Oliver Cromwell,	Oct. 19th, 1649.
Cork,	Corporation of, their proposals to Cromwell,	Nov. 1649.
Bandon,	Town, proposition to deliver it up to Lord Broghill,	Nov. 15th, 1649.
Cahir,	Castle, surrendered to Cromwell,	Feb. 24th, 1649.
Kilkenny,	City and castle, surrendered to Cromwell,	Mar. 27th, 1650.
Protestant,	Under Marquis of Ormonde. Articles of protection from Cromwell,	April 26th, 1650.
Delinquents, }		
Clonmel,	Town and garrison. Articles of agreement with Cromwell,	May 18th, 1650.
Fethard,	Town and garrison. Articles of agreement with Cromwell,	No date.
Athlone,	Castle of, surrendered to Sir Charles Coote,	June 18th, 1651.
Galway,	Town surrendered,	April 5th, 1652.
Jamestown,	Articles of surrender,	April 7th, 1652.
Drumruske,	Articles of surrender,	April 8th, 1652.
Clare,	Brigade, surrender of,	April 21st, 1652.
Dromagh,	Surrendered,	May 23d, 1652.
Ballyshannon,	Surrendered,	May 26th, 1652.
Newtown,	Fort of, surrendered,	June 3d, 1652.
Ross Islands,	Surrender to Ludlow,	June 22d, 1652.
Ballymote,	Surrendered,	June 24th, 1652.
Mullagh,	Surrendered,	June 28th, 1652.
Clanricarde,	Conditions granted to him on leaving Ireland,	June 28th, 1652.
Connaught,	Irish forces of, with Lord President of Connaught. Articles of agreement on laying down their arms,	July 14th, 1652.
Inchillogher,	Surrender to Colonel Sankey,	Aug. 14th, 1652.
Kilkenny,	Surrender of Irish armies of Leinster, Ulster, Munster and Connaught, to Lieutenant-General Ludlow, Commander-in-Chief of the Parliamentary Forces,	Jan. 15th, 1652.
Innisboffyn,	Fort of, in Arran, surrendered,	Jan. 15th, 1652.
Ballyleague,	Island, surrendered, on conditions,	Feb. 14th, 1652.
	Fort, surrendered to Commissary-General Reynolds.	Feb. 24th, 1652.

XII.

CROMWELL'S AND WILLIAM'S
NOBILITY.

THE Fairs, the Blacks, the Blonds, the
Brights,
The Greens, the Browns, the Greys the
Whites.
The Parrots, Eagles, Cocks, and Hens,
The Snipes, Swallows, Pies, Robins
Wrens,
The Pigeons, Sparrows, Hawks, and
Rails,
Cranes, Finches, Nightingales, and Quails,
Our Peacocks, Woodcocks, Daws, and
Creaks.
Kites, Moorcocks, Murrs, Gulls and
Drakes.
The Hook and Line, Boat, Weir, and
Bait,
To catch the fish you like to eat,
As Pike, and Roach, Cod, Salmon, Trout,
Carp, Sturgeon, Herring, Eel, and Sprat,
Plaice, Crab, and Sole, Tench, Bream,
and Bret.
Our Bulls and Bears, and wolves and
Hares,
Strong Steed and Hunters, Colts and
Mares.
Pig, Bacon, Bullock, Wether, Roe,
Buck, Badger, Levret, Lamb, and Doe.
Vane Speakers, Crokers, Prettie Singers,
Harpers, Skippers, Dancers, Springers.
The Hills and Dales, Springs, Meads, and
Bowers,
Churches, Steeples, Pews, and Towers,
Bishops, Deacons, Deans, and Parsons.
Vicars, Proctors, Sextons, Masons.
The Coffin, Bier, the hollow Cave,
The apparatus of the grave.
The Moon, the Stars, Frost, Winter, Snow,
The Owl, the Raven, and the Crow.
Blake, Mountain, Ashe, Rush, Heath, and
Fern,
The torrent Flood, the stony Burn,
The Gay, the Lively, Prim, and Bold,
The Big, the Little, Young, and Old.

Small and Greatmen, Richmen, Goodmen,
Longmen, Strongmen, Chapmen, Wood-
men.

Bastards, Boothlys, Judges, Princes,
Barbers, Squires, Lords and Dunces,
Some Champions, Constables and Knights
Camp Sergeants, Bullys, sundry wights,
As Pipers, Fiddlers, Harpers, Wrights.
Bowmen, Bridgemen, Divers, Swimmers,
Placemen, Stewards, Supple Trimmers,
Turners, Carters, Leaders, Drivers,
Servants, Kitchenmen, and Weavers,
Riders, Walkers, Jumpers, Drapers,
Ploughmen, Forresters and Reapers.
The Orchard, Meadow, Grove, and Park,
The Berry, Bramble, and the Oak,
Stone Hedges, Gates, and Styles, and
Dikes,
Rice, Clover, Beans, Straw, Hay, and
Stack.
Farmers, Hoskinsons, and Judkins,
Godkins, Jenkins, Rankins, Rudkins,
The Batts, and Matts, the Natts, the
Watts.
The Hodges, Ridges, Madges, Potts.
The Stopfords, Stratfords, Coles, and
Craffords,
Alcocks, Haycocks, Crawlys, Traffords,
The Rowlys, Bayleys, Murdocks, Ladbys,
Newells, Howells, Cooks, and Bradleys,
The Nailors, Braziers, Smiths, and Grey-
dons,
Goskins, Ludlows, Vernors, Haydons.
The Sirs and Swans, Shoes and Shoebot-
toms,
Hempenstalls and Higginbothams,
The Joneses, Townses, Downses, Mon-
sons,
Hobsons, Jobsons, Jacksons, Johnsons,
Gibsons, Gaytons, Leeson, Wilsons,
Thomsons, Griersons, and Tilsons,
With Nelson, Watson, Wellington,
Lewing, Langley, and Billington,
And many more; but let us stop,
And this fond prayer offer up:
May Erin's sons of every cast
Be Irishmen from first to last,
Nor name, nor creed, divide them.

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"THE future of the Irish race in this country, will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

The Future of Ireland.

It must have often occurred to many Irishmen that sufficient popular consideration is scarcely given to the varied contingencies which may arise in the not distant future of their native land, and that the absence of this thoughtfulness is not the less to be deplored because it seems as if, in all human probability, the future of Ireland is fated to be vastly different to her past. Irishmen generally are united in the belief that a coming time of political independence and freedom is before the land and people who have borne the cruel weight of centuries of oppression, and who have kept bright and undimmed the precious heritages of faith and patriotism through the long and dreary night of a miserable captivity. But they are, as it must have seemed to many, too ready to assume that the mere possession of political liberty will alone suffice to securely establish their country on the path of political and material prosperity. This mode or rather want of thought, may not, it is true, be so widely spread amongst our countrymen as it, at first sight, seems to be; but, however this is, it can never be entirely unprofitable for Irishmen to give occasional consideration to the possibilities of the future, for, if we believe with the poet, that,—

"There are points from which we can command our life,
When the soul sweeps the future like a glass;
And coming things, full freighted with our fate,
Jut out dark on the offing of the mind."

So must we remember that the lives of nations only differ from those of individuals in degree, and not in kind; and that, as peoples are only conglomerations of human units, so has each man, no matter how humble, some share, by his own personal conduct, in the shaping of the destiny of his native land. It will become more and more plain to us, as we think that the political place, filled by any nation amongst others,

can only be that, the responsibilities of which its people are morally, educationally, and materially fitted to uphold. To assert this is only to utter a truism with which it is impossible for the most captious to find reasonable ground for quarrelling. Mere political change or changes, new laws or lawgivers, although these may all be beneficial are not, in themselves alone, certain to secure the happiness or success of a nation or a people. Unless political alterations and new legislation are both dictated by prudence and regard for high and worthy considerations, they may be both positively detrimental to the people whose interests or demands they are supposed to serve, or to respond to. Of course, the first great political alteration of the future to which Irishmen will most care to give thought, will be the restoration to their native land of all the rights conveyed by political freedom, the restoration to their country of that independence which God gave her, in common with every other land, but of which the felonious hands of unscrupulous men deprived her. This would be a political change, which, in itself, would be an unmixed good. But, while this fact is incontestable, there remains the other equally undoubted truth, that, upon the proper use of her newly acquired freedom, will depend the happiness and prosperity, the peace and well-being of Ireland and her people.

With the freeing of Ireland will come grave responsibilities, the irresponsibility of dependence will be exchanged for the responsibilities of independence. How far her people understand this, or how far they are prepared, or fitted, to undertake these momentous responsibilities, is surely a matter upon which Irishmen will do well to ponder. Not, mark you, that their thinking may breed cowardly indecision as to the facing of the future, with all the good and evil things it brings; but rather that they may strengthen the national ranks, may secure the attainment of the national hopes, and perfect the national independence.

If Ireland is ever independent, and who amongst us doubts that she will be, the first requisites of her prosperity, moral and material, will be the existence of a strong and capable central government; the second, the giving of the unhesitating support of the great majority of our people, to that government in the same sense as the citizens of the United States are ready to sustain the central executive of the great Republic; and thirdly, the growing up and maintenance, throughout our country, of what may be called national loyalty. These are all points which are absolutely essential of observance in any community seeking to maintain its independence or self-governing powers, for, as every one knows, prosperity is impossible where disorder prevails, and obedience

is refused to just and equitable laws, enacted by the representatives of the nation, the stability of a nation's political constitution being the only possible guarantee of the rights of its citizens; their hearty support of the power which personifies that constitution, and the principles embodied in it, is alike their own security and their actual duty, while there can be no permanence of political liberty or national independence in a land whose citizens do not, as a whole, give their first loyalty to it, whose sons do not prefer her before all other countries, do not hold her honor dear as their own, are not ready to support her cause with their swords and lives, and to refuse political allegiance to any foreign state or ruler. We have said that national independence brings grave responsibilities, and one of the most serious, which can fall upon a newly organized nation, is the maintenance of what we style "National Loyalty." It is difficult, perhaps, to now conceive a future time, when in — let us say Poland — men may be punished, not for seeking the freedom of their country, but for assailing that freedom; when men may be indicted and brought to trial for disloyalty to their native land, as they now are, for disloyalty to — let us say — the Czar; yet such a time as this may come for any land, whose people are bent on freedom, and it is difficult, indeed, to comprehend the immensity of the responsibilities which such an era always brings. The responsibility to be patriotic, to be just, to be clement, to be politic and circumspect; the responsibility of maintaining one's own rights as well as of respecting those of others, — all these things, and many more, must be ever before the eyes and thoughts of a newly freed people. There must be a readiness to make some sacrifices for the common weal, to make such concessions as will tend to the peaceful mingling and working, one with the other, of the various classes which will ever exist in every human community; and there must be a realization, clear and distinct, by the bulk of the people, that upon each individual, in proportionate measure, will rest the future of his land; for in such degree as each is religious, is brave, is temperate, is educated, is laborious, is qualified to be a soldier in the noble army of God-fearing, self-respecting humanity, so will be the nation they belong to. As a people are fit for political place, so will they stand. A fool or a man, who did not know how to read or write, might attain to mere abstract freedom by the exercise of brute force; but his freedom would be worthless to himself, and most likely harmful to others. The man who is not qualified to govern himself were better ruled by others. So it is with a nation, a people, or a class. So it has ever been, so it will ever be. Mere wishing for the attainment of certain ends, no matter how high those ends may be, is worthless waste of time, unless the

wish begets the manfulness to make effort at the actual realization, in just and equitable manner, of the end in view.

A great or powerful nation, is not the creation of a day, is not the outcome of a law, or a manifesto, cannot be built up by the mere voices of men. A nation to be powerful must be wealthy, because to be powerful, means to possess fleets and armies, colonies and commerce, and these are things which can only be begotten by wealth. The forming of an army or a navy means a large expenditure in money; and, more trying still to a young nationality, the actual withdrawal from mechanical and merchantile wealth-winning of a large number of those who would best aid it in sustaining its new responsibilities. Paradox though it may seem, yet it is undoubtedly true to assert, that, while an oppressed nation can only attain its national independence by political action, yet that independence, once attained, will be best preserved by abstinence from political action. A newly freed nation will need, most of all, time to re-combine, if we may use the expression. There will, perforce, have been a certain amount of disintegration, and the gaps in the social fabric will need to be filled. The general organization of the community will have been shaken, and the various classes will have need of time to settle into their respective places once again. For these things peace will be needful. Would the American Republic be what it is to-day, but for the peaceful years which followed its establishment in, and its uprising from out, the red vortex of the battle field? Peace is a necessity to commerce; commerce necessary to attain wealth; wealth necessary to the security of national independence.

What is true as regards the rest of the world, is not the less true as regards Ireland; and certain it is, that the day which sees her national enfranchisement will witness, too, the demanding of popular attention to the securing and maintenance of perfect internal tranquility. Ireland will have need of rest to collect her scattered forces; she will have need of a strong government, a government even not entirely free from conservative prepossessions, for the period will be one wherein there will be much to be saved; she will need an administration popular, it is true; but not content with being merely popular, for it must be capable alike of governing and guiding; and the possession of all these things will rest with our people themselves. The future possession of these things rests even now with our people, with them and them alone—rests with them not only in Ireland, but in America, and depends upon their present conduct.

If Irishmen now favor the ways of the secret societies, give countenance to the apostles of dynamite and socialism, or lend support to those who sanction by spoken approval, or unspoken condemnation, the

deeds and works of these agents of evil, the future of their land must be unhappy. If they listen to those who seek to cloak the iniquity of occult conspiracy beneath the term "military," and who tell of the possibility of "military" and moral force action at the same time, they will assuredly one day awaken to a bitter sense of defeat and degradation. Now, mark, we are not condemning real military action. Speaking to men of a race whose oldest traditions are of martial glory to do so would be absurd. We only wish that Ireland could rank her trained and disciplined sons in fair battle for her rights. What we condemn, is the so-called "military" organization which hides a few revolvers in a few attics in Irish cities; which sends its "Bs" and its "Cs" *et hoc genus omnes*, prowling from workshop to workshop, seeking to draw young workmen away from their duty to God, their country and their families, from the honest, capable and full discharge of their allotted work whatever it be. This is the "military" organization we are opposed to, and if Irishmen generally are weak enough to bow down before the blustering patriots, who head such movements, who trade upon the follies of the dupes they delude, rest assured the future of Ireland is insecure, the freeing of Ireland uncertain. Irishmen must be as manly and outspoken now as it is to be hoped they would be were independence secured for their native land. They must be as tolerant and fair towards one another now, as they must be in the future, if they want to secure the peaceful prosperity of their country; and they must be as loyal to the interests of that dear land now, as they will be compelled to be in the coming time, if they hope to ever see her win her rightful place amongst the nations. And that they will be all these things, who can doubt. Who that has seen what Irishmen, the wide world over, have accomplished for Religion, for Art, for Learning, for Commerce, for all that makes life worth living, can doubt that, if they will, they can create for Ireland, an improved present, and carve out for her a glorious, a happy, and a prosperous future.

W. F. DENNEHY.

ALAS! how comes it that we so strongly desire to be well thought of? Yet, for all that, we are nothing, howsoever differently we ourselves may *think*.—Why complain greatly about this, and wander hither and thither?—Wheresoever thou goest or comest thou shalt not find all smooth, because everywhere there is something to be borne with.—And if thou knowest not how to rejoice thereat, at all events it behooves thee to endure it now, and to dispose thyself for peace in the end, vanquishing all by patience. — *A Kempis*.

St. Patrick at Tara.

STAND with me in imagination upon the famous hill of Tara! Enter the magnificent marble palace that crowns its verdant summit! Behold the kings of the Irish Pentarchy! The Ard-Righ is seated on an elevated throne; near him on seats of less imposing appearance, you behold the provincial kings. The other places of honor in this grand hall are occupied by the subordinate princes and the Druids. The bards of the island are tuning their harps to sound the praises of the idol Baal. From the hundreds of niches in the lofty walls, the effigies of king andthane and Druid, frown down upon you. What wait they here for? They seem prepared for business—the governmental business of the whole country. Why do they wait? They wait until the dawn of May-day shall give the signal for the Baal-thinne to blaze forth. They await that auspicious moment to open their important deliberations. A messenger hastily enters. Waiving ceremony he approaches the Arch-Druid and communicates some tidings to him in a rapid whisper. The Druid, in a fever of excitement, rises from his richly embroidered seat of oak, and in a loud voice announces that some profane hand, in disregard of the express prohibition to the contrary, has kindled a fire before the Druidical flint has ignited the propitiatory Baal-thinne. He adds the prediction that unless that strange, new fire be quenched to-night, it shall burn on in Erin, through darkness and storm, with unextinguishable heat and effulgence. The Ard-Righ, enraged at the presumption of the intruder who has so boldly bearded him at the very gate of his palace, instantly orders a band of soldiers to proceed to the obnoxious fire, and bring those who have lit it into his royal presence. In a brief space of time, the kerns return, bearing with them as prisoners several unarmed, peaceful-looking men. The leader, or he who seems to have authority over them, is a man of grave, dignified, and venerable aspect. He is attired in the garb of a Christian bishop. He bears in his hand his pastoral staff,—on his breast the insignia of the *patricii*. The king, in wrath, inquires why he has dared to light the fire prematurely. The holy bishop tells him that he is an envoy of the Church of God. He enters upon a brief sketch of his life: how he was born of noble and wealthy Christian parents in Gaul; how he was seized upon his father's estate by the marauders of Niall of the Nine Hostages; how he was sold as a slave in Ireland; how he spent seven years tending sheep upon the rugged mountains of Ulster; how God enabled him to

return to his home; how he was called in a vision to undertake the conversion of Ireland; how he prepared himself by prayer, fasts, and alms deeds for his glorious enterprise; how he was ordained, consecrated, and sent to Ireland by Pope St. Celestine.

St. Patrick then proceeds to acquaint the assembly with the saving doctrines of the Holy Catholic Church. They are delighted with the beautiful and touching mystery of the Incarnation; but they are perplexed by the mystery of the Blessed Trinity. They anxiously solicit the holy bishop to explain to them how *three* Persons can be in *one* God. St. Patrick pauses for a moment to breathe a short prayer to heaven; then sends one of his attendants to the grassy sward outside for a three-leaved shamrock. The saint takes the tiny plant and holding it up in the full sight of king and council thus addresses the monarch: "O great Ard-Righ, you see upon this little stalk three distinct leaves, you see but one shamrock." Thus by this simple emblem, by this little trinity of leaves in unity of plant and stalk, the great St. Patrick illustrated the Divine Trinity. The grace of God gave effect to his words. The eyes of the assembly are bent upon him in blended amazement and admiration. The Druids are quick to perceive that their sway over the nobility and the princes is in danger. The Arch-Druid, a practised magician, rushes frantically before the king, and challenges St. Patrick to prove by wonders, by miracles, the truth of his doctrines and the power of his God. The saint demurs to work miracles to gratify a mere idle curiosity. The Arch-Druid offers to prove the truth of the Druidical religion by means of prodigies. He commences his spells; his brethren join in his incantations; he waves his wand to and fro while he invokes the spirits of the air and sun. While he pursues his magical arts the genial warmth which the sun but a few moments ago had emitted, is exchanged for cold, chilly air; the snow falls in heavy flakes, and the occupants of the hall feel an intense chill. St. Patrick, touched by the pitable condition of those around him, makes the sign of the cross over the snow; it suddenly disappears, the green grass is seen again, and the bright and cheering sunshine.

The Druid, angry at finding himself baffled, has again recourse to magic. He draws upon the assembly a darkness similar to that which shrouded the land of Egypt when Gesher was the sole bright spot within it. St. Patrick, the envoy of the beneficent Creator, dispels the darkness that distressed and dismayed the assembly. The king then proposes a final trial by water. The Druid declines. The king then insists that the final trial shall be by fire. Two huts are formed. St. Patrick chooses that his hut shall be constructed of dry, combustible boughs, while the hut of the Druid shall be formed of green boughs,

full of sap. St. Patrick is advancing to take his place, when the youth Benin (afterwards St. Benignus, Archbishop of Armagh), craves the privilege of engaging in the trial with the Druid. St. Patrick gives him a paternal benediction, and permits him to enter the hut destined for himself. Benin wraps the cloak of the Druid around him. The Druid in return, takes the cloak of Benin. They enter their respective huts. The torches are applied. The combustible materials of Benin's hut refuse to ignite; but the fire seizes on the cloak wrapped around Benin, the Druid's cloak. It is reduced to ashes in a twinkling, as is also the Druid with his hut of green boughs, while the cloak in which the Druid had wrapped himself — Benin's cloak — remains unsinged.

This trial is deemed sufficient. The monarch exclaims, "I had rather believe than die [the eternal death]." He, his queen, and their daughters embrace the Christian Faith.

Such was the first great promulgation of the Catholic religion in Ireland, and its subsequent progress was in due accordance with its auspicious commencement; and the illustrious Apostle of Ireland, St. Patrick, as he looked from his See of Armagh, saw around him a people, who, after having flung off the darksome habiliments of paganism, had become enrolled in a vesture which sparkled with the gems of faith and virtue. Calmly sank the patriarch of the Irish Church to his serene death. He sank to his death; but he had seen, before the close of his life, his brightest anticipations verified, his brightest dreams realized. The benefactor, the spiritual father of the Irish on earth, he went to heaven to become their patron and advocate.

Oxford, N. J.

REV. P. A. TREACY.

LUCKY FRIDAY.—Friday, long regarded as a day of ill omen, has been an eventful one in American history.

Friday, Columbus sailed on his voyage of discovery.

Friday, ten weeks after he discovered America.

Friday, Henry II. of England gave John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America.

Friday, St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States was founded.

Friday, the Mayflower, with the Pilgrims, arrived at Plymouth, and on Friday they signed that august compact, the forerunner of the present constitution.

Friday, George Washington was born.

Friday, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified.

Friday, the surrender of Saratoga was made.

Friday, Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, and on Friday the motion was made in Congress that the united colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent.

Americans surely ought not to be afraid of Friday,

Musings Among Foreign Poets.

THE CASTLE OF BOUCOURT.

From the German of Chamisso.

I.

THE scenes of my youth rise before me,
And I shake my silver-gray head ;
Why still do ye haunt me, O Visions ?
I deemed ye forgotten and dead !

2.

Thro' the leafy depths of the forest,
Doth a stately castle gleam,
Well know I the spires and the portals,
The stone bridge that arches the stream.

3.

The carven armorial lions
Look kindly on me as of yore ;
I pass thro' the courtyard, greeting
The friends of my childhood once more.

4.

There, lies the sphinx by the fountain,
There, still doth the fig-tree bloom,
There, wove I the first of my visions,
In yonder casement's gloom.

5.

I stand by the tomb of my fathers,
In the chapel on the hill,
Lo ! there from the lofty pillars
The old armor is hanging still.

6.

In vain would I read the inscription,
The tear-mist dims my sight,
Tho' clear thro' the mullioned windows
Streams the rainbow-tinted light.

7.

Thus, Home of my fathers ! thou dwellest,
 Unchanged and serene, in my mind ;
 Tho' long since the plough hath passed o'er thee,
 And left not a vestige behind.

J. C.

SUR UNE MORTE.

From the French.

I.

YES, she was fair,— if fair thou deemest
 The Statue, Night, that still as death,
 Slumbers within the sombre chapel,
 Where Buonarroti lies beneath.

2.

And she was good — if it suffices
 To give, as on thro' life she sped,
 If gold is alms, where is no pity,
 And God has nothing seen or said.

3.

She thought — if by that word thou callest
 The pulseless murmurings, soft and low,
 Of voice, resembling in its cadence,
 A streamlet's smooth, unbroken flow.

4.

She prayed — if languidly uplifting
 To Heaven two bright eyes and fair,
 And drooping them to earth as slowly—
 Perchance deserve the name of prayer.

5.

She might have smiled— if e'er the flower,
 As yet unfolded to the light,
 Should open to the chilly breezes
 That heedless touch it in their flight.

6.

She might have wept — her hand if placing
 Upon her sterile heart and cold—
 That hand had felt the dews celestial
 That temper this, our earthly mould.

7.

She might have loved — but Pride kept vigil
 Within her bosom, like the lamp,
 We see at times so vainly burning
 In funeral chambers cold and damp.

8.

She's dead — and has not lived — she only
Seemed to have lived upon life's stage —
 The Book has from her hands now fallen
 In which she never read a page.

J. C.

THE STAR-FLOWER.

From the Italian of Gazzoletti.

I.

AH! wherefore, hapless flower! dost thou woo
 Yon distant star?
 Thou, prisoned here below, he, flashing bright,
 All heedless of thy love, thro' realms of night,
 Afar.

2.

Oft drooping low thy head when evening's shades
 Embrown the earth and skies —
 Thy lowliness, and his exalted state
 Thou dost bewail with tears disconsolate
 And sighs.

3.

"I, too, am dowered with a heart of gold" —
 The flower sadly says;
 "And like the stars that circle round God's throne,
 I, too, am circled with a silvery zone
 Of rays."

4.

Ah! yes, thou hast received a starry form
 And color for thy dower;
 But who shall lend thee wings — who give thee light —
 Toward yon azure dome to wing thy flight?
 O flower!

J. C.

TRUE PEACE.

From the Spanish of Melendez Valdes.

1.

ON earth all men are seeking peace,
 With toilsome labors that ne'er cease,
 And tears and ardent sighs.
 Alas, their strivings are in vain
 To quench the heart's consuming pain,
 And win the treasured prize.

2.

For true content and peace of mind
 Can none in gold or silver find,
 Or fields with harvest rife;
 Nor yet in clarion blast of war,
 O'er hill and dale proclaiming far
 The signal for the strife.

3.

But in a conscience clear and pure
 From taint of evil, and secure
 In rectitude of thought and will —
 That, calmly centered in itself,
 Unswayed by greed of power or pelf,
 Feareth no earthly ill.

4.

Content with his appointed lot,
He knows true peace who envies not
 His fellowman's God-given share —
 Who, hoping in the Lord alway,
 Lifts up, a thousand times a-day,
 His voice in praise and prayer.

J. C.

Southern Sketches.

VIII.

TRIP ON THE STEAMER "ST. JOHN'S" FROM CHARLESTON TO FLORIDA.

PREVIOUS to our departure for Florida, Mr. Henry Duffy, the young and genial student already referred to, introduced me to the agent of the steamer *St. John's* at Charleston. The fare from here to Jacksonville is ten dollars; but by privilege allowed to the clergy I was enabled to travel for five. The *St. John's* is a large and beautiful new iron side-wheel steamer, and was specially built for the Florida route. It is commanded by Captain Leo Vogel, who is a very refined and clever gentleman. In winter the boat leaves Charleston for Florida on Wednesdays and Saturdays, making her trip in thirteen hours. It did not run so quick on this occasion, as it was too early in the season. Night had already fallen when the steamer drew up to the wharf, after taking passengers and freight from one of the New York boats, with which she regularly connected on a higher pier. Mr. Duffy's uncle and some friends, all very nice and kind-hearted gentlemen, were present to see us off, and several negroes stood and sat in groups here and there on the wharf. The lights in the warehouses, and over the docks, were reflected on the waters. The pale stars twinkled in the sky, and soon the brilliant face of the moon beamed down on the trembling sea. When passengers and freight were got on board, the steamer whistled, all was ready, and we cut through these warm Southern waves as smoothly and easily as a sail boat floats on a glassy river. The bell rang for the passengers to go to the purser's office and get their tickets and state-rooms. That officer proved very polite and obliging. Each traveller was served in order, and some retired to their state-rooms, which lined the grand parlors up stairs, while others lounged around chatting and reading under the lamp lights. The city, with its sparkling gas jets and stillness, gradually melted out of sight. The dark outlines of the neighboring islands, relieved by the moonbeams, appeared in view, and the light-house on ruined Sumpter not only shone for this, but every other vessel, that sailed near the coast.

The adjoining beacons warned us of reefs and rocks, and soon we emerged on the ocean highway, with no house, tree, or field, to relieve the prospect. Gazing out of a window on the moonlit sea, I reflected on the difference between land and ocean travelling, the variety of the one, the monotony of the other, where nothing is seen, for the most part, but waves and sky. If the Indians, who had lived in South Carolina, four hundred years ago, had on a sudden, seen this steamer moving as it did, that night, they would have gone mad with terror and amazement. In those days the broad ocean was unknown, or, if partly understood, it was regarded as the home of a thousand horrors. No great steamroutes traversed its broad domain. Giants, water-demons, and sea unicorns, were said to roam over its surface. A great black mollusk suspended in the air, debarred Pytheas, coasting from

Marseilles, from going beyond the Shetland Islands, to explore the vast recesses of the North Sea. The Arabian geographers, of olden times, maintained that the brawny and horrible hand of the devil was frequently seen rising over the waves, ready at any moment to drag an unfortunate vessel down to his dread abode. The crews of Vasco de Gama, on doubling the Cape of Good Hope, imagined that they beheld the form of a spectre in the clouds, waving off their vessel and crying out, "Woe to all who dare invade my dread domain." Thousands of monstrous tales of strange giants, gods and mermaids, were told and believed then; but as science, philosophy, and a thirst for commerce and adventure advanced, those bug-bears disappeared, the sea became the great highway of the nations, and now men of war, merchant vessels, and mighty steamers, move regularly, over the waters from port to port, as stages and railroad cars do on land. A trip from New York to Liverpool, which took months to accomplish before steam vessels were invented, can now be made in seven or eight days, and many travellers treat the voyage as lightly as they would a run across the ferry from Fulton street to Brooklyn. By the aid of charts and compass, the course of wind and currents, and the experiences of previous mariners, seamen can now travel over the great waters as accurately and safely as railroad engineers on land. Any one can rig out a yacht or schooner, and sail as long as he pleases over this great public highway, having no tax or toll to pay. His roads need no repair, and no dust ever bothers him. If he be capable, he may enjoy all the charms of the air and scenery, and all the treasures of the deep accepting his risks of toil and tempests. As the waters are more frequented now than in the past with floating ships, he will feel less lonely and apprehensive of the violence and fury of bloody buccaneers. The peaceful missionaries are rapidly transported from their civilized homes to strange and distant wildernesses, where they enlighten the pagan minds of savage kings and peoples, with the history and doctrines of Christ and His cross, and soften their rude hearts, with love and grace brought down from Heaven. The cable makes a space of three thousand miles seem less than half an hour's distance. "If," said I to myself, "such advances have been made in ocean travelling during recent years, what wonders must await generations in the future, when, if men will not fly with mechanical wings from one place to another, they will be likely to transport themselves by more mysterious ways than air balloons and submarine railroad tunnels can furnish. Here my meditations were interrupted by a new and resplendent phase of the moon over these semi-tropical waters. Light gray and white clouds came up, and more strongly revealed the clear blue of the sky by their presence. They hemmed in the blue around the moon, making the queen of night look like an isle of silver in an azure lake, encircled by snowy hills. The breezes shook the pines and palm trees on the distant shore, which we sometimes saw; the moonbeams fell in showers on the rolling waves, and the lovely sand dunes, where the white sea-gulls rested for the night, glittered like heaps of the finest diamonds. Though I did not feel sea sick, still the rocking of the boat made me drowsy, and my kind companion and myself deemed it prudent to retire for the night.

When morning arrived I was awoke by the noise of foot-steps outside the door of my state-room. Coming out on the front deck, and joining Mr. Duffy, I found that we had arrived at Savannah. The morning was sunny and clear, the breezes blew along the river, and the tall, stately, old brick and stone-like houses, that lined the piers, looked very romantic and interesting. The wharves were several feet lower than Bay Street, which was the great thoroughfare that faced the river, so that the back of the buildings, opening on the water, looked considerably higher than the fronts which stood on the street. A very large number of vessels were drawn up on the docks, and crowds of persons assembled at the steamer's wharf, to witness its arrival. The captain felt electrified. His orders were issued with systematic exactness and faultlessly executed by well-trained hands. After some clever engineering, the boat was fixed by ropes to projecting piles, the passengers disembarked as the vessel had to stay a few hours in the city, and troops of negro truckmen, alternately laughing, singing, whistling and shouting, proceeded at once to load and unload certain cargoes.

Charleston is the third, Savannah is the second, and New Orleans the first cotton mart in the United States. So its importance as a seaport for the staple produce of the South, explained the cause of the presence of the thousands of bales of cotton that we saw piled on the wharves. As my friend and myself came on shore, we were met by many ragged, gleeful, bright-eyed, little darkies, who inquired if we wanted to buy the morning papers, or have our boots blackened. Their spirit of perseverance was amazing, and though the request of many to "black yer boots, sir," was refused, yet they again and again exclaimed, "give us a nickel, boss, only a nickel." Passing over a solid paved square we ascended a rocky stair-case to Bay Street, which runs for a considerable distance by the river, and possesses many fine public buildings, offices, and merchant stores. From it we could see the dark pink waters of the Savannah River, and South Carolina on the opposite side, with its isolated houses, corn-fields, rice-farms and semi-tropical shrubs and trees. Though we had but a few hours to stay in Savannah, yet we saw enough to lead us to judge that it was a very beautiful city. Passing down Bull Street, which is the Fifth Avenue of the place, we observed Jackson's Square, with its handsome monument erected to General Green. Beautiful green plots, tasty walks and railings decorated it; churches, hotels, stores and public buildings, adorned the neighborhood, and further down it was intersected by some business streets, which spoke well for the rising commercial importance of the city. As we moved along we noticed some magnificent stuccoed mansions in various colors that looked like painted stone, all enriched by beautiful verandas, blinds and windows. Splendid oaks and magnolias lined each side of the fashionable thoroughfare. Enclosed gardens, with tropical flowers and fruits, added their fragrance and beauty to the scene, and crowds of negroes, of all shades and ages, gave a truly Southern and picturesque phase to the prospect. We had barely time to pay our respects to the clergy at the cathedral and the sisters at the convent. Though the bishop was engaged in visiting

distant parts of his diocese, we found him admirably represented by the Very Rev. Father Cafferty, V. G., and Father O'Brien, his amiable, dignified, and intelligent assistant. The Episcopal residence, St. Joseph's beautiful infirmary, with Sister Alexis as superior, the convent, Forsyth Park, and other attractions of the city, which we merely glanced over, were all deserving of praise. The whistle of the boat compelled us to leave, for the present, this handsome and aristocratic city, with its numerous squares. After buying some papers and books at the long-established Catholic store of the edifying and venerable Mr. O'Conner, we went on board and soon found ourselves sailing on the river towards the rolling sea. A hissing noise issued from the steam escape; deck hands hurried actively to and fro; the pantry man, cook and waiters, all guided by the all-seeing steward, prepared the dinner; the passengers viewed the proceedings with interest, and listened with especial delight to the bell that shortly summoned them to the mid-day meal. The dining-room is situated aft of the main deck of the boat, and is a very fine one. The table proved excellent, the waiters courteous, and the attention and care of the steward could not be surpassed. After about an hour's sail between South Carolina and Georgia, we arrived at the mouth of the river, saw Fort Pulaski, and observed the breakers of the sea, nodding their white, foamy crests in welcome towards us. Smooth and glossy sand banks ran down to the water's edge, and shining grasses swayed their peaceful plumes here and there in the wind. Flocks of sea birds flew screaming towards us, looking wonderfully beautiful between the blue sea and sky. Sometimes they formed a compact body, then broke, and again reunited, ascending and falling above the waves in peaceful style. Lovely tall cactus plants, wild oleanders, Spanish baynets, and other semi-tropical shrubs grew near the shore. Porpoises bounded around us as we moved, at one time appearing near the middle of the vessel, and the next instant plunging several feet beyond, apparently delighting in a race with the ship. The sweet songs of ladies on deck, the music of the waves tossing lonely shells and seaweed on the sand, the sighing of the rustling palmettoes, mosses and pines formed a golden collection of harmonies. As the sea harmonized with last night's moonlight, so it did also with the sunlight of this day, reflecting on its broad surface the glories of the bright sky. The great unfathomable and boundless ocean looked sublime in its calmness; it gently curved with the horizon in the distance, thus beautifully illustrating the roundness of the earth's surface. It glistened with various charming hues, and altogether reflected such placidity, beauty and gladness that the smiles and benedictions of God surely rested upon it. As the great boat moved swiftly and softly over the waves, the billows, fishes, and birds caressed it lovingly. We did not feel the time passing until dusk surprised us, and as often happens in these waters the clouds in the sky grew black and terrible looking. The God, thought I, that makes the waters calm can also make them angry. And terrible, indeed, are they when roused.

I was just beginning to admire the sunny sea islands of Georgia on which the famous snow-white long cotton grows, when two black pillars of cloud came up from the east and north, swelling and dark-

ning as they mounted the walls of heaven. From opposite sides fleecy patches moved to and fro; rain fell; in the distance streaks of lightning flashed with frightful force and rapidity, through masses of vapor; and the thunder quickly followed, seeming to tear the very heavens and sea to pieces by its war and power. Torrents of rain came down on the vessel and sea that but a few moments before appeared so sunny and tranquil. The waves dashed angrily against the sides of the ship which arose and fell violently. Foam, rain, fire, wind and thunder, roared, gleamed and clashed, and the only merry sounds heard amid the tempest were the "Yo-ho-yo-ho-yo-ho" of the sailors as they pulled the ropes. The vessel rolled so much that most of the passengers were obliged to lay down and abandon supper. The rain descended all night but ceased before dawn. Having quitted Fernandina about midnight, we reached the mouth of the St. John's River at eight o'clock the next morning.

Now, then, I saw for the first time that fair land I so often dreamed about — Florida — perennial home of the orange, palmetto, alligator, flamingo, rosy sunsets, bright lakes, sweet wild bowers, soft breezes, rare birds and flowers appeared before me. The St. John's, which many in the North thought a little river, looked a monster one from the size of its mouth which empties into the sea after a course from its source of about four hundred miles. It differs from most rivers in this, that it flows from the south to the north, and not in a contrary way into the sea. The Spaniards called it the San Juan river, and the Indians, "H-la-Ka," owing to its wayward course. The position of the bar near this point obliges many vessels to await a suitable tide, so we noticed several schooners at anchor flapping their sails in the wind. The coast light-house here arose peacefully and stately from the sand banks and wild woods. As our beautiful vessel flew over the river, we passed many savannas looking fresh after the rain, and waving like lovely prairies. Alligators stretched in their soft, sunny beds near the edge of the banks, and tall white and blue birds arose from the grasses, flying up to the azure sky. Soft, gentle breezes fanned our faces as we moved over this peculiar rum-colored river. Broad creeks and lagoons, now and then appearing, lent variety to these smooth and glassy waters, whose beauty was enhanced by the forms, flight, and cries, of thousands of birds, the tropical character of the banks, the elegance of the white and spotless decks of the vessel, and the tender, exquisite tints of these lovely Southern skies. Tall, handsome palmetto trees grew on the banks, orange groves displayed their glossy green leaves, and millions of golden fruit, majestic oaks adorned with streaming moss, and pretty villas burst in upon our view as we came near Jacksonville. The whole scene was new and beautiful to me, as I now saw for the first time the metropolis of Florida — the Key to the State, and the famous headquarters of so many winter travellers. The large brick stores, hotels and other buildings that lined the river, together with the great saw mills and lumber yards to the right and the railroad depot to the left, near extensive rows of schooners, gave the town quite a Northern appearance. Nearly all the houses of the city back of May Street on the river were hidden amid a forest of tall trees, The few cupolas, roofs,

and spires, that peeped above them, made the prospect all the more picturesque. Numerous signs of the growth of Jacksonville appeared in many ways. It was a poor little place before the war, with a population of about fifteen hundred inhabitants, most of whom were blacks. When the Federal troops had seen the beautiful banks of the St. John's, they were delighted with the climate and semi-tropical vegetation. The rosy description that they gave of the State on their return home induced many Northerners to come and settle here. The favorable position of Jacksonville on the river, and its proximity to great pine regions, stimulated active business men of capital to make it what it is to-day, a city of about fourteen thousand people, and the terminus of railroads and steamboats that convey cotton, rice, lumber, fruit, vegetables, and other products from it to distant ports. The large number of Northern travellers who visit it in the winter add to its prosperity. When we arrived at the pier we were surprised by a thunder storm. We passed by dense crowds of inquisitive darkies, sauntered along a fine flagged sidewalk by the Astor block, and came out on May Street, a long and busy thoroughfare, and, not many years ago the site of a corn field. Here negroes, mulattoes, quadroons, octoroons, Cubans, handsome Floridians, and some gay, as well as grave, "Yankees," old and young, were walking under the extensive line of awnings that fronted the stores at the west side of the street. This looked, indeed, like a United States town of the nineteenth century entirely different from Savannah or Charleston. All the business buildings looked smart and prim, and with a few exceptions, were built of plain unstuccoed brick. The stores appeared very lively and attractive. The odors of teas and spices mingled with the smell of drugs. Hardware and soft goods appeared in neighboring windows, and well-known Florida curiosity shops stood by showy, fragrant fruit stands. The many large hotels of the city were not open yet, as it was rather early in the season. Mr. Duffy, who was acquainted with many Catholics in the town, went with me to the Ocean House, and introduced me to the Ochus family, with whom I stayed for a couple of days. Here I was disappointed to learn that Dr. Sabal, who is generally regarded as the most skilful physician in the city, had not yet returned from Europe, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health. However I consoled myself on learning that he would be back within a couple of weeks, and that his treatment would serve me. I could not help noticing, as the rain subsided and the sun shone fresh, the beautiful gardens that literally blazed with flowers near the houses on these streets behind the river. Fresh, green, bushy orange trees with their thousands of golden fruit, mingled with long-leaved, gracefully-waving banana leaves, pomegranates, century plants, sago palms, Spanish bay-nets, guaves, Japan plums, cactus and other semi-tropical blooms. The breeze shook the rain drops from their laughing leaves, while salvias, geraniums, coleus, roses and numerous blossoming vines, swelled the charms of these gardens, all of which were exposed to the public behind low, ornamental railings. Magnificent water oaks stood at each side of the streets, and sometimes met overhead, forming delightful arches.

Having taken possession of my room, and partaken of dinner, I had the good fortune to be introduced by Mr. Duffy to Rev. Father

B. O'Rielly, then the assistant pastor of the Catholic Church. He was just after discharging at the time, a work of religion and love, and felt in capital spirits. He was a young priest of attractive appearance, and winning disposition. Though but a few months ordained, he was already well known and endeared to the congregation by his zeal, piety and gentleness. Hearing that the bishop was at the pastoral residence, I accompanied the two gentlemen to pay him my respects. On the way, I noticed, for the first time, rows of sour orange trees, that were planted near the sidewalks, and pretty houses with verandas, hanging baskets, stocked with rare flowers, rustic ornaments, garnished with tropical beauties, and golden-brown children, all presenting a great contrast to the outdoor scenes of the North, which must then have looked naked and cold. We soon reached the Catholic parsonage. It is one of the finest of the kind that ever I saw. Standing on a prominent corner in one of the most respectable parts of the city, overhung by wide-spreading oaks, it looked fully one hundred feet long by about fifty wide, with three lofty stories, the two first of which were adorned with wide and handsome piazzas, that ran around the entire building. The white rails and pillars, contrasted pleasantly with the green window blinds, and the brick-stone trimmed rear and sides of the house, while the delicate, light-green stone facing of the front, imparted a tone of warmth and cheerfulness to the structure. A large yard containing a fine grass arbor, separated the dwelling from the church, which fronted on the same street as the house, and was built of brick in plain but solid style.

After entering the gate, and gaining the piazza, Father O'Rielly was saluted with a joyous bark of welcome from a pretty little spitz named "Toby." A side door led into a passage way, which led to another door to the left that opened on a large and airy dining-room. At the end of this, was a parlor, which opened on a long hall, on the other side of which, stood an office and library, the latter being very long, and highly adorned with bookcases of handsome cedar, capable of holding several thousand volumes. Numerous standard, theological, historical and miscellaneous works, were already on the shelves, which are gradually filling up. After ascending a flight of steps, we came on the second floor, with its wide, long corridor, lined on each side by large private rooms, with bath and closet on one end. The bishop and Father Dufau, on my being introduced to them, received me in the most cordial manner. The bishop is a prepossessing gentleman, still young, and of a pleasing, refined, and decided character. His genial and social disposition, gives an additional attraction to the dignity he so gracefully bears. He was born in Ireland, and came out to this country when very young. His preparatory studies were made in the Catholic College at Charleston, and from there he was sent to Rome by Bishop Reynolds, where he concluded his course at the College of the Propaganda, and after obtaining the degree of Doctor of Divinity, returned and acted as assistant in the Cathedral of his diocese. He became pastor of St. Patrick's, at the death of Father O'Neill, and vicar-general at the decease of Dr. Birmingham. In 1877, he was consecrated Bishop of St. Augustine by Bishop Lynch. His learning,

financial ability, and genial, apostolic soul, enable him to advance the spiritual and temporal interests of his diocese, in an eminent degree. Though the Catholics of the State are not very numerous or wealthy, yet they are progressing fast, and as the State develops itself, they will become a very powerful and influential class. Father Dufau is a Frenchman, as his name indicates, and had a beautiful parish at one time near the base of the Pyrenees. His apostolic spirit induced him to come with Bishop Verot to Savannah. His slender, but graceful figure, venerable, handsome face and silvery hair, made him look exceedingly attractive. Though his house and church were burned during the civil war, yet, with the assistance of his active parishoners, he succeeded in erecting new and elegant establishments. His church is now out of debt, and the parsonage is but slightly encumbered. Grounds for a new cemetery are also purchased, as the old one is full. No efforts are spared to make the people pious and virtuous, and the reverend clergy are ably aided by the good Sisters of St. Joseph, who cheerfully attend the sick, and train up the children in the way of God.

Next day the Bishop, with his friend, went to St. Augustine, and Father O'Reilly accompanied me up the river a few mornings afterwards. He was bound for Palatka to visit Father Kenny, while I was off for St. Augustine. The morning looked clear and glorious as we stood on the deck of the *Water Lily*, one of the beautiful mail boats owned by Colonel Baya, that run daily between Jacksonville and Palatka. Its sweet and silvery whistle awoke all loitering travellers and faithful to its time it started with its negro crew from the slippery docks at 10 A.M. precisely. The captain, Isaac Hall, the pilot and mate (the Mauncy brothers, Mr. Teegel, the postmaster, and Joe Jenkins, the colored steward, were universally acknowledged to be very obliging and agreeable gentlemen. All were proud of their tidy, handsome boat, which cleared the waters as gracefully and gently as a blooming lily floats down a rippling stream. The decks were as clean as the floors of a well-kept house, and its large, finely furnished parlors were tastefully ornamented with paintings illustrative of Southern scenes. Monstrous alligators were represented in the act of chasing negro children along the banks of the St. John's, and up the limbs of giant oaks, while negroes, birds, trees and sail boats completed the picture. Though we did not notice as we moved, the grand palisades, mighty highlands, narrows, fine cities, and open fields of the Hudson, yet we saw scenery that was richly adorned with all the bright skies, floral delights and woody retreats of the tropics. Numerous villages now stood on the banks where wild beasts formerly wandered. The first of importance is Mandarin. It contains many beautiful orange groves, and fine woods, with pretty cottages, among which may be seen the one owned by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This place is fifteen miles from Jacksonville, and at an equal distance up, is Green Cone Spring, situated on the right bank of the river. This is a very charming town; it has some fine hotels and grand live oaks, and is famous for its mineral spring, whose sulphur waters burst out of a sandstone rock thirty feet beneath, and flow musically

into neighboring basins, where people can bathe and get rid of rheumatism. The heat of the water in winter, as well as in summer, is seventy-eight degrees. Here, as elsewhere, we noticed hundreds of cows nearly a quarter of a mile out off shore, up to their necks in the river eating a kind of grass called *Valisneria Spiralis*. This grass is four or five feet long, and is full of the larval of a species of fly which the cattle consume. The cows keep their heads entirely under water, and while in this position they fill their mouths with these grasses, then raise them and chew and swallow their food with the greatest ease and relish. All the curious and lovely birds, such as the blue herons, flamingoes and pelicans, that some years ago adorned the St. John's, were nowhere to be seen. Like the alligators, they fled from the steamboats, and rifles of hunters, to the smaller and wilder streams of the State. Though disappointed on this account, yet I hoped to catch a glimpse of some tropical winged beauties up the famous river Ocklawaha.

In the course of a few hours we came to Tocor where a locomotive and carriage were awaiting our arrival to convey us to St. Augustine.

REV. M. W. NEWMAN.

Conversion to God.

Unless you be converted and become as little children you shall not enter the kingdom of Heaven.

HIS EMINENCE (Cardinal Manning) said that those words were spoken by our Lord in answer to the apostles, when they asked Him who should be greatest in the kingdom of heaven. He told them that it was not a question of who should be greatest, but who should be saved. No man could enter the kingdom of heaven who was not united to God. No proud soul was united to God; for it was pride that separated the angels from their Maker; no soul lifted up with pride could even endure the presence of God. Separation from God is eternal death. There were seven gates to the bottomless pit, and the widest and most perilous was pride, for pride was the root of all turning from God. There could be no union with God without conformity to Him. They must be like Him in holiness in some measure, in charity in some degree, and in humility, for the Son of God humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death, even to the death of the cross. As there could be no union without conformity, so there was no conformity without conversion. That conversion was the subject before them, and he would treat it under four heads: (1) What it was; (2) What were the hindrances; (3) What were the means, and (4) What are the rewards. That day was the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul. Perhaps they would say that St. Paul's conversion was altogether extraordinary and miraculous, and bore no analogy to their own. It was true that St. Paul was converted by a voice from Heaven, that he was struck to the

earth, that he was struck blind, that his eyes were afterwards opened by a miracle ; but let them strip his conversion of these accidents and circumstances, and what was it ? It was the divine and supernatural act of the Holy Ghost in his soul, changing his heart and will ; and their conversion also was divine and supernatural, too. What is divine admits of no degree, and they could not measure divine actions one against the other.

There was what he might call the flower and the fruit of charity. Some charitable people had little sympathy or self-denial ; while others were so full of sympathy and tenderness that they rejoiced with all who rejoiced and wept with all who wept. That is the perfection of many who would perhaps never be canonized ; nor would ever be known in this world, but they are known to the Saints in heaven. Every conversion was a divine and supernatural gift, and was carried on afterwards by the sacrament of penance. There those who fell were raised again, and those who sinned mortally often found in that Sacrament a perpetual resurrection from death. Thus the work of conversion from first to last was the work of God : the penitent's whole life was a chain of grace in which God holds the first link and the last link. St. Paul said, "He who has begun a good work in you will perfect the same." "With fear and trembling therefore work out your own salvation." The man who said that he could not turn to God did not speak the truth. Every man had the power to will. They must work with God, who began their conversion ; and must correspond with His continual grace. If that was so, their conversion would be accomplished, and God would crown His own work in them. They were all of them only training to God ; none of them had finished their conversion. They were rooting up the weeds, but if they held their hand the weeds would spring up again. St. Francis used to say : "Let us begin to love God a little ;" and he would say let us begin to turn to God a little, and as St. Paul says, "Forgetting the things that are behind, and reaching to the things that are before, let us press on to the heavenly prize of God in Christ Jesus."

There were three kinds of conversion to God. The first was the turning of the innocent from earliest consciousness to him and to closer conformity with Him. This was the most perfect kind of conversion. Adam at his creation was conformed to God and needed no other conversion : it was the fall from God, the alienation and departure from Him that brought in the need for conversion. There were three wounds inflicted by that fall, ignorance of the intellect, weakness of the will, and passion in the heart. In that state man was born : deprived of the Holy Ghost and disinherited. Every child needed conversion, and the beginning of that conversion was the entrance of the Holy Ghost into the soul by baptism. Every infant soul born again by water and the Holy Ghost was sinless. The difference between an infant and a saint was that a saint might have committed sin in his past life of which he had repented, and had been made perfect in Sanctity. But in baptismal innocence original sin was washed away, and as yet no actual sin had been committed. There were souls who grew up from baptismal innocence into purity and docility. As flowers that unfold

themselves in fulness and fragrance, so they grow in likeness and conformity to Him who reigns over their whole life. The second kind of conversion was what men commonly understood by that name, *i.e.*, turning from sin. The parable of the prodigal son contained this common idea of conversion. In that conversion, the sinner, having forfeited baptismal innocence and stained his white robe, had to measure back the whole distance of his departure from God. He had to retract his sinful will, and to resolve to sin no more. There was one more kind of conversion, and that was the conversion of the saints. There are two conversions in the life of most men. The first conversion was the turning from sin to a life of penance; the second was the advance from a life of penance to a life of perfection. They were all called to be Saints. They might say that there was no perfection in them, and that there never could be; but what did perfection mean? God is charity, and he who abideth in charity abideth in God and God in him. Could not they abide in charity? Charity was the essential perfection of God and of Saints in heaven, and of man on earth.

The Fell Spirit of Orangeism.

ORANGEMEN are the same all the world over. Whenever they get anything like the upper hand they show the cloven foot, and tyrannize and persecute to the utmost possible extent. Past generations of Irish people know all this to their bitter personal experience; but Ireland's darkest days have, let us hope, passed away forever. The following letter from the Redemptorist Fathers, tells the story of the doings of "the boys" in Newfoundland.

ST. JOHN'S, N. F., January 10, 1885.

About two months ago we, the undersigned Redemptorist Fathers, arrived from Boston, Mass., U. S. A., to hold missions in Conception Bay, N. F. We reached a locality in that bay named Bay Roberts on the 17th of November, 1884. We had not long taken up our residence there before we were subjected to the grossest abuse, persecution and intimidation by a crowd of Orangemen assembled daily and nightly on the street. The most vile, scurrilous and nameless language was used, and threats menacing to our lives were hourly uttered. We were told that if we did not leave Bay Roberts immediately, the house we occupied would be pulled down about our heads. One savage ruffian drew a large knife and made a plunge at Father Delargey. At another time a gang of more than usually truculent Orangemen threatened to hurl the Fathers over a neighboring embankment. During the night heavy stones were flung at the house, and the windows were smashed. Every species of terrorism was resorted to. Barrels partly filled with stones were rolled up and down under our windows in the vain attempt to force us to an immediate retreat.

Recognizing at last that our lives were seriously imperilled, we requested Father E. Walsh, the pastor of Bay Roberts, to make application to the local authorities for protection. He went to Captain Dame, one of the resident magistrates of the place, but received no satisfaction. This worthy guardian of the law even told him that he did not believe the statements. We were, therefore, obliged to suspend our mission; and we left Bay Roberts amid the demoniac yells and hootings and execrations of the assembled Orange mob.

Subsequently, after having closed a series of missions in other parts of Conception Bay, we were requested by the Rt. Rev. Dr. McDonald, bishop of Harbor Grace, to resume and complete our mission at Bay Roberts. We cheerfully promised to comply with this request, if protection for our lives and liberties were guaranteed by the government of Newfoundland. Accordingly Bishop McDonald sent Rev. Father Walsh to the premier of Newfoundland — Sir William Whiteway — and also to His Excellency, Governor Glover, to ask for the necessary protection to enable us to complete our mission.

On that same day about twenty policemen were sent to Bay Roberts and placed under the control of Captain Dame and Mr. Taylor, the magistrates of the place. About fifty persons were summoned by the justices of the peace, "in the Queen's name," to act as special constables, but only six individuals responded to the summons.

Under such guarantees we proceeded to Bay Roberts on Sunday last, January 4. As we approached the settlement we were surprised to find a crowd of Orangemen, numbering between fifteen hundred and two thousand persons, obstructing the highway or main road, as far ahead as we could see; and also an Orange arch erected across the road and confronting us, merely for the purpose of exposing us to the opprobrium and indignity of walking under Orange banners. We at once declined to proceed, and firmly declared that the "stars and stripes," would not in our persons be subjected to such a lawless outrage.

Seeing that the Newfoundland government had apparently neither laws nor power to remove the standing insult set up against our faces, we appealed to the consul of the United States for protection from open insult and threatened violence. At the demand of Consul Mulloy, His Excellency, Governor Glover, sent over an additional police force, and also ordered the British warship *Tenedos* to the scene of the disturbance.

However, it was only after repeated consultations with the government at St. John's that the obnoxious flags were removed on Tuesday, the 6th of January, at 11 o'clock, A. M. We then proceeded to complete the mission under protection of the land force and under cover of the guns of the *Tenedos*.

We now declare our solemn conviction that had it not been for the authority of the United States, speaking through her consul at St. John's, we could not have exercised our inviolable rights as priests of the Catholic church in Newfoundland.

(Signed)

REV. PATRICK MCGIVERN, C. SS. R.
REV. FRANK DELARGEY, C. SS. R.

ORANGEISM : By an Ex-Orangeman.

The Imperial Grand Master of the Orange Society has recently issued a circular to the world which may be stigmatized as a piteous appeal for help from England against the forwarding of true Irish and National principles in the North. Orangeism must evidently be at its last gasp, at least as regards the intelligent middle classes, when Lord Enniskillen could give vent to such a publication as his latest. Captain Somerset Maxwell recently stated that the events of the past few years had left the Orange Order in a prouder and more exalted and more honorable position than it ever before occupied. I cannot see it, except in the fact that they are exclusive, being confined to the Lords and their henchmen, who might be more properly called their slaves. The Society, in 1688, was, as I gather from history, a brutal association, formed chiefly for the suppression of every National enterprise in Ireland. It was then, as it is now, a secret society; and all its ends and aims are against those people whom the members invariably entitle Papists. The condition of the Orange Society at the present date, instead of being exalted and honorable, is such that no right-minded man outside the aristocracy and their clerical lay sycophants would remain a member of it, once he saw he was being made a cat's-paw of to further the views of the "swells" of the Order. In the North of Ireland, as I suppose, indeed, in every other Orange district, many professional men, notably solicitors and clergymen, join the Orange Society merely for the purpose of increasing their practice in the one case, or of becoming the favorite for a fat rectorship in the other, by pleasing the more ignorant members of the Orange Society. The leading men of the Orange Society, at present, are of the legal or clerical profession; and, knowing that, can any one say they have joined to increase the popularity of the society? Nearly every landlord in the North of Ireland is a member of an Orange Lodge; but do they attend their lodges on any occasion except when they are seeking the votes of the members for their nominee in the Parliamentary or municipal representation of a borough? Attorneys and clergymen, as I have stated before, are in a large majority; indeed, I have known three solicitors and two clergymen to belong to a lodge numbering not more than ten, and which lodge could never hold a properly constituted meeting unless they made a demand for members on some lodge sitting at the same time. The farmers are almost entirely unrepresented in the Orange Society, and the day is not far distant when they will be quite absent. A large portion of the society is made up of shop-boys in country towns and villages; but these have no more idea of the political significance attached to the word "Orangeism" than they have of the word itself. They consider themselves great men because they are Worthy Masters or Deputy Masters of a village lodge, the acme of their hopes being to become a District Master. By far the largest portion of the society come from the laboring classes of town and county. These I call the henchmen or slaves of the landlords, as they, in a great measure, depend on them for their living. It is almost compulsory on them to join the society and therefore, when the oppor-

tunity arrives, they will the more gladly leave a society which teaches them to hate their fellow-creatures of a different creed. This brings us to the ground-plan of the Orange Society, which tries to imbue all its members with a thorough hatred of their Catholic brethren. Contrary to Act of Parliament, the society is a secret one, and its initiatory rites are mummeries of the most grotesque description as compared with those even of the Rosicrucians. The society was formed in the year 1688, and was reformed on several occasions, until, in the years 1840-50, its secret signs, &c., were ordered to be suppressed by Government. All secret societies having passwords and signs, excepting the Freemason, were declared illegal. For a few years the brethren of the Orange Society contented themselves with acting in a legal manner; but gradually they formed a secret society within the society, and a more secret one within that again. The various supposed legal grades are the Orange and Purple. These are supposed to be open and above board; but they are not so. The next grade is the Arch Purple, which is only composed of Purplemen, or the higher grade of Orangemen. The last grade, which is very much akin to the Freemason Society, is the Order of the Black, and in this there are eleven or twelve degrees. The Orange Degree is very simple, and I purpose in another letter to give further details, not only as to the rites and ceremonies, but also as to the working of the Orange Lodges.

A Marriage Fair.

WE have had baby shows and barmaid shows, but what shall we say to an annual fair for marriageable young girls? Such a show is of immemorial custom among the Roumanians. As the time for the fair approaches, the fathers, whose children are marriageable, collect what they can afford as a dowry. Whatever this consists of, it is packed, if possible, into a cart or carriage, and on the appointed day they all—fathers, children, and chattels—start for some trysting place, generally chosen among the western mountains of Transylvania. When the fair is opened, the fathers climb to the top of their carriages, and shout with the whole power of their lungs, “I have a daughter to marry. Who wants a wife?” The call is answered by some other parent who has a son he is anxious to pair off. The two parents compare notes, and, if the marriage portion is satisfactory, the treaty is there and then concluded. The young man takes possession of his wife and all her goods and chattels, and drives off merrily. If, on the other hand, the match is not equal, or for some other reason unsatisfactory, then the parents begin to cry their live merchandise once more.

HE who flies from suffering only courts it. This life is full of wants and worries.—*A Kempis.*

St. Patrick.

II.

BUT we must hasten to the first Paschal feast ever celebrated in Ireland, which is thus described by the ancient chroniclers :

"The famous Laeghaire was holding 'his court' at Tara when Saint Patrick arrived in that neighborhood. It was the time at which the great festival of the Gentiles, *i. e.*, the *Fes of Tara*, was usually celebrated. The king and princes and chieftains were wont to come to Laeghaire Mac Neill, at Tara, to celebrate this festival. The Druids and magicians were also wont to come to prophesy to them. The fire of every hearth in Erin was usually extinguished on that night, and it was commanded by the king, that no fire should be lighted in Erin before the fire of Tara ; and neither gold nor silver would be accepted from any one who would light it, but he should suffer death for it."

This was the law which Patrick had come to destroy, on this Easter Eve, or Holy Saturday, in the year 433. Like a great general who knows the strength of his own army, and of the enemy he has come to conquer, he does not wait to have this enemy fall upon him at unawares, but hastens to make the attack himself. Patrick chose this time to set at naught the religion of the Druids, and break the spell of idolatrous practices. At the very time when the fires of Erin were being extinguished, and when to kindle a fire or to strike a light was to bring on one's self certain death, Patrick, true to the beautiful ceremonial of Holy Saturday, lighted his Paschal fire ; not in secret, but on the hill of Slane, where it illumed all the country of Tara. The king and his chieftains saw the light flashing over the plain and asked, in astonishment, who had thus boldly violated the king's command ? The Druids, however, had kept a better watch than the king and his chieftains, and answered : "We know who has built this fire, which, unless extinguished before morning, will never be extinguished ; while the man who kindled it will surpass kings and princes."

"That is not how it shall be," exclaimed the king, in great indignation ; "for we will not rest until we slay the man who lighted the fire." The Druids, full of their ideas of magic and incantations, entreated the king not to go to the place where the fire had been lighted, "lest," as they said, "you worship the man who lighted it ; but stay outside and let him be called out to you, that he may know you to be a king, and himself a subject ; and we will argue in your presence." So all the horses were unyoked from the chariots in front of the Ferta-ferfec, and Patrick was "whispered out" to the king and his attendants. We do not hear that Patrick showed any fear of treachery or any fear whatsoever of the king ; while a superstitious respect had come over him and his company for the man who had dared to disobey thus openly and intentionally, the commands of the sovereign ; for they were told not to rise or show any sign of respect for this violator of a law of the land, "lest they should believe in him." When Patrick

came out and saw the chariots and the horses, the prince and his noblemen and priests, he exclaimed, reciting the words of the psalmist of Israel: *Some trust in chariots and some in horses, but we call upon the name of the Lord our God.* The armed men were before him, and "the rims of their shields against their chins; and none of them rose up before him except one man alone, Eric, son of Dega." Grace touched the heart of this one man, or we may say rather, he was obedient to his grace. He rose up and saluted the venerable priest of God; and as a reward for this a still richer grace was in store; for afterwards he was known to all men as Bishop Eric, as Patrick had prophesied to him: *Some day your seat on earth shall be noble.*

But now followed one of those scenes which the weak in faith are always anxious to escape even when truth is sacrificed. The king questioned Patrick and Patrick questioned the king; then the Druid priests broke in upon the argument, and one Lochru "fiercely, enviously," contended with Patrick and denounced the dogmas which Patrick had disclosed to them. The king became angry and told his people to kill Patrick; when he suddenly saw the wicked Lochru punished by the hand of God for his horrible blasphemies. But when Patrick saw the pagans thus rising up against him, he cried out with a loud voice, in the words of the psalmist: *Let God arise and let his enemies be scattered, and let them that hate him flee from before his face.* And immediately darkness went over the sun, and the earth shook and trembled. They thought that the heavens had fallen on the earth. The horses started off frightened and the chariots were blown like stubble across the plain. The noblemen and priests who had come with the king, attacked each other in the darkness and finally all fled, so that only three remained, Laeghaire the king, his queen, and one of his attendants. The king was overawed but not converted; and although he fell at Patrick's feet and seemed to be reconciled to him, the peace he promised was not sincere. For after a while he said to Patrick: "Come, O cleric, to Tara, that I may believe in thee before all the men of Erin;" while he had placed men in ambush at every pass between Ferta-fer-fec, where Patrick was, to Tara, in order to make sure of Patrick's death. But all this was made known to Patrick; so that although he started for Tara, instead of seeing the cleric and his seven companions, with Benignus, the men in ambush saw only eight wild deer flying past them on the mountain side and one fawn following them. After waiting until long after Patrick and his company should have fallen into the hands of his men, the king himself went to Tara, filled with shame; for he knew that Patrick had escaped the snares he had laid for him.

But the next day, which was Easter Sunday, while the king was feasting with his court, yet pondering in his mind on all that had taken place so lately, Patrick appeared in their midst; for he said to himself: "I will go, so that my readiness may be manifest to the men of Erin; I will not make a candle under a bushel of myself. I will see who will believe and who will not believe." This time, also, one only rose up to do him honor; and this was Dubthach Mac Ui-Lugair, the king's chief poet, and the first in Tara who believed that day. The king then called

Patrick to him that he might eat with him, and also required him to prophesy to him, and to do miracles; and the Druids were to work miracles also. But although the Druids, like the pagan magicians of other countries, worked wonders and marvels, the true miracles wrought by Patrick were still more wonderful, and at last convinced even Laeghaire Mac Neill that some power wrought by his hand which could not be despised with safety. He believed with the mind but not with the heart, and there is no doubt that he died a pagan not long after this meeting at Tara. Laeghaire had two brothers, Cabri and Conall. Patrick visited these brothers, to find Cabri like his brother Laeghaire; but Conall received him joyfully. He was willing to be instructed, and Patrick baptized him and gave him a special blessing, saying: "Thy brother's seed shall serve thy seed forever; and strive to exercise charity towards my successors after me; and the sons of thy sons, that they may be perpetual subjects to my sons of faith." And Conall measured off land for a church for God and Patrick, sixty feet in length, and Patrick said: "Whichsoever of your race diminishes this church shall not have a long reign, and he shall not prosper."

The grace of God wrought swiftly by the word of Patrick. On Holy Saturday the Paschal fire was kindled, and the great dispute took place between Patrick and the Druids. On Easter Sunday he had appeared before the king at Tara. It is now Easter Wednesday, and Patrick is prepared to baptize his converts in the face of all Erin. Although the king and his Druids held aloof, the king's own brother was ready for baptism, also the king's poet and the young disciple, Fiacc, who was afterwards to receive such graces, and that Eric who was afterwards a bishop. These people of simple manners, unlearned in books, did not think it necessary to read many months in order to be prepared for baptism. "Faith," says the apostle Paul, "comes by hearing the word of God;" and these converts received the gifts of faith not after much reading, but after most attentive listening to the teachings of Patrick and after witnessing his miracles. Patrick asked Eric: why he rose up when all the rest remained seated? and Eric replied, "I know not — I see sparks of fire going up from thy lips to my lips." Then this true apostle of Christ said, "Wilt thou receive the baptism of the Lord which I have with me?" And Eric replied, "I will receive it." Then Patrick led his converts to a well within the enclosure of Tara, opened his book and baptized not only Eric, and Conall, the brother of the king, and the royal poet, and Fiacc, but we are told "many thousand men."

After this Patrick visited the poet, Dubthach, at his home in Leinster. While there he asked Dubthach to find him a person among his converts, of devout life and unblemished morals, whom he could consecrate bishop. Dubthach said he knew such a person, but he had gone on a visit to Connaught. But while they still talked of this matter, Fiacc, his young disciple entered, and he told Patrick that this was the man of whom he had spoken. But Patrick said: "Perhaps he does not wish to become an ecclesiastic?" The poet, who knew the mind of his disciple, said: "Set about tonsuring me, that Fiacc may see it." Fiacc asked immediately what they were doing, and on being

told, exclaimed: "This must not be; for there is not so great a poet in all Erin as Dubthach." "You can take your master's place," said Patrick; and Fiacc answered, with the glow of a true poet in his heart: "Less is my loss to Erin than that of Dubthach." So Patrick tonsured Fiacc, and with the tonsure came the grace of his state. His progress in the learning necessary to fulfil his ministry was such as to be pronounced a miracle, and he was not only Bishop of Leinster, but of the whole province. Patrick gave a reliquary, a crozier and a book-satchel to Bishop Fiacc, and left seven companions with him, all of whom became noted in the Irish church. One, Nainnid, was surnamed the pure-handed, and it was this man of singular virtue who administered the holy viaticum to Saint Bridget.

It was Fiacc who wrote the hymn containing the life of Saint Patrick. There is a copy of this hymn in Rome, and it begins thus: "Fiacc of Sletty it was that composed this eulogy of Patrick; the first life of the apostle of Ireland." We may say here, that it is noticeable what favor the bards, or poets, found with Patrick. These bards, whom he found at the courts of all the princes, soon learned to sing the praises of Jesus and of the true God, with a sweetness which, we are told, often won the angels from heaven to listen to them and to join in their praises; and the Harp of Tara became as dear to Christian as it had been to pagan Erin.

From the time of the Easter baptism at Tara, the faith of Christ was established in Ireland; for although there was opposition and contradiction, neither ever ended in blood. Even the best laid plans to murder Patrick and his companions, and thus give them a martyr's crown and palm, failed; so that Ireland was converted, literally, without a martyr. There is no end to the charming stories in the ancient life of Saint Patrick called the *Tripartite*, concerning those who believed and were baptized. But there is one which must not be passed over. One morning, at sunrise, Patrick and his priests went to a fountain; and while they sat around it, probably to recite the Psalms for the day in common, Ethna the fair, and Feidelm the Ruddy, two daughters of Laeghaire Mac Neill, came to the fountain to wash their hands as they were accustomed to do. When they saw Patrick and all his priests and religious sitting at the well in white garments and books in their hands, they imagined they saw phantoms. But soon recovering their courage, they asked: "Whence are you? From the world of spirits? Are you gods?" And Patrick answered: "It would be better for you to believe in God than to ask concerning us." Then the elder daughter said: "Who is your God, and in what place is he, in heaven or earth? Is it under the earth, or on the earth, or in seas, or in streams, or on hills, or in valleys? Has he sons and daughters? Has he gold and silver? Is there plenty of every good in his kingdom? Tell us plainly, how we shall see him and how he is to be loved, and how he is to be found? Is he young or old, or is he ever-living? Is he beautiful and have many fostered his son, or is his daughter handsome and dear to men of the world?" Saint Patrick, full of the Holy Spirit, answered: "Our God is the God of all, the God of heaven and earth, the God of the seas and the rivers, the

God of the sun and moon and all the other planets, the God of the high hills and the low valleys; God over heaven, in heaven, and under heaven; and he has a mansion, i. e., heaven, and the earth and the sea, and all things that are in them. He inspires all things. He enkindles all things. He gives light to the sun and to the moon. He created fountains in the dry land, and placed dry islands in the sea, and stars to minister to the greater lights. He has a Son, co-eternal and co-equal with himself; and the Son is not younger than the Father, nor is the Father older than the Son. And the Holy Ghost breathes in them. And the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost are not divided. I desire, moreover, to unite you to the son of the heavenly king, for ye are daughters of an earthly king." And the daughters said, as if with one mouth and one heart: "How shall we believe in this king? Teach us duly, that we may see the Lord face to face. Teach us, and we will do as you say to us." Then Patrick, seeing the innocence of these young princesses, instructed them in the chief doctrines of Christianity, baptized them, and put a white veil on their heads, and they desired to see Christ face to face. But Patrick said to them: "You cannot see Christ unless you first taste death and unless ye receive the body of Christ and his blood." Then the daughters of Laeghaire, that king who had believed with his mind but not with his heart, who had, indeed, believed against his will, replied: "Give us this communion, that we may be able to see this prophesied one." They accepted death as the condition of a sight of this one altogether beautiful; received the Holy Communion and fell asleep in death. Patrick buried them in one grave, and their friends made a great lamentation over them. His old enemies, the Druids, were aroused. Two of these, Mael and Caplait, came out openly against Patrick as the cause of the death of the young princesses, for they had "fostered," or, as we should say, instructed, these daughters of the king in their religion. But when Caplait openly accused Patrick, this apostolic man preached to him, instructed him, and with such success that Caplait believed and cut off his hair. After this, the other Druid, Mael, came and said to Patrick: "My brother has believed in thee; but it shall not serve nor strengthen him, for I will lead him again to our worship." He said this to Patrick with many insulting gestures; but Patrick preached to Mael, also, and the Druid believed in God and in Patrick. And Patrick shaved his hair also. And so well was all this known that there was a proverb: *Mael is like Caplait.*

Among those who were baptized by Patrick on Easter Wednesday, the 5th of April, 433, were "three brothers, viz., Cathaceus, Cathurus, and Catnean, with Catnea, their sister, who used to milk the deer." And we read, after this, that Patrick gave the veil to Mathona, the sister of that Benen who scattered flowers over the priest of God while resting in his father's house, and who is known to us to-day as Saint Benignus.

In reading the life of Saint Patrick, we see a continued stream of benefits flowing from his hands, for which no other return is sought than what is for the saving of souls. Once, on his travels, he found

two brothers fighting for their dead father's estate. Patrick stretched out his arms, and the hands of the brothers were fixed to their swords so that they could neither raise them nor lower them. "Sit ye," said Patrick; and we do not hear that he spoke one word of admonition, but that "he blessed them, and made peace between them;" drove from their hearts the demon of strife and put in its place the spirit of brotherly love. Is it strange that they gave part of the land about which they had quarrelled to Patrick, that he might build a church and that prayers might be offered there for their father's soul?

The angel, Victor, who had appeared to Saint Patrick while a slave, never deserted him. His life long, Patrick had the society, the advice, of this celestial friend. During all his journeyings through Ireland as an apostle, the angel Victor was his companion. It was by the order of Victor, that Patrick went to Rath-Daire, where lived a certain prosperous and venerable person, named Daire. Patrick called upon this rich man, and asked him for land on which to build a church. "What place will please you?" said Daire. "On the great hillock below us," answered Patrick. "Nay," said Daire, "not on the hillock, but in the valley below." So it was in the valley that Patrick founded his church, and there he remained a long time. After a while the rich man, Daire, began to think how lavish he had been to give such a fertile piece of land to Patrick; and as the valley was rich in grass, he sent two of his steeds to feed on Patrick's meadow. But Patrick no sooner saw the horses of Daire feeding on the grass lands given to the Church, than he saw into the soul of Daire; saw that he grudged the rich grass which he had given away; and Patrick's soul was full of displeasure at Daire. But hardly had the strong steeds put their teeth to the sweet grass, than they fell dead on the field! The servant who had brought the horses went back to Daire, told him of Patrick's displeasure, and of the sudden death of the horses. "That Christian," said he, "killed your steeds because they ate the grass on his land." At this Daire broke into a furious passion, and ordered his servants to plunder Patrick, and to drive him off from his land. But no sooner was this order given, than a violent colic seized Daire so that he was at the point of death. His wife remembered his order to his servants to rob Patrick, and told him that his death-sickness had come upon him as a punishment; at the same time she sent messengers to Patrick, begging him to send her holy water, or "prayer-water," as it was called for her husband. Patrick blessed the water, saying: "Only for what the woman has done, there would never be any rising from this sickness of Daire." Then he ordered the messengers to have the water sprinkled over the horses and over Daire. And the dead steeds sprang to their feet and followed their groom, and Daire rose from his bed of sickness. Soon after this, Daire wished to show his gratitude to Patrick, and sent him a brass cauldron as an offering; and when Patrick received it he said: *Deo gratias*, or "Thanks be to God!" When his servants returned, Daire asked what Patrick said to the cauldron; and they said: "*Gratzicum*." "This is little reward for a right royal offering, like a good cauldron," said Daire; so he ordered his cauldron to be brought back to him. When the servants came to

take away his cauldron, Patrick said: *Deo gratias*; and when Daire asked his servants what Patrick said at the loss of his cauldron, they replied: "The same that he said when we took it to him — *Gratzicum*." "This must be a good word with him," said Daire; "*Gratzicum* when it was given to him, and *Gratzicum* when it was taken from him." But Daire's wife understood that her husband's pride and avarice stood between him and the man of God; and she finally won him to go with her and submit himself to Patrick in all things. This once done, not only was the brass cauldron returned to Patrick, but the hill which he had asked for at first was given to him and a church was founded there. Patrick and his priests and Daire, with the nobles of the country besides, came to the hill to mark out its boundaries, and to bless and consecrate them. When they were come together, on the very spot where the church was to stand, they found a doe with its fawn, which the people started to kill, but Patrick forbade them, saying: "Henceforth let it take care of itself;" and sent it gently forth from the hill northward.

A certain man named Eochaidh, had a daughter named Cinnu whom he wished to marry to a man of noble family, the grandson of Cairpre Mac Neill. But walking one day, she met Patrick with his companions, and Patrick said to her: "Why do you leave a heavenly power for an earthly one?" and he explained to her the truth of the Church, and the sweetness of a divine union with her heavenly spouse. And she believed and was baptized. But when her father continued to urge her to marry, Cinnu asked Patrick to intercede for her with her father that she might be allowed to espouse herself to a heavenly Bridegroom. Eochaidh finally gave his consent, on condition that he should himself gain heaven without being compelled to be baptized. Patrick made the promise, and Cinnu was allowed to consecrate herself to God. After many years Eochaidh neared the end of his life, but he had done nothing, it would seem, towards securing heaven. When dying, however, he made those around him promise not to bury him until Patrick had come to him. At this time Patrick was in Ulster; but the death of Eochaidh was manifested to him, so that he came to the house of mourning when its master had been dead only twenty-four hours. On entering the house, he sent out the persons who were about the body, and bending his knees to God, shed tears, still praying, and then called in a clear voice: "Rise, O King Eochaidh, in the name of Almighty God;" and immediately at the voice of Patrick he arose, and as soon as he had composed himself he spoke; and the lamentations of his people were turned into joy. But the condition to which he had refused to submit in life and health, he was now most happy to embrace; for having been instructed by Patrick he was baptized. Moreover, he described to the people those rewards and punishments which await us after death, in order that they might practice the Christian precepts more readily. Then it was that Patrick offered him a choice, to live fifteen years piously and truthfully as the king of his country, or to go to heaven and to its exceeding great reward.

And the king answered: "Though the sovereignty of the whole world were given to me, and though I might live many years, I would

count it all as nothing in comparison with the good shown to me. Hence it is, that I pray more and more that I may be freed from the miseries of the present life and sent to the eternal joys awaiting me." Which Patrick having heard, as well as those around him, he said to Eochaidh, "Go in peace and journey to God." And the king gave God thanks, in the presence of his people, for this permission, and commending his soul to the Lord and to the prayers of Patrick, his spirit departed. Thus it was that God rewarded him, in the end, for the liberty which he gave to his daughter to lead a life in union with her divine spouse.

The labors of Saint Patrick were given to every part of Ireland, and his blessings, bestowed in return for their readiness to listen to his preaching and to practice the faith, have never been withdrawn. In Connaught alone, where he lived seven years, he left fifty churches; "fifty bells and fifty altar chalices and fifty altar cloths in the land of Connaught, each of them in his church. Seven years was he preaching to the men of Connaught, and he left them a blessing and bade them farewell." It was in the same manner and in the same spirit, that he visited every part of the beautiful island to which he was sent by God as a true apostle. While in Leinster, he predicted the birth of Saint Columba, or Saint Columbkille; for laying his hand on the head of Fergus Mac Neill, he said:

"A youth shall be born of his tribe,
Who will be a sage, a prophet, a poet."

But of all the blessings which Patrick pronounced over Ireland, its counties, its hills and valleys, its lakes and streams, none is so noted as that which delivered it from the trail of the serpent. The story of his sending all the snakes, large and small, into the sea, is familiar to every one; and yet every one hears with astonishment, that to this day, a snake, however harmless, is unknown in Ireland.

There is a pretty plant with a triple leaf and a head, or tuft, of white or purple flowers, which grows everywhere. It is seen in America, north, south, east and west. In Rome, one finds it springing up along the winding avenue which leads to the church of Saint Pancratius, and among the small stones of the court of Saint Alexis. More like this Roman three-leaved plant than our own clover, is the delicate one which over-runs Ireland; its leaf so small that we hardly think of it as a sister to our own rank clover. But this little plant, which the Irish call *Shamrock*, is the symbol, of all others, dear to the people of Erin. The Harp of Tara is never complete without the garland of shamrock; and its tiny leaf is enough to beautify any page; to commend any architecture however plain. It nestles among the gorgeous hues of painted windows and is always welcome; and when its triune leaves are set in some chimney, they ensure hospitality. Our saint found this little plant in Ireland, and it was his use of it which has consecrated it as the symbol of Ireland. While disputing with the Druids at Tara, and while they arrogantly challenged him to prove to them that there could be three divine persons in one Godhead, he stooped to the ground, and picking one of the tiny shamrock leaves at

his feet, cried out to them : " You ask how there can be three divine persons in one Godhead ? Behold these three leaves perfect in one, and question not the omnipotence of the one true God, Creator of all things."

We must not forget the " sweet sounding bell of Saint Patrick," which is still in existence. It was made by one of Patrick's disciples, Machecht, and blessed as it was, seems to have been used by Patrick as blessed bells are still used by pious people, in order to keep off danger, and especially the dangers which come from those spirits of evil who walk the earth seeking who they can draw from the grace of God. At one time Patrick made a retreat of forty days and forty nights. At its close, these spirits of evil intention came around him in the shape of birds, whose blackness hid from him the heavens and the earth. Patrick immediately put himself anew to prayer, recited the psalms of David, then rang his bell, and finally, seeing their persistency, threw it among them in holy anger, so that a piece was broken out. Another time this bell played a fairer part in the story of Patrick. During an interview between the angel Victor and the saint whom he protected so faithfully, Patrick made some very bold requests for the Irish people ; so bold that Victor hesitated about their being granted. But when he returned to Patrick, he told him that his prayer had been heard, and commanded him to " ring his sweet sounding bell," and kneel down and bless the people of Erin. It was a little iron bell, and once when he flung it down among some dense bushes, a twig of birch grew through the handle, which was kept with the bell.

But the long life of Saint Patrick, so rich in merits, so wonderful in the course of its providential circumstances, must come to an end. It had been more than a hundred years since the angel Victor had come to him with a special mission from God to preach to the Irish, and now he had come to prepare Patrick for his departure from this world. The aged saint, although no feebleness of mind or body seems to have come upon him, was still forewarned in his own mind that his death was at hand ; and he therefore prepared to go to Armagh, wishing to die there. But Victor said : " Not at Armagh, but at Saul, shalt thou await the resurrection." But as a consolation for this disappointment, he was told that his influence should be felt in Armagh to future ages, as strongly as if he were there alive himself. After this, the angel told him what orders to give for his funeral ; viz., that two young oxen from the herds of Conall should be yoked, and these being left to guide themselves, wherever they stopped should be the place of his burial. Arriving at Saul, death came to Patrick only as a gentle severing of the worn thread of life. He received the last sacraments of the Church which he had served so faithfully, so heroically and so long, from the saintly bishop, Tassach ; and then for twelve days all the clergy of Ireland who could be assembled, watched around him with hymns and psalms and canticles. The voices of the angels blended sweetly with the voices of the cantors, and a light, brighter than that of tapers, illumined the place where he lay in the venerable majesty of more than a hundred years, and in all the beauty of sanctity.

But now came the dispute as to who, in all Ireland, should possess

this venerable body? The Hy-Nial claimed it for that Armagh which he loved so well as to wish to die there; while the people of Orion claimed that he should be buried at Down. The prophecy of Victor the angel was now fulfilled. Two young oxen were yoked to a chariot by the clergy, and sent forth without guidance. They rested on the spot where the Cathedral of Down now stands, and here the saint was buried, in the one hundred and twentieth year of his age.

There is a wonderful proof that the Church founded in Ireland by Saint Patrick was one with the Church of Rome, and one with the Church of our own day, in the existence of a missal, referred by the best authorities to the founder of the monastery of Lothra, Saint Ruadhan, who died in 584.

The Mass, as given in this missal, begins with the litanies of the saints, with an antiphon which expresses the same sentiments as our *confiteor*. Then the *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*, with a prayer or collect, and a lesson from the First Epistle to the Corinthians, eleventh chapter, relating to the Holy Eucharist. The gospel is from the sixth chapter of Saint John, and the creed is given. And when we come to the most solemn part of the Mass, or Canon, we have, not only the very same words of the consecration, but all the prayers which follow it, even to the memento for the dead. The priests of the sixth century in Ireland used the very same prayer which we find to-day in our missals: "Humbly we beseech thee, O Almighty God, command this offering to be carried by the hand of thy holy angel unto thy heavenly altar, in the presence of thy divine Majesty, that all of us who receive, through the participation of this altar, the most holy body and blood of thy Son, may be filled with every heavenly blessing and grace, through the same Christ our Lord." In addition to the every-day Mass, this missal gives us a *Mass of the Apostles*, a *Mass for Martyrs*, a *Mass for Saints and Virgins*, and a *Mass for the Dead*.

A communion hymn is preserved in an ancient book of Antiphons, beginning with the words, *Sancti, Vinite, Christi Corpus*, the very words which Patrick and his dear disciple Sechnall heard the angels singing; so that from the time of Patrick to our own, these blessed words have been sung; and in Erin they were accustomed to sing them when the people received the body of Christ in the Holy Communion. The hymn of Saint Sechnall, which he learned from the angels when in company with Saint Patrick, translated, reads thus:

*Oh! come, ye holy ones,
Christ's body receive;
Come, drink the Sacred Blood,
For life it will give.
Saved by Christ's body,
And saved by His Blood,*

*Refreshed now and strengthened,
Sing praises to God.
He comes, the first, the last,
Himself, the Christ our Lord,
He who shall come to judge us
For every act and word.*

The ancient histories tell us of the work done for Ireland by Saint Patrick; the great work done for America and the United States, through Saint Patrick, by the faithful priests and laity of Ireland, is still to be written. But the sweet burden of this debt of gratitude will

enter into many a prayer, and many a hymn of praise, and many a deed of charity in honor of Saint Patrick; and in that last day, when not only the evil deeds of men will be manifested to the world and their authors punished, but the good deeds of good men will be seen in all their beauty, measured in all their greatness, and only valued for their exceeding worth, then will the fulness of glory come to Patrick. Then will he be crowned before men and angels, not only for his apostleship to Ireland, but for the most remote consequence of that glorious apostleship in the most remote corner of the world; in the most deserted wilderness, on the barest rock and hill-top of the Rocky Mountains, as well as among the populous cities which stand in their beauty on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. From city and country, town and hamlet, from the miner's cabin and the halls of legislation, as well as from parish churches and cathedrals, there will go up to heaven, as long as time endures, a hymn of praise to God for the blessings which have come to us in America, from the apostle of Ireland, and the father of the Irish people.

From *Patron Saints*, by ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

Ad Hiberniam: An Assurance.

I.

When I last left my land,
 When I sailed the wild sea,
 Ever, O ever! I was thinking of thee.
 Ever, O ever! mo grah geal machree!
 By land and by sea
 I was thinking of thee.

II.

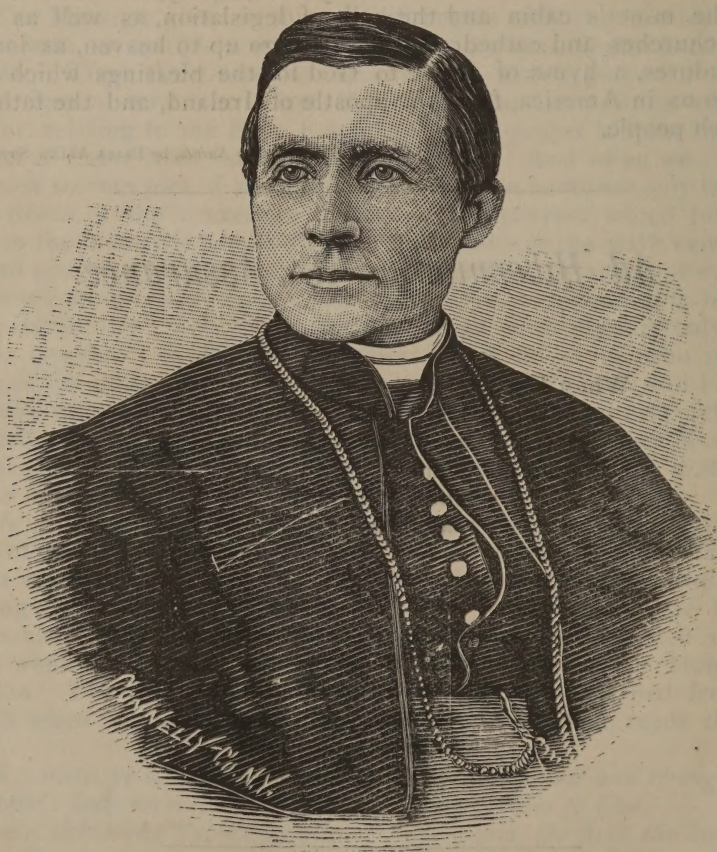
When the darkness of winter
 Makes life sad to dree,
 Ever, O ever! I am thinking of thee.
 Ever, O ever! a cushla machree!
 In winter and darkness
 I am thinking of thee.

J. K.

"WHAT makes your horse go so slow?" asked a tourist one day in the Glen of the Downs, Ireland, of his Celtic driver. "It is out of respect to the beautiful scenery, your honor. He wants you to see it all. And, then, he's an intelligent beast and appreciates good company, and wants to keep a man like you in beloved old Ireland as long as he can."

Most Rev. James Gibbons, D.D.

THE distinguished Prelate, Most Rev. James Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore,— who, as Delegate Apostolic, has presided over the Third Plenary Council of the Catholic Church in the United States,— was born in Baltimore, July 13th, 1834, and was baptized in the venerable Cathedral, of that city—the same edifice which has been the scene of the Solemn Councils of the church over which it has been his province to preside. After pursuing a course of literary and theological studies



MOST REV. JAMES GIBBONS, D.D.

under the care of the Sulpicians at St. Charles' College and St. Mary's Seminary, he was ordained by Most Rev. Francis P. Kenrick, D. D ; and after being for a time assistant at St. Patrick's Church, Baltimore, he was assigned to St. Bridget's, Canton, and became Secretary to the Archbishop. His piety, zeal and readiness to undertake the most dis-

couraging work were soon recognized, and when it was resolved to erect North Carolina into a Vicariate Apostolic, the Rev. James Gibbons was selected for the arduous position. He was consecrated Bishop of Adramyttum, August 16th, 1868, and proceeded at once to the Vicariate assigned to him.

In a very brief time, Dr. Gibbons had won the heart of the rugged old "North State," and there was a general expression of regret when, on the 30th of July, 1872, he was transferred to the See of Richmond.

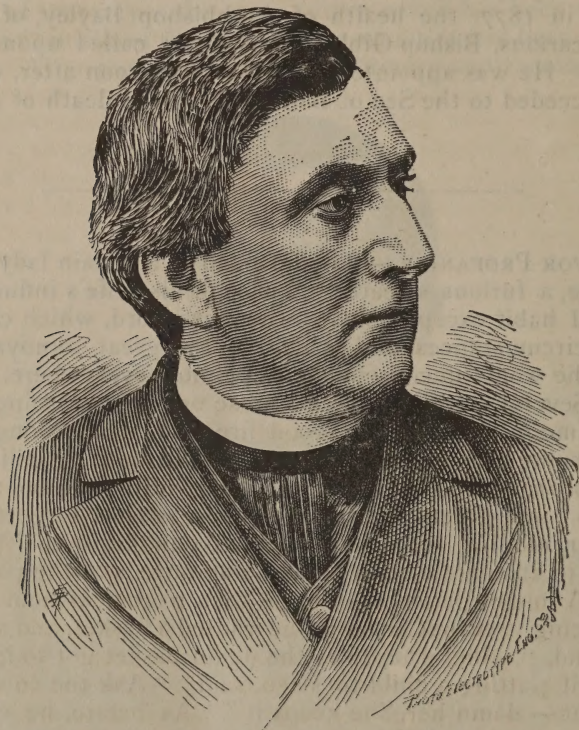
When, in 1877, the health of Archbishop Bayley, of Baltimore, became precarious, Bishop Gibbons was again called upon to assume new duties. He was appointed coadjutor, and soon after, on October 3, 1877, succeeded to the See of Baltimore, on the death of Archbishop Bayley.

CURE FOR PROFANITY.—The husband of a certain lady was, before his marriage, a furious swearer. Through his wife's influence he left off this bad habit except one favorite cuss word, which clung to him under all circumstances, and which, to the great annoyance of his good wife, he would unconsciously use almost everywhere, — the word "damn." Several months since, he arose one cold morning before the servants came in to make the wood fire, and after a long effort and fruitless burning of many matches, turned and said: "Sallie, this damn fire won't burn." To this the good wife earnestly replied: "Yes, the wood is too damn green, and the damn servant has forgotten to bring up the damn kindling wood to start the damn fire with." He looked at his wife in absolute dismay; but he at once saw the point and said nothing. A longer period than usual then passed without the favorite expletive being used, but latter on he wanted a basket, and after looking for it, he said, "Sallie, where has the damn basket got to?" The wife quietly, as if putting a child to sleep, said: "Ask the cook to get the damn basket — damn her, she keeps it." As before, he said nothing, but months passed, and if he damns anything it is not where she is. She says it is like taking quinine, and she always went and washed out her mouth afterwards; but he is now cured.

A CELEBRATED pianist, who had two daughters—one nineteen and the other eight years old—lost his leg by a railway accident. Some time afterward his brother artists got up a subscription and a grand benefit, which realized five thousand dollars. This large sum he settled on the elder daughter, who was engaged to be married. A few days after the wedding his little daughter came into the room, and after he had played a little while with her, much to his surprise, he heard her say: "Papa, when I get big you will break your other leg, won't you? Then I can get five thousand dollars when I get married."

The Conqueror of Ingersoll.

WE present our readers with a portrait of the Rev. Father Lambert, whose notes on Ingersoll has reached a sale of one hundred thousand copies. It is read by all denominations. It has been published in England, Canada, and other foreign nations.



Yours. A. W.

L. Lambert

The book is published by the Catholic Publication Company, Buffalo, N. Y., and is sold by all book-sellers. Price in paper, 25 cents; bound, 50 cents.

From *New York Commercial Advertiser*, (non-Catholic.)

"The author is a hard hitter. * * * He takes up the controversy in *The North American Review* where Black and Ingersoll left it, discusses the Ingersollian doctrines one by one, and proceeds to demolish them seriatim with a force and incisiveness which commands admiration."

The Illustrious Dead.

Death of Cardinal McCabe.

THE Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, died at Kingstown, near Dublin, on the 11th of February. He had been suffering from acute inflammation, but his death was unexpected.

Cardinal Edward McCabe was the son of poor parents, and not, as some of the New York journals state, of a well-known journalist of the same name. His father was a workingman, living in one of the humblest streets of the city, and his sister in later years kept a small store in Plunkett Street, while the future Cardinal was Parish Priest of the Church of St. Nicholas, Francis Street. He was born in 1816, and while very young was sent to Chapelizod, a village some miles to the west of the city, where he resided with a married sister, Mrs. Kearney, and attended the school attached to the Catholic Church. There is living in Dublin an old compositor who attended the school at the same time, and remembers him very well. He displayed no ability whatever in school, but was a quiet, steady boy. He was educated for the priesthood in Maynooth, and ordained by Archbishop Murray, Cardinal Cullen's predecessor in the see of Dublin, who appointed him to a curacy in the parish of Clontarf. He labored for many years in this district, but being of a modest and retiring temperament and hostile to display, he did not attract much notice. When Dr. Cullen was appointed Archbishop of Dublin he saw that the obscure young curate had particular gifts, and that in extensive reading and knowledge he was not excelled by any one, of the same age, in his diocese. Archbishop Cullen during his administration was instrumental in the foundation of hospitals, churches, colleges and schools, and he saw in the young Dublin man one of the best instruments in the carrying out of the policy he had inaugurated. He was transferred from Clontarf to the Cathedral in Marlborough Street. While there, he was in close association with the archbishop, and was entrusted with a good deal of the work incidental to the changes which Archbishop Cullen had determined on making. He was next sent to St. Nicholas Church, on Francis Street, where he remained for several years. Here he did much good. He was a model priest, assiduous in the discharge of his duties, always calm and good tempered, but as a preacher, not displaying any ability. From Francis Street he was transferred to the new parish of St. Kevin, the church being in Heytesbury Street, and thence to Kingstown, one of the most populous, wealthy and important parishes in the archdiocese. In order to retain his assistance in the administration of the see, the parish priest of Kingstown was admitted a member of the chapter of the archdiocese, and subsequently appointed one of the vicar generals. Although comparatively a young man, he was known to be the most influential ecclesiastic around the cardinal, and was generally popular among the clergy under his jurisdiction. On the elevation of Cardinal Cullen to the cardinalate, very much of the episcopal duties devolved on the vicar, who, notwithstand-

ing his many duties, watched with anxious and zealous care the flock confined to his charge. After years of toil in his parish, he was again removed. After the death of Canon Kavanagh it was decided that the parish of Kingstown should be divided, and Canon McCabe was named to that portion of it including Kingstown, Monkstown, and Salthill, and the other sub-division, including Dalkey, Balleybrack and Glasthule, was given in charge to the late Canon John Harold. The increasing age of the cardinal, and his frequent journeys to Rome, threw almost the entire government of the diocese on Canon McCabe, and an assistant prelate being found necessary, he recommended Dr. McCabe to the Pope for that dignity. The recommendation was acted on, and Dr. McCabe was consecrated assistant prelate by Cardinal



CARDINAL MCCABE.

Cullen in the parochial church, Kingstown, under the title of Bishop of Gadara. From the period of the elevation of Mgr. McCabe to the episcopate, Cardinal Cullen, almost ceased to interfere in the mere ecclesiastical administration of the metropolitan diocese, and concerned himself chiefly with the matters of an Irish Catholic policy. In the direction of university colleges, charitable institutions, and parochial matters, Bishop McCabe took the chief part, and thus came in contact with the clergy of the diocese and the religious orders. He was known to be imbued with the political views of the Cardinal, but was more

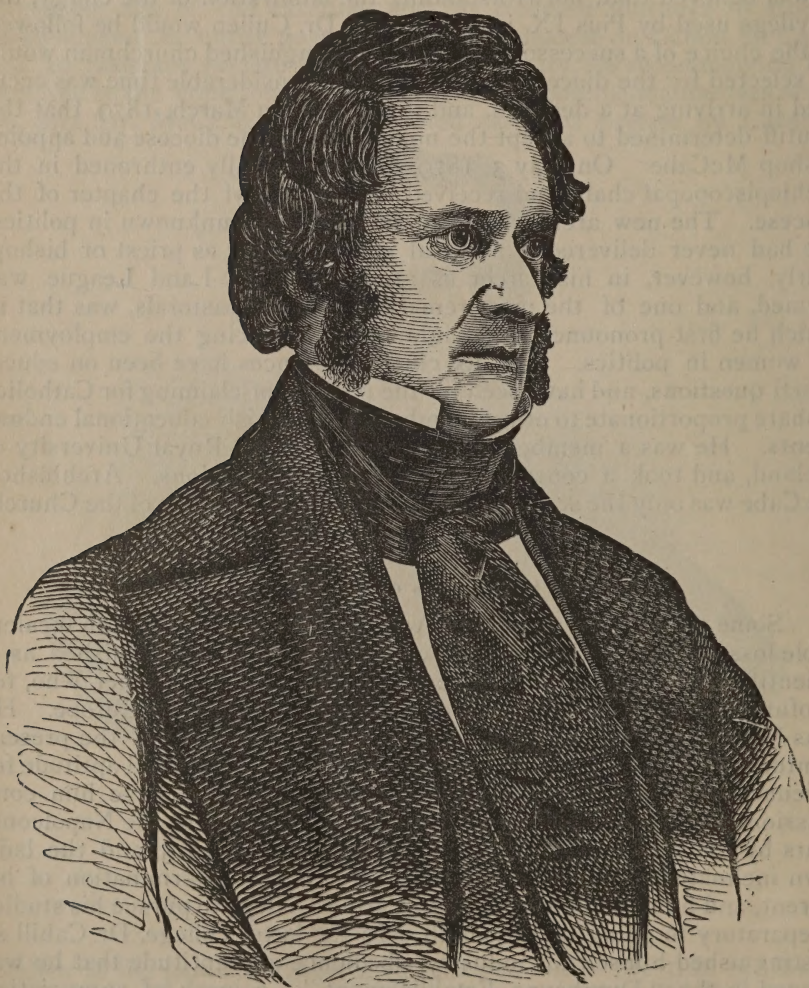
popular as a disciplinarian among the priesthood than his episcopal chief. On the death of Cardinal Cullen the administration of the archdiocese fell into the hands of Bishop McCabe, pending the election of a successor to the archbishopric. At the meeting of the clergy of the chapter, the auxiliary bishop was returned to Rome as *dignissimus*, an honor which, it was generally anticipated, would have fallen on Dr. Moran, the Bishop of Ossory and the nephew of the deceased cardinal. It was believed that, notwithstanding the admiration of the clergy, the privilege used by Pius IX. in the case of Dr. Cullen would be followed in the choice of a successor, and that a distinguished churchman would be selected for the diocese by Leo XIII. Considerable time was occupied in arriving at a decision, and it was only in March, 1879, that the Pontiff determined to accept the nomination of the diocese and appoint Bishop McCabe. On May 3, 1879, he was formally enthroned in the archiepiscopal chair, and received the homage of the chapter of the diocese. The new archbishop had hitherto been unknown in politics. He had never delivered a political speech, either as priest or bishop. Early, however, in his career as archbishop, the Land League was formed, and one of the most remarkable of his pastorals, was that in which he first pronounced an opinion by denouncing the employment of women in politics. But his chief utterances have been on educational questions, and have been for the purpose of claiming for Catholics a share proportionate to other members in the Irish educational endowments. He was a member of the Senate of the Royal University of Ireland, and took a constant share in its deliberations. Archbishop McCabe was only the second Irish Cardinal in the history of the Church.

Removal of the Remains of Dr. Cahill to Ireland.

Some twenty years ago, the American Ireland suffered an incalculable loss in the death of the Rev. Dr. Cahill, so distinguished as a scientific scholar, a most eloquent lecturer, and a preacher who, for profundity and biblical lore, had few equals here or in Europe. He was born in Queen's County, Ireland, at the beginning of the present century, and, as he grew up and exhibited more than usual aptitude for science, his father, a prominent engineer, purposed to have him commissioned in the British army. But the termination of the Napoleonic wars by the decisive battle of Waterloo, June 18, 1815, and the lad's own inclination toward the ministry, altered the determination of his parent, and he was allowed to go to Carlow College to pursue his studies preparatory to going to Maynooth. In the latter college, Dr. Cahill so distinguished himself for industry, obedience and aptitude that he was placed in the "Dumboyne Establishment"—a mark of appreciation which not only confers honor on the recipient, but usually gains him more solid advantages. But more marks of distinction were awaiting the future preacher. No sooner had he graduated at Maynooth, and become an ordained priest of the Catholic Church, than he was offered the position of professor of natural philosophy in his old *Alma Mater*, Carlow College, by no less a scholar and judge of human nature, than the illustrious Dr. Doyle, better known, perhaps, as "J. K. L.," Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin. That Father Cahill executed the trust thus

reposed in him, and that he was fully competent, even at that unripe age, to discharge the duties of so onerous a calling, does not admit of a doubt, for it was while filling the chair of natural philosophy that he received his diploma of Doctor of Divinity, directly from the Sacred College in Rome.

Perhaps one of the greatest triumphs of Dr. Cahill's political correspondence, was his letters on what was called the "Ark of Carriga-



REV. D. W. CAHILL, D.D. BORN IN 1796. DIED IN 1864.

holt," a miserable little chapel in which the Rev. Father Meehan officiated for the benefit of the tenantry of one of that peculiarly hard-hearted and unpatriotic class of yclept Irish landlords. So strong were the eloquent divine's words, so broadly were they circulated by the press, that the reluctant owner of the soil at last yielded to public

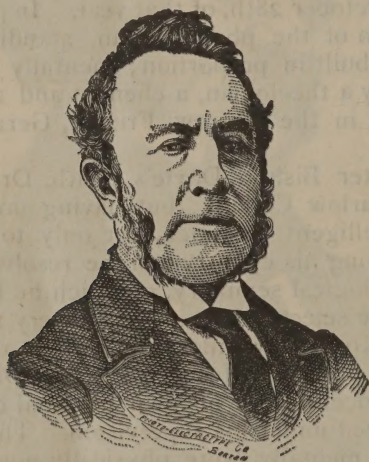
opinion, and at his proper cost built a very pretty church for the use of the Catholics of the neighborhood.

Like most Irishmen of distinction, Dr. Cahill conceived the idea of visiting America, where so many of his countrymen had found hospitable homes ; and so well was he pleased with his reception, not only by his compatriots, but by the general public, that he never entertained a notion of leaving it. He arrived here in New York, December, 1859, and after a short rest in New York, commenced a lecturing tour, principally for the benefit of charitable institutions, which for rapidity, ability and pecuniary success, has never been equalled. When asked at one time how many years longer he was going to lecture for charity, he playfully replied : " I am now on my second hundred thousand — well, when I reach half a million I will commence to talk for myself " But that time properly speaking, never arrived. In endeavoring to fulfil an engagement in Massachusetts in the autumn of 1864, he contracted a severe cold, and died of congestion of the lungs, in Carney Hospital, Boston, October 28th, of that year. In person Dr. Cahill was a splendid specimen of the physical man, standing nearly six and a half feet high, and built in proportion ; mentally he was more remarkable, being not only a theologian, a chemist and an astronomer, but a thorough proficient in the Hebrew, French, German and Italian languages.

Some time after Bishop Doyle's death, Dr. Cahill severed his connection with Carlow College ; but having imbibed the desire, so general among intelligent Irishmen, not only to acquire knowledge, but to spread it among his countrymen, he resolved to open a school or preparatory theological seminary, of which he himself would be the president. The site selected by him was a very romantic and picturesque one at Black Rock, a few miles from Dublin, and the institution was opened with every prospect of success. But Dr. Cahill's generosity and even extravagance, not for his own personal comfort, but for that of the students placed under his supervision. The pupils, though excellently instructed mentally, were physically nourished on the most costly dainties, and the result was that in a short time the seminary had to be abandoned, and its originator found himself several thousand pounds sterling in debt. Part of this, however, was incurred in publishing a newspaper which had an ephemeral existence. But though the heavy weight of debt hung like a millstone round the neck of Dr. Cahill, his was not the spirit to quail before danger or difficulty. Had he, as his father intended, become a soldier, he might easily be found storming a breach or leading a forlorn hope ; as it was, he faced the danger, and, relying on his intellectual attainments, assumed the role of a lecturer. The subject he selected was astronomy — one of the most sublime studies that have ever engaged the attention of man. In the capital of Ireland, in the principal cities and towns, where perhaps no lecturer had ever been heard, Dr. Cahill made his appearance, always to be received in the warmest manner, listened to with profound attention, and applauded as only an Irish audience can applaud an eloquent speaker who imparts to them either pleasure or instruction.

Death of Lord O'Hagan.

The announcement of the death of Lord O'Hagan, the only Catholic Lord Chancellor of Ireland since the reign of the last of the Stuarts, will be received by Irishmen of the older school with deep regret, and by every student of Irish history as the snapping of a link in the chain connecting the past with the present. The sad event took place at his lordship's London residence, Hereford House, about half-past three o'clock on Sunday, 8th of February. From the time of James II. there had not been a Catholic Lord Chancellor in this country until, in 1868, Thomas O'Hagan received the seals. His name is, therefore, inseparably associated with what is treasured in the minds of Catholics as a great shake to Protestant ascendancy in Ireland, and a signal admission of the rights of Catholics to perfect equality. Lord O'Hagan was the only son of Mr. Edward O'Hagan of Belfast, Ire. Born in 1812, he received his education at a local school. Though he



LORD O'HAGAN.

speedily rose to eminence at the Irish bar, and later in life ranked as the chief ornament of the Irish bench, the deceased peer never enjoyed the advantage of a university education. At the age of twenty four he was called to the bar in Ireland. He held for several years the position of assistant barrister for crown cases in the county of Longford. At thirty-seven he "took silk" as a queen's counsel. At forty-seven he was made a queen's serjeant. In the following year he obtained his first politico-legal position, having been appointed by Lord Palmerston to the office of solicitor general for Ireland. A twelvemonth later, in February, 1861, he was promoted to be attorney-general for Ireland, and at the same time was called to the privy council for Ireland. He did not, however, fully enter political life till May, 1863, when he was returned to the House of Commons at a by-election for the little borough of Tralee, in county Kerry. His parliamentary service was but brief. In July, 1865, he was raised to the Irish bench as a justice of the common

pleas by Lord Palmerston. In December, 1868, on the formation of the first Gladstone ministry, he was made Lord High Chancellor of Ireland. The appointment of a Roman Catholic to be keeper of the Queen's conscience was a new precedent, very distasteful to bigoted Protestants, and created a decided sensation in religious circles. Two years later he was called to the House of Lords as Baron O'Hagan of Tullahogue. The office of Lord Chancellor involves its holder in the fortunes of the ministry, and on the fall of the Liberal administration, in 1874, Lord O'Hagan retired to private life. In 1878, he was nominated by Lord Beaconsfield as one of the commissioners appointed to carry out intermediate education in Ireland under the new act, a high compliment at the hands of a political opponent. On the recovery of power by his party in May, 1880, he was recalled by Mr. Gladstone to the Irish Lord Chancellorsnip. He retired in November, 1881, to make room for Hon. Hugh Law, under a political arrangement growing out of the appointment of Mr. Justice O'Hagan to be chief judge of the Irish land commission court. He was created a knight of the order of St. Patrick in the same year. Lord O'Hagan was twice married. At twenty-four he married Miss Mary Teeling, of Belfast. He was left a widower at fifty-six, and three years later led to the altar Miss Alice Towneley, a daughter of Col. Charles Towneley. He was in the enjoyment of a pension of \$18,460 per annum, which died with him. He also possessed a landed property of some five thousand acres, from which he derived an income of \$24,000 per annum. His estate and title pass to his eldest son, Hon. Thomas Towneley O'Hagan, a boy of seven, so that the barony will be without representation in the House of Lords during a minority of fourteen years.

The noble Lord was a gentleman not only of great legal attainments, but of the very highest literary culture. His speeches were masterpieces of choicest thought and beautiful diction. Lord O'Hagan was a sincere lover of Ireland. We could not ourselves concur in his views of Irish politics; but, conceding to every man the right of holding his opinions on subjects that have divided the best minds in Ireland, we could not fail to admit, without gross injustice, that Lord O'Hagan was a large-hearted Irishman, who dearly loved his country, and earnestly sought its amelioration. When an impartial history of Ireland is written, the name of Lord O'Hagan will occupy in its pages an honored place. The *London Times* says that he was one of Ireland's most gifted and distinguished sons, and that the news of his death will cause sorrow to all parties, all classes and all sects in Ireland, England and the continent. The remains were removed to Dublin, to be buried in Glasnevin Cemetery.

Death of Morgan O'Connell.

Morgan O'Connell, the second son of "the Liberator," died on January 21st, after a long illness, at his residence, in Dublin. Morgan O'Connell was one of the most popular of the Liberator's family. He was a great sportsman, and was noted as a fire-eater in the days of his youth. His father was constantly waging war against the English ascendancy, and Morgan was his trusty lieutenant. Thus, when the

Liberator denounced Lord Alvanley as a "bloated buffoon," and, on receiving a challenge from the insulted Briton, declined it on conscientious scruples (having, as he expressed it himself, "registered a vow" never to accept a challenge, after his duel with D'Esterre), Morgan stepped in. He declared that he had no scruples, conscientious or otherwise, and was quite at the service of Lord Alvanley. A hostile meeting took place. They exchanged three shots each. No one was hurt and Lord Alvanley left the field. The next to incur the sarcasm of Daniel O'Connell was Benjamin Disraeli, at that time unknown to fame. In those days Disraeli had not decided upon a political party. He had been rejected by the Radicals, although his programme was quite revolutionary. When he sought their suffrages, he went before them, flourishing a letter of recommendation from Daniel O'Connell. After his rejection, he changed his front. Joining the Tories, he endeavored to conciliate them by an attack on the Liberator. Accordingly, in a speech at Taunton, he denounced O'Connell with great vigor and variety. O'Connell was surprised at the attack, which he thought was rather an ungenerous return for his letter of recommendation. Accordingly he took an early opportunity of replying to Disraeli. In the course of his remarks he alluded to him as "The lineal descendant of the impenitent thief." Disraeli challenged O'Connell, but was simply laughed at for his pains. He next called upon Morgan O'Connell to do "vicarious duty for his shrinking sire," ending his letter thus:—"Now, sir, it is my hope that I have insulted him; assuredly it was my intention to do so, and I fervently pray that you or some one of his blood may attempt to avenge the inextinguishable hatred with which I shall pursue him to the last day of his existence." Morgan O'Connell, acting under the advice of his father, refused to fight Disraeli. But he wrote a satirical lampoon in one of the scandalous journals of the day. In it Mr. Disraeli was represented as a bloodthirsty miscreant, whose cry was:—

"Is nobody coming to fight me?
Will no one step forward to fight me?
They hiss and they hoot,
But there's no one to shoot,
When in armor of Judah I fight me!"

After Daniel O'Connell's death his son Morgan led a retired life. His pursuits were not of the sort to bring him before the public, and he relapsed into a quiet, estimable gentleman, who desired repose after the troublous passages of his early career.

Only one son of the Liberator survives, young Dan, as his father delighted to call him. The family of Daniel O'Connell, once junior, but now septuagenarian, consists of his wife and seven children. In answer to an interviewer, he said; "Yes, I am the last surviving son. Do I look alive? But I am dead to politics, even in feeling. I am prohibited from mixing in politics as contrary to civil service rules, for I hold a government appointment at Somerset House. I simply vote, and when I first joined the inland revenue department none of us were allowed to vote at all. If called upon to state my politics, I should say, the same as my father, but not the politics of Parnell. I have never

been in America, which I regret the more as I now feel too old to undertake the journey. I am sure I should like Americans because they have no English phlegm. I have read of the O'Donovan Rossa affair. He will meet with little sympathy here. It is a queer start. I should not have been astonished had the woman been French; but I am surprised at an English woman assuming the role of an avenger. Excuse me giving you my left hand; but my right was half shot off a great many years ago, in the days before breech-loaders were invented. No, no; not a duel; I was loading one barrel when the other exploded." Daniel O'Connell does not at all recall his parent, and does not care, as the late P. J. Smyth seemed to, what Irishmen say as to one who has worn the green taking office under "England's sullen red flame."

The Maid of Limerick.

WHEN faithful Ireland, so runs our story, took arms against crafty Dutch William, the Stuart cause found no warmer defender than Sir William Patrick O'Gorman of Fenny-Moor. Unhappily his loyalty was soon put to the severest test. He fell into an ambush of William's soldiers, and, after a gallant struggle, was captured. Great was the joy of the enemy as the brave Irish soldier was led through the streets of Limerick to the prison of the city. Greater however was the pity of Limerick's old men and women and children — the young men had mostly sailed away with Sarsfield — as they saw the brave soldier, still in the prime of life, a prisoner of their conquerors. Many a fervent prayer was uttered that God would be pleased to deliver him from out the hands of his enemies.

In times of civil strife, the distance from the prison to the scaffold is not great. Sir William was brought before a court-martial. He did not seek to deny the crime of which he was accused — that of defending his king and country by his sword. His doom was pronounced. He was to be beheaded as soon as the warrant for his execution arrived from Dublin. One after another his friends and his family had visited the condemned soldier in his prison and had taken their last farewell of him. All had come — all save one. That one was the pride of his life, the hope of his house, the joy of his heart — his daughter Jane. Why had not she come to receive a last blessing from her father?

The light of day was fast fading away. The setting sun had shot its last rays between the iron bars of the small window of the prisoner's dungeon. With them had come and gone the last rays of earthly hope in the captive's heart. Seated on a stone ledge beneath the window of his dungeon, the brave soldier buried his face in his hands and sought to prepare calmly for the morrow — that morrow that too probably would be his last day on earth. The struggle to calm himself was intense. Now and again he would start up as if to encounter some

advancing foe. Next he would fall back hopelessly on his stone seat, as the clanking of the chains on his hands reminded him of his helpless state. Then with the calmness of despair he would think of his dearly loved child. Was he never to see her more? To-morrow? Alas! to-morrow was too probably his last day on earth. May God protect my child! May God give me strength to make this last sacrifice of my life for my country — would that it had pleased God to have allowed me to have shed my blood on the battlefield instead of on the scaffold! But God's will be done! Such must have been the thoughts that occupied the captive's mind when, on a sudden, the iron-bound door of his prison rolled heavily back on its hinges, and a red-coated gaoler, with a bunch of keys in his hands, ushered in a young girl of remarkable beauty. Tall, of noble bearing, her dark eyes were bright and undimmed, yet showed a sorrow too great for tears. Her dark hair fell in thick tresses on either side of a forehead pure as white marble. The prisoner looked up, and the girl rushed forward to his embrace, crying:

"My father! my own dear father!"

"Your interview must be short," interrupted the gaoler in a harsh tone, as he withdrew, furtively, however, wiping a tear from his eyes, touched by the scene before him.

"May Heaven keep and console you, my child!" said Sir William as he pressed his child to his heart with fatherly affection. "I feared that you would not come to me, that I should die without giving you my last blessing, and this thought was more cruel than that of death itself. But you are come, my love, you are here — you have come to receive my last blessing."

"No, father, no!" cried the girl; "do not speak thus! Do not be so cruel. Father, you shall *not* die!"

"Be calm, child. May God enable me to console you. Hope there is none, and in less than three days my child will be. . ."

"Fatherless," he would have said, but the word died away on his lips.

"But three days!" she answered, suddenly looking up into her father's face. "Three days — then there is still hope — my father shall live. My grandfather is a friend of king William's favorite minister. He will beg for his son's life, and my father shall not die."

"No! do not think so, Jane. There is no hope now. The usurper William has already approved the death-warrant. The messenger has ere now left Dublin, he is well on his way here with the order for my execution."

"What matters? My father must not, shall not die thus." The poor child kept energetically repeating these words, looking upwards as she spoke, then, as if she had received fresh hope from above, she took her father's manacled hands in hers, kissed them fervently, saying: "We must now part — but we shall soon meet again."

"What does my child mean?"

"Do not ask me."

"In whom are you placing your hopes?"

"In God and myself."

"For heaven's sake, my child, do not expose yourself to danger!"

"Father, pray that I may succeed."

"What are you about to do?"

"My duty." The gaoler at that moment returned, and with a last loving embrace, the young girl left the dungeon.

Late on the day following this sad scene, a traveller might have been seen crossing the drawbridge at Shannon-Ford, and passing by Marygate, taking his seat on a wooden bench placed before the door of an inn. Evidently the traveller did not care to enter the inn which appeared to be beyond his means. Indeed Dutch William and his consort had lodged there not long before the date of our story. Our traveller wore a grey woollen jacket, tightened round the waist by a leather belt, and over it a cloak of a coarse brownish stuff. He seemed to be a young man, though a broad-brimmed hat slouched over his face hid his features. He carried a small bundle in one hand, in the other a stout walking-stick. Having refreshed himself with some beer brought him from the inn, after a short rest, he rose and went his way. Darkness was coming on apace, and the gathering clouds threatened a wild night. The wind howled through the streets of the city, a cold rain fell, and the Shannon was white with waves. "Heaven keep you young man," said the sentinel to our traveller, as the latter left the gate of the city; "heaven keep you, if you needs must travel on such a night!"

A few minutes later, the young man had left the fortifications behind him, and began crossing a wild, uncultivated tract of country, mere heath. Slowly he made his way to the top of a hill whence he could see for some distance the road he had before him. The darkness was rapidly deepening, the storm was at its height, the wind roared in its fury. Still the traveller kept on his way, in spite of wind and rain, until he reached a large oak-tree, gnarled by years, and spilt in many places by the innumerable storms to which it had been exposed. This tree, known throughout that country as the Bloody Oak, is two miles distant from Limerick. There, as if he could go no further, as if he were tired of battling against the storm, the young traveller halted, leaning against the tree's trunk, sheltering himself beneath its branches. Darker and darker grew the night, and the storm did not slacken in its violence. For more than half-an-hour our traveller crouched down by the tree, in vain striving to avoid the drenching rain. Suddenly a horse came galloping along the road. Its rider bent down on his horse's head to avoid the fury of the gale. Suddenly the horse was seized by the bridle and brought to a standstill. The rider sought to discover who the stranger was who so rudely accosted him; but a pistol was levelled at him, and he was bidden: "Dismount or die!"

The horseman shivering with fear and cold, recognizing the dreaded Oak, tried to seize his weapons in the holsters, but the robber, letting go the horse's bridle, clutched the rider violently and threw him to the ground. He fell heavily on the road and lay there stunned. The robber undid the rider's post-bag, took from it despatches sent by the Viceroy at Dublin, and disappeared rapidly across the heath. On

the following day, crowds came from the city to visit the scene of the robbery, but of the robber no trace could be found.

Sir William Patrick O'Gorman still lived. The order for his execution, signed by the Viceroy, had been taken from the king's messenger who had been robbed of his despatches while passing the dreaded oak. Before a fresh order could be sent from Dublin, William's favorite minister would be able to plead on behalf of the prisoner in Limerick gaol. Hope began to revive in Sir William's breast, especially since his daughter Jane had returned to him, to lighten the gloom of his prison by her presence and the sorrow of his soul by her words. Fourteen days had passed away since the despatches had been stolen, when news came that all the efforts made to obtain a pardon from king William had failed, and that the fatal order would arrive within a few hours.

"God's will be done!" exclaimed the prisoner when this was told him.

"Amen!" replied his daughter Jane; "but, nevertheless, my father shall not die thus."

The horseman carrying despatches from Dublin to Limerick, and with them the order for Sir William O'Gorman's execution had reached Broad Marsh. He was spurring his horse forward, keeping a good lookout around him, and holding a loaded pistol ready in his hand. The moon shone out from a cloudy sky, casting an uncertain, sickly light over the waste lands around. The rider had turned an angle of the road when the flash of a pistol caused his horse to swerve. The rider returned the fire, but his horse rearing violently, threw him heavily on the road. Quick as thought, the robber was on him, and threatening him with a dagger, bade him: "Give up your weapons, or you are a dead man." The despatch bearer obeyed. "Now get up and be off. Your horse and bag, I keep." The man, terror stricken, obeyed, and without once looking back, returned by the road he had come.

Meanwhile all was in readiness for the execution of the loyal, true-hearted soldier of the Stuart cause. The guards only awaited the arrival of the despatches to lead him to the scaffold, when suddenly a rumor reached them that the king's messenger had been again waylaid and robbed. The rumor proved true. The prisoner was respited for yet another fortnight. "The hand of God is visible in this," he said to his daughter. "Yes, father, 'tis indeed a mercy!" she replied. "I said my father should not yet die."

Two weeks passed away. Then the prison-gates opened, and Sir William O'Gorman stepped forth a free man, accompanied by his aged father. Fresh efforts had been made to obtain his pardon from the king, and they had succeeded. The Lord of Fenny-Moor returned home, welcomed by all his family and his numerous retainers. But his daughter Jane, the faithful companion of his captivity, was nowhere to be seen. Where was she, one asked of another, as the crowd thronged the rooms of Sir William's home to congratulate him on his escape. Presently a stranger asked to speak with Sir William O'Gorman of Fenny Moor. He was the same traveller whom we saw in the storm sheltering himself under the dreaded oak, the same man whom we twice saw way-

laying the king's messenger. He wore the same coarse garments, the same broad-brimmed hat which he did not remove as he saluted Sir William. To the latter, he handed a bundle of papers. "When you have read these, throw them on the fire."

Sir William looked at them, started, grew pale. He held in his hand two copies of the decree condemning him to death.

"My preserver," he cried, seizing the stranger by the hand; "how can I ever reward you — you to whom I owe my life?"

All, young and old, crowded round the stranger, with words of thankfulness on their lips, with gratitude in their hearts. "Your name, for heaven's sake, tell us your name!" they cried.

The stranger lifted his hat. Sir William's daughter Jane stood before the astonished throng. "Good heavens!" cried the happy father, "my daughter Jane — my preserver! Now, indeed, life is sweet to me!" He embraced her to whom he had given life, and who had saved him from death.

France is justly proud of her maid of Orleans. Ireland has a right to be proud of Jane O'Gorman, whom we have ventured to call the maid of Limerick.¹

Catholic Progress.

Spain and Ireland.

IN days gone by the Spanish sail was a familiar sight along the western and south-western coasts of Erin. The chiefs, whose lordship extended to the off-lying isles, and whose castles guarded the romantic bays and frowning headlands, derived a goodly revenue from the tribute paid by the foreign traders. Up to a comparatively recent period numerous traces remained of the peaceful occupation of Spanish merchants in such places as Galway, Dingle, and Smerwick. Spanish Island and Valentia Harbor still bear in their names the evidence of a close relationship between the Peninsula and the Western Isle. Gaelic poets, when they sang of the "blue water shore abounding in harbors," and eulogized the characteristic qualities of the warlike O'Mahonys, the lordly O'Driscolls, the martial MacCarthys, whose dominion ranged along the "white foaming coast," did not forget to introduce into their verse the "long, tall-masted gallies," the noble "fleets of wine," bearing down upon the land with a friendly purpose. The ships that had come wine-laden from the south, returned well-freighted from the fishing grounds of the island; and in the earlier times bore away not unfrequently bands of pilgrims bound for the shrine of Santiago at Compostella. At a latter period the Spanish traders had oftentimes added

1. The above story is recorded by Vicomte Walsh, in his *Souvenirs de Cinquante Ans*, and was told him by an ex-officer of the Irish Brigade in the service of France. For those of our readers who have not at command the Vicomte's charming *Souvenirs*, our English version of the story may prove not unwelcome.

to their freight the "wild geese" recruited for the armies of the most Catholic King, and the students making for the foreign colleges.

Spain was the first country to which the native Irish resorted for the education denied them at home in the days of persecution. The first of the many Irish colleges established on the continent was that at Salamanca, founded towards the end of the sixteenth century. Then followed the foundations at Alcala, Madrid, Valladolid, and Seville. These colleges were established generally through the zeal and self-devotion of Irish ecclesiastics, partially endowed by men and women, servants of God, and maintained to some extent by families of Irish descent dwelling in the towns where stood the seminaries. In some instances the Irish merchants taxed themselves for this purpose. Even the soldiers of the Brigade subscribed among themselves to support candidates for the priesthood studying in these schools. By a singular privilege granted by the Sovereign Pontiff, the fishermen of the seaboard provinces in which Irish colleges were situated had permission to fish on six Sundays, or holidays, in the year, on condition that the profits were given for the support of the said establishments. Some years ago a very interesting account of the Irish College at Seville appeared in the *Ecclesiastical Record*. The writer gave particulars of Pope Pius the Fifth's grant of permission to the fishermen of Andalusia to pursue their avocation on certain days for the benefit of the Irish College; and described, in a pleasing way, the manner in which the Irish merchants of the city were accustomed to resort to the College on the 17th of March, and celebrate with pomp and social joy the festival of Ireland's greatest Apostle. It has been said, and we doubt not with truth, that the preservation of faith and Christianity in Ireland during the dark days of persecution was greatly due to the priests—apostles and martyrs—reared for the Irish Mission in the Seminaries of Spain.

DANGER OF DANCING.—The *New York Journal of Education*, a purely secular paper, says: "A great deal can be said about dancing; for instance, the Chief of Police of New York city says that three-fourths of the abandoned girls in this city were ruined by dancing. Young ladies allow gentlemen privileges in dancing which, taken under any other circumstances, would be considered as improper. It requires neither brains nor good morals to be a good dancer. As the love of the one increases, the love or the other decreases. How many of the best men and women are skilful dancers? In ancient times the sexes danced separately. Alcohol is the spirit of beverages. So sex is the spirit of the dance; take it away and let the sexes dance separately, and dancing would go out of fashion very soon. Parlor dancing is dangerous. Tippling leads to drunkenness, and parlor dancing leads to ungodly balls. Tippling and parlor dancing sow to the wind and both reap the whirlwind. Put dancing in the crucible, apply the acids, weigh it, and the verdict of reason, morality and religion is,—'Weighed in the balance and found wanting.'"

Dublin Castle.

THIRTY years ago, and more, John Mitchel, travelling by sea from San Francisco to New York, by the Nicaragua route, put into Cuba for a few days. Walking about Havana at night he came, he tells us, on the palace of the captain-general, "a very handsome and massive-looking house, near the quay." "There," says the Irish exile, "I stood awhile and looked up at the palace with horror and hatred, as at another Dublin Castle." Then he goes on to denounce the two institutions in somewhat vigorous language as "two strongholds of hell," and asks, "when will they be razed and swept away and the places where they stand sown with salt?" I have just been reading Mr. Davitt's "Leaves from a Prison Diary," and I find that the author in speaking of the Castle system declares that he hopes to succeed in presenting it "in its true light to the public of Great Britain," and says, "should I do so, its real character of practical absolutism and anti-Irish feeling will stand revealed before all right-thinking men as at once the primary, if not the greatest, factor in the discontent of the Irish people, and centralized despotism without any parallel in any European State outside of Russia." Thirty years, then, have not in any degree modified the views which strong and sincere Irish Nationalists take of Dublin Castle and its system. Mitchel, it is true, spoke of it in language more fierce and impassioned than Mr. Davitt cares to indulge in, but I fancy that the meaning of the two men is much the same. What Mr. Mitchel called a stronghold of hell, Mr. Davitt describes as "the primary if not the greatest factor in the discontent of the Irish people." The only difference seems to be in the way of putting it. Let us see what ground these two truly representative Irishmen had for their detestation of what is called in Ireland the Castle system.

The ordinary English reader will, no doubt, think Mr. Mitchel's language outrageously strong, and even Mr. Davitt's words a curious exaggeration. I shall, on my own part, refrain from using trope, figure, or even condemnatory adjective about the Castle system, and shall confine myself to an endeavor to show what in my judgment it really is. But I cannot help saying that the English reader, who, in trying to get at the realities of the Castle system does not take at least some account to begin with of the views of Mr. Mitchel in 1853, and of Mr. Davitt in 1884, will leave out of consideration one very important element of the question. In considering the claims and merits of any institution it is something to know that those who most thoroughly represent the national feeling of the people among whom it is placed, can hardly find words to say how utterly they detest it. I do not believe there is among the whole Nationalist party in Ireland, that whole Nationalist party being pretty well the whole nation, one man who has a word to say in defence of the Castle and its system of administration. We have, then, that fact to begin with. The Irish people, rightly or wrongly, detest the Castle. No one can dispute that fact, and if I were

writing about any foreign people that one fact would be held by all Englishmen to settle the question.

However, I am not writing about Greeks or Italians or Bulgarians, but only about Irishmen; and I must not assume that their dislike of any institution imposed upon them is in itself any reason for condemning the institution. On the contrary, I presume that to some Englishmen the mere fact that the Irish people dislike the Castle would rather seem a *prima facie* reason for maintaining it. I must, therefore, try to show that the dislike is not unreasonable; that it is well-founded; that it is natural; that it would be felt by any other people under similar conditions. What is the Castle? It is the seat of a government which is centralized and is virtually despotic. It is the citadel of everything that is anti-national. It is the fountain and origin of every severe coercive measure which is imposed upon the Irish people. It distributes honors and hospitalities to these who are conspicuous for their anti-Irish sentiments and anti-national conduct. If the mass of the Irish people dislike a man, Dublin Castle offers him a welcome and its rewards. If a man is adored by the Irish people, Dublin Castle tries to put him in prison. The Castle makes feeble attempts to counteract the growth of national opinion by appealing to all that is snobbish, flunkeyish, and servile in human nature. "Keep away from the Nationalists, and your wife and your daughters shall have invitations to the vice-regal balls. Denounce the Nationalists and praise the Castle, and on the first opportunity the Lord Lieutenant will bestow upon you the honors of a knighthood." This is the lesson taught by Castle practices every day. If you are a Member of Parliament, and will only get up at some important moment and denounce the National party, or publicly separate yourself from them, the Castle will be sure to find you a comfortable place with a salary proportioned to the merits of the services you have rendered.

These, it will be urged, are only social or sentimental grievances. Still I would ask an English reader to consider for himself what must be the effect upon Irish national feeling of the working of an institution set up in Ireland for the purpose of discouraging and repressing national sentiment, encouraging and rewarding anti-national sentiment. How would he like Mr. Parnell governing England by and for the Irish, rewarding in one way or another every anti-English Englishman who played false to his nation's feelings, and thrusting the editor of the *St. James' Gazette* into prison to lie on a plank-bed there, because he had dared to remind his brother Englishmen that they had wrongs and ought not to pause until they had got them righted? I would ask an English reader whether it is not fair to infer that the Castle system must tend to foster the disaffection which it strives to repress with such wholesale severity? However, let us come to practical detail with regard to the Castle system, and see how its working is likely to supply equal treatment to *coterie* and people; let us see how it affects the machinery of justice; let us see how far it is consistent with the principle of representation. Let us see if Mr. Davitt is wrong when he describes it as a centralized despotism.

Dublin Castle is a palace, a bureau, and a barrack. It is the seat

of the administration of Ireland. The Lord-Lieutenant is, under the present condition of things, as absolutely a master of the political rule of the country as the Austrian governor of a Venetian province in the old days. He is not expected to have any greater sympathy, any greater affinity of feeling with the Irish people, than the Austrian governor had with the population of Venetia. The Lord-Lieutenant at present is an Englishman; the office is almost invariably held by an Englishman or a Scotchman. At present the Chief Secretary is a Scotchman; his predecessors have, with only the rarest exceptions, been Englishmen or Scotchmen. Of course, the Lord-Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary are always Protestants, and four-fifths of the population of Ireland are Catholics. The permanent officials are, with very rare exceptions, English or Scotch Protestants. When an Irishman does hold office, he is invariably a man who has shown himself utterly out of sympathy with the sentiments of the vast majority of his countrymen. The Lord-Lieutenant has a Privy Council, which is a very different institution indeed from that phantom organization which we find existing in England. The Irish Privy Council issues the proclamations under which arrests for seditious conspiracy and orders for the suppression of public meetings are made, and the Irish judges usually constitute a majority of the ordinary Privy Council meeting. Thus the judges declare in the Privy Council that a certain meeting ought to be prevented, because of the turbulent character of certain persons who propose to take part in it; and if any proceedings should afterwards be taken against one of these persons, he may come up to be tried before one of the body of judges who had in advance directed the proclamation against him. It has to be remembered, too, that the Irish Bench is almost entirely filled by men who were, until their elevation, conspicuous as political partisans. An Irishman, who glances along the list of the names of English judges, will be amazed to see how few of of them ever sat in Parliament, or took any prominent part in politics. An Englishman would feel a very different kind of surprise if he were to study the lists of the Irish judges. The Irish judge usually passes to his place on the Bench through the vestibule of the House of Commons. The Lord Chancellor, the Master of the Rolls, the Vice-Chancellor, two of the three ordinary judges of the Queen's Bench Division, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas Division, the Chief Baron and one of the two other Barons of the Exchequer Division, were all political partisans, most of them having held party office in Government and fought partisan battles in the House of Commons. Now I am far from saying that all these judges carry their partisanship into their judicial duties; some of them I know to be incapable of any such conduct; but the fact remains that they are promoted partisans, and such a fact cannot but affect the popular estimate of the administration of justice. It adds one other to the many unhappy influences which tend to make the Irish peasant believe that the law is made for the English Government and against him. For, as regards the national sentiment of Ireland, the Irishman does not see a pin to choose between the two great English political parties. Both alike are opposed to his national principles, and both are resolute to frustrate, if they can,

the fulfilment of his dearest hopes. The magistracy of the country, whether we speak of the resident magistrate, or the ordinary justice of the peace, are all under the control of the Castle, all appointed by the Castle. The grand juries in Ireland are a taxing body as well as a court of first instance in criminal law, and they are practically under the control and are constituted by the authority of the Castle. The majority of the magistrates are everywhere Protestants. The Protestant population of all denominations is about one million, the Catholic about four millions, and there are about forty-five hundred Protestant justices and eight hundred and eighty Catholic. The Castle has the control of the national education of the country, and my readers will understand what manner of national education that is, when I tell them that Irish history is not allowed to be taught in the schools.

All this time the people everywhere are giving the best practical evidence in their power that they are determined to make an Irish nation for themselves without regard to the Castle. The only institutions in the country which make any pretence at being representative are the municipal corporations. They are not, indeed, representative in the sense that English municipalities are representative; the municipal franchise in Ireland is too high, and is fenced round by too many conditions and restrictions. Still they are the best Ireland has; and what are they doing? They are becoming literally absorbed by the National party. Very excellent bodies they are, regarded merely as hard-working, sensible and practical municipal corporations; in that way they will bear comparison with any English corporations. But the manner in which they are gradually converting Ireland into a distinct nation, and preparing her for self-government, would impress any observer on earth, who was not a Castle official, with the conviction that the days of Castle rule are nearly over. I would undertake it, that any Englishman of ordinary intelligence, and who had not locked and barred his mind against the admission of a new idea—I would undertake it that such an Englishman, if brought within sight and study of Dublin Castle on the one hand, and the Irish corporations on the other, would come back to this country an advocate of Home Rule for Ireland. The Castle now is only known in Ireland as an institution for repressing public meetings and putting Nationalists in prison. With the promotion of national prosperity, with the development of national energy in trade, commerce and manufactures, with the improvement of national education, it has no more to do than any ordinary police barrack. The days even of its patronage are gone. When the people of Dublin were getting up their Industrial Exhibition, nearly three years ago, they not only did not seek the patronage of the Castle, but they positively refused it. They said in substance, "We have nothing to do with the overgrown police barrack which is called Dublin Castle. We cannot prevent it from issuing its warrants and its proclamations; from packing juries and prosecuting newspapers; but when it comes to be a question of getting up an Industrial Exhibition to promote the manufacturing industry and energy of the Irish people, we do not see any place in such a movement for the Lord-Lieutenant and the Castle."

We can do work of that kind ourselves without patronage from the Viceroy ; better that he should keep to his department and we to ours." The Exhibition was a great success. Its opening day was also the day of the unveiling of the O'Connell monument. There was an immense procession through miles and miles of crowded streets. Better order never was kept in any city on any occasion. All Dublin attended the celebration except the Lord-Lieutenant and his officials. Nobody cared about them. I called the attention of an English friend to these facts ; to the scene we were looking on ; to the absence, the almost enforced absence, of Castle patronage ; I asked him what he, as an Englishman, thought of it. "The thing is done," he said. "The nation is made. All that now remains is for the Lord-Lieutenant and his staff to bundle and go, and let your people come in and take possession of the Castle, and carry on the government of the country in a proper way." And he added, "If I were the Lord-Lieutenant, I would not remain in Dublin another day."

Since that time some things have happened which do not tend to raise the reputation of Castle administration in the eyes of the Irish people. Never, I suppose, in modern history have there been revelations like those which lately were made concerning the character and conduct of certain Castle officials. I have some respect for the feelings of my readers ; I know what is due to the pages of the *Contemporary Review*. I shall not ask any one to listen to a recital of that hideous story ; I leave it to the courts of law. I shall not ask my readers to study the history of what are called the Dublin scandals ; but it is absolutely necessary that I should draw the attention of the English public to what came of these scandals. I fancy that a great many intelligent Englishmen are still under the impression, if they think about the matter at all, that some gross and monstrous charges were made by malignant Irish Nationalists against certain high-minded public servants in Dublin Castle, and that the trumped-up accusations met with the exposure and contempt which they deserved. I am sure that only a small proportion of the English newspaper-reading public are even yet aware of the fact that the charges were only too well-founded, were acknowledged to be true by the verdicts even of Castle juries and the judgment of loyal Irish judges. This is the story told briefly : Certain very serious accusations were made by the editor of *United Ireland* against some leading officials of the Castle — one, the person at the head of the Detective Department ; another, who was until lately Secretary to the Dublin Post-office. Mr. Trevelyan at first refused to believe that there was any truth in the charges, and accused the editor of *United Ireland*, Mr. William O'Brien, a Member of Parliament, of employing a detective for the purpose of trumping up accusations against public men. The late Mr. Fawcett earnestly repudiated all belief in the charges made against the Secretary of the Dublin Post-office, and paid that person a very high compliment. No one could blame Mr. Fawcett for this. As I pointed out in the House of Commons when the Postmaster-General had done speaking, Mr. Fawcett's responsibility for the conduct and character of the Dublin Secretary was of the most strictly technical or titular order. Mr

Fawcett knew nothing personally of the Dublin Secretary, and could only speak of him on the authority of others. However, such were the facts. What happened in the end? I pass over all the intermediate actions for libel, and trials for felony and then for conspiracy, and I come to the close of the chapter at once. Mr. Justice Murphy, delivering judgment on the motion made by the Post-office Secretary, for a new trial of an action for libel declared that "having regard to the mass of evidence before him, he was convinced that the jury were right in concluding that a vile gang existed in the city of Dublin, leagued together for loathsome purposes," and that the official in question was "one of the gang." "Openly and publicly, on clear and sufficient evidence, to the mind of the jury, and to the mind of the judge, a jury has found him guilty of loathsome vices, that should cause him to be shunned by all persons having regard to decency." Chief Justice Morris on the same occasion said, "It was not contended on the part of the plaintiff," the Post-office Secretary, "it could not be contended, that there was not ample evidence of the commission by him of loathsome and horrible deeds." So much for that official. The head of the Detective Department was put on trial and found guilty; he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment with hard labor. The judge who sentenced him is Mr. Justice O'Brien, one of the most aggressively loyal and fiercely anti-Nationalist judges on the Irish Bench. Mr. Justice O'Brien expressed his unqualified concurrence with the verdict of the jury. Suppose all this had happened in England; would it have been enough for the statesmen in charge of the departments concerned to say that they had not known or suspected anything of what had been going on for years? Would it have been enough for them to say that they assumed, as a matter of course, that all officials were telling the truth, and that all Nationalist Members of Parliament must be telling lies? Would not these statesmen be told, and somewhat roughly; "You ought to have known; you ought to have inquired; you ought to have found out the truth long ago; you ought to have been quite certain of what you were saying when you got up in Parliament and vindicated and championed the men, who, according to the judges of the land were members of a vile gang." Of course, this is what would have been said in England; but equally, of course, nothing of the kind will be said in this particular case. As to the brave man who at such a terrible risk to himself exposed this hideous scandal, are the Dublin Castle statesmen obliged to him for it? They must feel glad in their hearts that such guilt has been exposed, but will they say in public one single word of praise to Mr. William O'Brien? Of course they will not. Will Mr. Trevelyan get up and say that he now acquits Mr. O'Brien of the accusation of trumping up charges against officials? Of course he will not. The London newspapers used to denounce Mr. O'Brien day after day, while the charges he made were yet unproved. The moment the charges were made good and the offenders denounced by the Irish judges, the whole thing was dropped. I do not know whether any London paper ever published the observations of Mr. Justice Murphy, of Chief Justice Morris, or Mr. Justice O'Brien.

Is it surprising that, under such circumstances, the Irish people generally should dislike the Castle system? Some of the offenders I have mentioned had been for years entrusted with most important and responsible functions in connection with the administration of the criminal law. Another official of the Castle who has had a great deal to do with the arrangement of juries and the persecution of accused persons was himself guilty, not indeed of offences anything like those which were brought out in what are called distinctively the "Dublin scandals," but still grave enough to call for the severe reprobation of one of the English judges. Now I would ask of any impartial Englishman, what on earth is the use of expecting the Irish peasant to have any respect for laws which are thus administered? What does the Irish peasant see? He has seen the law administered by the persons I have mentioned; he knows that these men were the paid officials and the Castle favorites; and he knows that Mr. Parnell, Mr. Davitt, Mr. Dillon, Mr. Sexton, Mr. Healy, Father Sheehy, Mr. Harrington, Mr. William O'Brien were put in prison. Against the private character of any of the men I have last mentioned not even calumny itself has whispered a word. Dublin Castle is the place which, according to the Irishman's experience, imprisons the men he loves; keeps in its pay persons of atrocious character; keeps them in its pay until at last the criminal courts and the judges have to interpose in the manner I have described. I shall not invite my readers to enter into the question connected with the conviction and execution of Myles Joyce. I only remind them that during the recent debate in the House of Commons, Mr. Charles Russell, Mr. Edward Clarke, and Mr. Gorst were of opinion that there was not a case made out for the conviction of Myles Joyce. I shall not reproduce here the words of earnest and generous indignation in which Mr. Edward Clarke stigmatized the character and questioned the credibility of one of the Castle officials who was mainly responsible for the conduct of the trial. It is in vain for Mr. Trevelyan to argue that the evidence was sufficient for the conviction of Myles Joyce. No man in his senses will believe that Mr. Trevelyan's authority on criminal law can balance that of Mr. Charles Russell, Mr. Clarke, and Mr. Gorst. Besides we had the case of Kilmartin, likewise accused, found guilty and sentenced; but who, happily, was not sentenced to death. In his case there was a reinvestigation. The Prime Minister himself happened to be in the House during the debate on Kilmartin's case. Subordinate officials had bluntly refused to grant any manner of reinvestigation; but Mr. Gladstone luckily came into the House of Commons before the debate closed, and he was impressed by some of the arguments used not merely by Irish Members, but by such Englishmen as Lord Randolph Churchill and Sir Robert Peel. He granted an inquiry, and what was the result? Kilmartin had to be set at liberty. There the intervention of the Prime Minister himself was necessary to rescue an unfortunate victim from the system of Dublin Castle.

"When I was in prison," a young Irish lady said the other day as she sat next me at a dinner-table where some English people were guests. This was in London; naturally some of the guests were a

little amazed. "When I was in prison!" The words did sound strangely coming from the lips of a young lady of education, of social position, of the highest character, of the sweetest nature, the dear friend of every one who knew her. It was strange, but it was true. The young lady was Miss Mary O'Connor, sister of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P. She was thrown into prison by the authorities of Dublin Castle because she was a member of a Ladies' Land League. She was kept in prison for some months, like many other Irish girls, and was released when all the "suspects" were released. There was no charge against her; there could be none; she had positively never even taken a conspicuous part in the Ladies' Land League agitation, and she is a girl who personally shrinks from any manner of public display. But she attended some meeting of a Ladies' Land League, or committed some other crime of that sort, and the Castle put her in prison. I thought as I heard her speak thus casually of having been in prison I should like to sermonize a little on the subject to the English men and women who were present. I should like to point out to them the utter and absolute futility of any expectation that the laws could be respected in Ireland so long as the authorities of Dublin Castle turn them to such uses. This young lady was not even imprisoned under Mr. Forster's "Reasonable Suspicion" code, which is now out of date. An antiquated statute of Edward the Third was discovered which had to do with dangers to public peace or something of the kind, and permitted the incarceration at random of everybody and anybody. I wonder how many Englishmen or Englishwomen took the trouble to know that at one time the Castle authorities were putting educated and respectable girls to prison under a statute of Edward the Third? All this, however, is the natural and the necessary consequence of a system like that which prevails in Ireland. The existence and the application of the Castle system make the population disaffected. The Castle authorities believe that they are defending the very life of their system by arrests and imprisonments: the arrests and imprisonments make the Castle more hated than before, and so the thing goes on. The Castle is an absolute anomaly in a civilization like ours. Despotism and constitutionalism cannot be worked together in one kingdom. The two forces will not run in one team. It is idle to discuss the character and the merits of this or that Viceroy or Chief Secretary. There cannot be a successful Viceroy or Chief Secretary in Ireland under present conditions. The thing is an impossibility. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, I see, is reported as having said the other day that Lord Spencer is winning back for English rule the affections of the Irish people. One's breath is taken away by such a statement. Can it be possible that Mr. Campbell-Bannerman really said anything of the kind? Can it be that he believes such a thing? Lord Spencer certainly does not. Lord Spencer knows better.

If I were to presume to give advice to the authorities of the Castle, there is one suggestion I would make. It is not advisable for the sake of the Castle influence over the country to make it a point to find a situation more or less remunerative for every Irish Member of Parliament who goes over from the Nationalist to the Ministerial party.

If there were anything the Castle wanted to complete the disfavor with which it must in any case be regarded by the country, it would be this practice. Within the last few years we have had two or three conspicuous instances of this kind. Men who had made themselves obnoxious to the National party, that is, to the nation, were at once taken up by the Castle and provided with salaried office. This is an objectionable practice in almost every way. It is not well to have the appearance of hiring loyalty. No doubt the gentlemen, who were lately installed to office, had become Ministerialists out of the sincerest and best intentions. One of them in especial who has just died I do not wish to say an unkind word. He "walked his own road whither that led him," as Carlyle says; others of us walked our own road, too, which led them farther and farther away from the Castle. But it has a bad effect when the Castle says in substance to the great majority of the Irish people: "So, then, you don't like this or that person; you accuse him of having deserted you; of having broken his engagements with you? In your overwrought, impassioned Celtic style you say he has betrayed you and your country? Very good; then the Castle will show its appreciation of him by finding a situation and a salary for him." I humbly submit that this is not exactly a course of conduct likely to promote the cause of loyalty in Ireland. It is not precisely the best line of policy for winning over the affection and confidence of the Irish people. Of course, I know what the Castle would say. It would say the Nationalists are not the Irish people. No, to be sure. The men who are assumed by every one, friends and enemies alike, to have under the new Franchise Act the power to return five-sixths of all the representatives of the country; the men who have already been able to take possession of all the Irish municipalities and town commissions, and so many seats on boards of guardians as are obtainable by election; the men into the hands of whose representatives the archbishops and bishops of the national Church have now formally consigned the conduct of the question of Irish education—these are not the Irish people. The Irish people, according to the interpretation of the Castle, are the Whig and Tory justices of the peace, the place-men whom the Lord-Lieutenant sooner or later rewards with situations, the Castle tradesmen and the higher officers of the Royal Irish Constabulary. Very good; if that be the Castle view, and to all appearance that must be it, there is nothing more to be said. *Macte Virtute*; the Castle must only go on as it has been going on; we shall see what comes of it some day, before long, perhaps.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY, in *Contemporary Review*.

MR. LABOUCHERE, a member of the British Cabinet, commenting on the suppression of the Wexford Irish National League meeting, says: "While the rulers of Ireland act thus, they must not object to be reminded, in the words of Grattan, that 'however plausibly they may talk on the subject of public tranquillity, they are, in fact, ring-leaders of sedition placed in authority.'"

Londonderry Bells.

How sweetly rang the bells when we chased the honey bee,
And loudly sang the lark to you, love, and to me,
When winds of sunny April whispered wooingly :

Sing, merry !

When childhood heard the bells of Londonderry.

How softly rang the bells when we clomb the misty hill,
When we reached the pebbled cradle of the foamy mountain-rill,
And pledged our love at noontide when every bird was still ;

Sing, merry !

So clearly rang the bells of Londonderry.

And sprightly was the dancing beneath the flowered thorn,
When the little eastern moonlight, like Plenty's golden horn,
Lit our way from stile to stile through the fields of whispering corn,

Sing, merry !

So gaily rang the bells of Londonderry.

But now the mountain flowers have lost their rich perfume,
And the lark has now no rapture, the nodding rose no bloom,
Since they took you from the ocean to lay you in the tomb.

Never merry

Shall sound for me sweet bells of Londonderry.

But merrily they'll sound when my heart has passed away,
To the fisher near his nets, and the hillmen mowing hay.
To mothers at their doorsteps, and lovers in the May,

Making merry,

Shall chime the silver bells of Londonderry.

JOHN KANE, in *Irish Monthly*.

It is a curious fact that Mr. Gladstone himself gave the dynamiters a text which they use with good effect. In 1867 Col. Rick Burke, now in the city engineer's office at Omaha, was in Clerkenwell prison. His friends made an effort to release him by blowing up the walls of the prison yard. The walls were demolished, several adjoining buildings destroyed and some lives lost, but the attempt was unsuccessful. In a reference to this, Gladstone once said that it was the cause of the disestablishment of the English church. He explained by saying that the affair drew the attention of the people to the state of affairs and thus "brought the question within the range of practical politics." The dynamiters claim that other beneficial results must follow their present efforts.

Irishmen in the English Army.

It is stated on good authority that the minds of the authorities are just now much exercised respecting the gradual but sure decrease of the English army, and are concerting measures whereby it can be arrested. All told, it appears that the number of Irish non-commissioned officers and men borne on the rolls on the 1st of January of this year amounted only to 31,694, or a proportion per one thousand men to those borne on the establishment of 186. Now, here is a contrast. In 1868 nearly 56,000 Irishmen were in the ranks, and as one scans the list downward of each year from that date the total becomes almost generally less, until the lowest total, already mentioned of this year, is reached. Here are the figures, which speak for themselves:—

1868.	55,583	1877.	39,977
1869.	50,331	1878.	39,121
1870.	47,151	1879.	36,871
1871.	no returns	1880.	38,369
1872.	44,092	1881.	36,872
1873.	42,284	1882.	36,945
1874.	41,124	1883.	36,297
1875.	40,626	1884.	31,694
1876.	39,360		

Under the heading of "religious denominations" a decrease of Roman Catholics is also observable, but in a less marked degree, as the following figures show:—

1868.	51,889	1877.	40,591
1869.	47,484	1878.	41,438
1870.	43,590	1879.	39,713
1871.	42,295	1880.	41,911
1872.	no returns	1881.	41,335
1873.	40,986	1882.	41,091
1874.	39,488	1883.	41,943
1875.	39,727	1884.	47,300
1876.	38,971		

It appears from the same returns that the recruits raised in the various regimental and sub-districts in Ireland last year amounted only to 2,777. Thus — Clonmel, 188; Omagh, 94; Belfast, 341; Armagh, 139; Galway, 153; Birr, 149; Tralee, 329; Naas, 404; Belfast (artillery), 265; Kinsale (do.), 234; Dublin, 481.

Returns are also given of the effective strength of the Irish Militia from 1868 to 1883. These are as follows:—1883, 29,809; 1864, 30,100; 1865, 23,630. There were no trainings from 1866 to 1870. In 1871 the total was 22,216; 1872, 25,118; 1873, 26,868; 1874, 26,974; 1875, 29,021; 1876, 27,186; 1877, 27,196; 1878, 24,353; 1879, 30,281; 1880, 30,515; 1881, 28,866; 1882, 26,607; 1883, 26,673. As the Irish Militia were not inspected during 1881 and 1882 the strength has been taken on the 1st of July of each year.

The Legend of the Palm-Branch.

WHY is this palm-branch the emblem of victory? Why are the martyrs represented with a palm in their hand? There is a pretty legend in answer to these queries.

An angel, as we know, came to visit St. Joseph, and told him to flee into Egypt; therefore, at the cock crow, Joseph, Mary, and the Child Jesus were on their way. Having escaped the soldiers of Herod, they came into a great city. As soon as they entered it all the idls fell down, and the inhabitants, in great terror, began to rush through the streets in all directions. Joseph and Mary were frightened at this wild conduct of the people, and hurried out of the city without taking any provisions with them.

Towards the middle of the day, Mary became very hungry and thirsty, and the Holy Family sat down to rest at the foot of a sycamore tree. Just in front of them was a group of palm-trees loaded with fruit. The Blessed Virgin said: "I would like to eat of those dates if they were within reach."

Joseph arose and tried to shake the tree, but in vain. He then tried to knock down some of the fruit, but his attempts failed. Then he shook his head sadly, and said,—

"They are too high; let us go farther, and we may find some that we can reach."

But Mary was tired out, and she sighed. Then Jesus said: "Palm-tree, beautiful palm, bow down your head and offer your fruits to my Mother."

The palm-tree bowed its head and the Blessed Virgin took as many of the dates as she wanted, and then the tree straightened itself up again, and was covered with more fruit than before. And whilst Mary was eating the dates, the Child Jesus, who was sitting on the ground, made a hole in the sand with his finger, near the roots of the sycamore tree. And when the Blessed Virgin, after having eaten, said, "I am thirsty," she had only to stoop down, for from the hole made by the Child Jesus, there flowed a spring of pure water.

Before setting out to continue their journey, Jesus turned to the palm-tree and said to it,—

"Good palm-tree, I thank thee, and, as a reward for the service thou hast done my Mother, I command my angels to carry one of thy branches into the beautiful Paradise of my Father; and as a sign of my blessing, thou shalt be worn as a crown by those that have conquered for their faith. It shall be said to them: "You have deserved the palm of victory."

So he spoke, and an angel flew around the tree, took a branch of it, and bore it away to heaven.

OUR YOUNG FOLK.

THE WALKING TREES.

CHAPTER I.

LEO'S SECRET.

LEO lived in a country-house with his mamma and papa and brothers and sisters ; and the children had plenty of room to play and make themselves happy in the gardens, and through the lawns, and in the wood behind the house. They were all merry, romping little children ; but Leo was somewhat different from the rest, for he would sometimes grow very quiet, and sit at the window gazing at the sky and the distant landscape, till his nurse would come and shake him up, wondering what he could see so far away.

"I am watching to see if those trees will move," he said one day.

"Of course, they move, you silly boy !" said nurse. "All trees move when the wind blows."

Leo shook his head. That was not what he meant ; but he was quite sure that nurse would never understand him ; so he said no more.

Leo had a secret about these trees, and one day he whispered it fearfully to Patty, his favorite sister.

"Leo," said Patty, "*do* tell me what you see over there, and I'll give you this large piece of sugar-stick."

"I don't care for the sugar-stick," said Leo, gallantly ; "you may keep it for yourself, Patty, and I'll tell you all the same."

"Take half, then," said the little girl, breaking it ; and Leo took half, and, as the two sucked the sugar-stick, with their heads together, Leo's secret came out in a whisper.

"It's those trees over there, Patty," said the boy, pointing with his little finger towards seven tall ash-trees which grew on a ridge of upland against the horizon. They stood at regular intervals in a row, and were crisply defined against the sky, their foliage growing somewhat fantastically, which gave them a wild, unsettled air.

"I see them," said Patty ; "they are quite like the other trees."

"No," said Leo ; "look how shaggy they are, as if they had just come off a long, long journey. And so they have Patty,—*they walk*."

"O Leo, you goose !"

"Very well, Patty, go away and play with the other babies. I am very sorry I took your sugar-stick."

"Sulky puss !" cried Patty, laughing, and danced off to her play again.

But Leo remained sitting at the window, his head on his little hand, gazing over the country at the trees which so puzzled his fancy. Nurse was at her tea, so he was not disturbed, and twilight began to descend on the landscape. He looked so intently for a long time that the seven ashes began to dance before him. But he rubbed his eyes,

and there they stood quite still, "with all their hair on end," as he said to himself, as still as if they had never moved in their lives.

Nevertheless, Leo felt now more sure than ever that they set off every night for a long walk out over the world, and came back before people were up in the morning. They looked exactly like a file of soldiers. "One, two, — one, two!" said Leo, shuffling his feet. "Oh, they won't move while I am looking. How I wish I could sit up a whole night, and then I could catch them!"

Soon after this he had to go to bed, and fell sound asleep thinking about the trees. In the middle of the night he awoke and could not go asleep again, but lay wondering whether the ash-trees were still standing on the upland "with their hair on end." The moonlight was shining faintly in the room, and his little brothers were fast asleep in their cribs round the wall. Leo sat up and looked about him. From the window of the day nursery he knew he could see all he wished to see. Could he venture out of his bed and creep in there without disturbing nurse or any of the children? All the doors were open, and he had often heard nurse declare that she "slept so light the squeak of a mouse would waken her." And the boards in the floor might squeak like a mouse. Well, let her waken and he would tell her all about it. He was not going to do any harm.

The worst she could do would be to go down to papa's study in the morning, and tell him that Master Leo was going mad about the seven trees on the hill, and they had better be cut down before the boy grew up an idiot. Nurse was such an old nurse in the house, and so good when anybody was sick, that Leo knew she could say what she liked. And then his papa would talk to him. *That* would be no trouble at all events: he loved his papa and was not afraid of him. "So here goes!" said Leo, and the little bare feet went pattering across the bedroom floor, and the boards did not squeak, and Leo found himself at the nursery window, his face pressed to the pane, and his heart beating so fast that he could scarcely breathe.

The world outside looked very dim, for the moonshine was not strong enough to light it up. Leo rubbed the pane and made it clear, and looked very hard at the ridge against the horizon. The hill was as bare as the palm of the little boy's hand. The trees were gone!

Leo drew a long breath, rubbed his eyes, and looked again. He gazed around at the other parts of the landscape, but the trees and bushes were all in their places: all were there to be seen — except the seven ash-trees on the upland, which were gone.

"Aha!" said Leo, "I have caught them!" and he felt very much astonished, although he had expected to see just what he had seen: a bare hill and no trees, the trees being away, as he had known, on their midnight ramble. He sat waiting a long time hoping to see them coming back; but at last he got very cold and sleepy, and was glad to creep into his bed. Of one thing, however, he was sure after this, that the trees did walk every night.

He said nothing to any one about this strange discovery, for little boys do not like to be laughed at.

CHAPTER II.

HE GOES OFF WITH THE TREES.

LEO thought more and more about the seven strange ash-trees, and he never ceased wondering where they went and what they saw on their way when they were off on their midnight excursions over the world. At last one night he could not go asleep for thinking, and, growing quite wild with curiosity, he got up and dressed himself, crept down stairs, unlocked the great hall-door, though he did not reach much above the handle, and stepped out, closing it softly behind him. He was so excited at the time that he did not know he was doing a naughty thing. He meant no harm, and thought he would come back very soon after he had seen how the trees got themselves up out of the ground, and had watched them start on their march, and observed where they went to. He flew over the lawns and up and down the smooth green slopes, climbed a bank or two, and soon arrived panting at the foot of the hill where stood the curious trees.

There they were, looking more lively and intelligent than ever. They had not stirred as yet, and it was now about midnight. Leo sat down and watched them a little while, then got impatient and approached a yard or two nearer, stealing gradually up and up the hill, never taking his eyes for a moment from the seven mysterious trunks with their fantastic foliage and arms tossed this way and that way over their heads. After a time he got tired of waiting and went boldly up to the stoutest tree of the seven, which stood in the middle of the row, clasped his arms round the trunk, and laid his little cheek against the bark. He did not know exactly how he ought to speak to a tree, but he wanted to explain that he desired it to be friendly, and allow him to see it set out for its nightly walk. Then he began to examine the tree, and found that right above his head there was a nice, roomy seat among the branches. Without stopping to think he put his foot upon a twig and sprang up into this nest; and there he sat as comfortable as could be with his back against the trunk and his arm around a stout bough at either side.

What was to happen next? He did not know, but was sure something strange was going to take place. He saw his father's house nodding good-by at him from the distant hollow; the stars began to wink at him, and suddenly the moon rolled out from behind the chimneys with a most curious smile, such as he had never seen before upon her face. "Something is coming!" thought little Leo, and he prepared for a shock. Suddenly he heard a peculiar sound which made him think at first that a great wind had begun to blow; but that could not be as the leaves on the tree he sat in had not stirred. He peered backward to where the sound came from and then he saw that the first tree of the row of ashes was swaying about in the air, leaning on this side and that, and dragging its roots a little more and a little more out of the earth at each bend of its trunk. "Hallo!" cried Leo, in great delight, "here it comes! We are going to start!" and he leaned forward and watched eagerly as one after another the seven trees up-

rooted themselves from the ground and stood with their roots spread upon the hill just like claws of gigantic crabs. He felt a very odd sensation when his own tree began to perform in this way; but he held on bravely and was rewarded for his courage when he found himself carried slowly down-hill in the arms of the ash, which closed round him in the most friendly manner. "Hold on, little man!" said a burly voice, that sounded like a puff of wind, and off set the seven ash-trees, marching stoutly in single file across the country.

There was a nice opening in the branches just before Leo, so that he could see out over the world as he was carried along. The moon was so bright that he could see the rivers flowing, and the houses sleeping, and the fields all smiling under their load of growing grain. The walking trees kept out in the open plains as they marched along, for when moving among other trees they were apt to get their branches entangled and torn about, which was doubtless the reason why "their hair stood on end," as Leo had described it to himself. A little of this annoyance they could not avoid, but they kept generally as much as possible on the edges of the forests. When they met with a river running right across their path, they stepped boldly into it and waded to the opposite bank. They crossed several mountains, and passed by numerous towns in the space of half an hour, for they marched as swiftly as any giant in his boots of seven leagues. At last they came to the shores of the sea, and Leo was rather astonished to find that they were going to walk on the ocean. Into it they plunged, however, and floundered along through the waves, passing ships which hailed them through a speaking trumpet. But the trees floated on darkly in the distance without answering the greeting; and Leo was sure the people in the ships must take them for a phantom fleet such as nurse had once told him about, which had been seen by her son, who was a sailor. The trees had passed quite close to the lighthouses, not being, like vessels, afraid of the rocks, and they very good-naturedly stopped to let Leo look in at the lighthouse windows. A lighthouse was a thing about which Leo had often been very curious, and now, while his ash-tree stood on tip-toe on the edge of a rock, the little boy put his face to the pane of the chamber of glass and observed all its arrangements to his fullest satisfaction. He saw first the white and then the red light turn round and glare out over the wide, black desert of the sea, showing the cruel foam glittering round the edges of the fatal rocks. He saw a woman sitting solitary in this lonely chamber of the air, sleeping with her head on her hands. Suddenly she started up and listened. No, it was a calm night; there were no wrecks out there on the ocean; but she caught sight of Leo's little pale face looking in at the window and threw up her hands with a shriek. Leo was sorry for this, for he did not like to frighten her, and he tapped at the window in a friendly manner and called to her through the glass that he was only Leo. She did not understand him, however, but screamed more than ever, and fled out of the lighthouse chamber. "We had better move on, I think," said Leo to the tree, "though I am very sorry, for I should have been glad if she had invited me in. I should not wonder if she took me for the ghost of some poor little drowned boy."

"I daresay she did," said the tree, who had by this time become quite conversable; "but if you like you can call and apologize to her when we are coming back again."

And on they went.

CHAPTER III.

LEO ENTERS THE CLOUDS.

THEY soon reached the opposite shores of the sea, and walked on and on over a beautiful mountainous country which Leo had never seen before. "You are a daring little fellow," said the ash-tree to Leo; "and I am going to show you something which will be new to you." By this time they had reached the top of a very high mountain, so high that the clouds were quite close to them.

"We have now come to the end of our journey for to-night," said the ash-tree; and the seven trees stood still on the mountain ridge in a row and stretched themselves, tossing about their branches and rubbing their little twigs against the sky. "We must stay here and rest awhile and enjoy this air which is good for our health. In the meantime, you, if you like, can climb my upper branches and get into the clouds. I should like to go, too, but I find myself rather clumsy. If you are not very long we will wait till you come back."

Leo was glad to obey, for he certainly had never been in the sky in his life, though he had often wondered within himself at the nursery window whether people on the tops of high mountains could not clamber up into the clouds and go where they pleased. Now he had discovered that this might be done, at least with the help of a walking ash-tree. Right above his head there was a beautiful heap of white, fleecy clouds, one rolled over another like piles of snow, and with the moonlight shining faintly on them, showing their hills and hollows, and the places where a traveller ought to put his feet. Leo climbed to the topmost branch of the tree and made a spring.

Oh! it was like jumping into an open bed of eider-down, and Leo floundered about for several minutes up to his eyes in the soft, melting fleece that swelled about him and rolled over him and parted again, letting him look around him. It was some time before he could make an attempt to get on his feet, but after great struggling he found that he could wade knee deep in the clouds; and even this was something. He noticed that every spot that was a little darker than the rest, as if with shadow, was also a little harder, so that he could step from one of these spots to the other, and thus make his way with great difficulty right up to the top of the great white bank on the edge of the sky.

Here he sat and rested, with his legs dangling over the clear part of the sky, which was like a beautiful dark lake with the moon an island of silver in the middle of it. "This is very pleasant!" thought Leo. "Now if I could only go on an excursion over to the moon, and see what it is made of. It would be the finest fun in the world to walk about in such a beautiful silver place."

This seemed likely to be a very difficult matter, for though the sky had the appearance of a lake and Leo could swim, still he was not at all sure that the lake would prove to be anything like water, or that he should be able to float in it as he could in the tide when he bathed. He might either drop down towards the earth, or fall through somewhere on the other side, and he did not feel comfortable at the thought of doing either. As he was thinking over this and wondering what he could do, he suddenly perceived that the clouds around him were breaking up and taking different shapes, and beginning to separate and float about, as he had often watched them doing from the nursery window at home. He got quite frightened at seeing this, for if the clouds were all going to drift away from under him, he foresaw that in a few moments he would be struggling to shift for himself in the dangerous-looking lake. He looked about anxiously for something to hold on by, and was relieved when he saw one large lump of cloud taking gradually the shape of a man, very like the picture of the genii in the story of the "Fisherman and the Genii" on the shelf in the nursery bookcase. He had a long trailing cloak, very ragged and flimsy at the end, and very much spread out, and he had one arm uplifted, and kept raising it a little higher and a little higher every moment, as if pointing to something in the distance. Leo was by this time in a panic, for the last morsel of the cloud bank was just drifting from under him, and he flung himself on the skirts of the majestic figure, and cried out as well as he was able,—

"Oh! please, sir, will you take me with you wherever you are going?"

"You are very heavy," said the figure, without turning its head. "It would be beneath my dignity to look round at you, so you must tell me what you are, and why you want to come with me."

"I came up from the world," said Leo, still holding on, "and I am very anxious to get over close to the moon. If I could walk about on it for a little while I should go home quite satisfied. I am what is called 'a boy.' You must have seen a good many of me if you ever looked down on the earth."

"I have no time for such idleness," said the cloudman, loftily, and he raised his arm a little higher than before, taking a still more sublime attitude. "The only thing I know about you is that you are heavy. I never stay long in one shape, and I am very easily dragged to pieces. I shall break up very soon, even without your help, and if you hold on to me I shall be scattered all the sooner. However, if you like to take the risk of clinging to me, you may. I have no objection to steer my course right towards the moon for your accommodation; only I cannot answer for what may happen to you if I should chance to split up before we reach our destination."

"All right!" said Leo; "I can't be worse off than I am." And away they went sailing across the sky.

Leo was nestled in the folds of the cloudman's cloak, and he held on as fast as he was able with both his little fists. It was very hard work, for the cloudman was melting and shifting every moment, and pieces of him were coming off continually in Leo's hands. According

as they broke away, Leo grasped at other parts of him, but he did not find it at all a comfortable voyage, and peeped out very anxiously now and again to see if they were coming near the moon. Still his fears did not prevent him for longing for a little news about the cloudman's manner of life.

"Will you kindly tell me something about yourself," he said, "and where you are going, and where you had been before I met you?"

"A few minutes ago I was fast asleep on the edge of the sky," said the cloudman. "One must have a little rest sometimes. I am going now a long way off to meet the sun, who will be arriving by-and-by, and must be properly attended."

"But if you go to pieces so fast," said Leo, "what will there be left of you at the end of so long a journey? I wonder why you don't try to hold yourself together."

The cloudman laughed a hollow sort of laugh, and a large piece of his mantle broke off and floated away in the shape of a bird.

"Heavy creatures like you," he said, "must, of course, be stupid. Can't you understand that I can gather myself up again as fast as I go to pieces? Only it is my nature to keep changing my shape. After I have taken the form of a man for a while, I must dissolve away into a thousand little pieces. When it is time for me to assume the form of anything large again, the bits all come together. Sometimes I am an elephant, sometimes I am a dog, often a flock of birds, and it has also been said that I looked very like a whale."

"I have heard of that certainly," said Leo.

At this moment a slight film came between them and the moon. Leo looked up quickly and saw the figure of a beautiful woman hanging in the air close by, with one hand extended, as if to say, "hush!" while she gazed down watchfully towards the earth. The moon shone on her face, which was very lovely, and on the dark veil which was drawn over her head and covered her brow. Her garments were dark and guaze-like, and were folded closely round her figure. A little animal was carried under one arm, and its nose peeped forth at Leo, who could not make out whether it was a mouse or a squirrel. She looked so beautiful and peaceful that Leo gazed at her in delight.

"Who is she?" asked Leo of the cloudman.

"She? Why, she is an hour, to be sure?" said the cloudman.

"An hour!" repeated Leo, amazed.

"Yes, she is the Third Hour of the night," said the cloudman.

"Well, that is wonderful!" said Leo. "I always knew there were hours, you know, twelve in the day and twelve in the night, but I never knew that they were flying about in the sky like this, so that a person could see them."

"There is many a thing you don't know," said the cloudman.

"Tell me some more," said Leo. "What is she doing there? She looks as if she was watching something."

"So she is," said the cloudman. "She is watching the flight of Time and keeping note of him."

"Oh!" cried Leo, "how extraordinary! And can she see Time, really — and what is he like?"

"I can't tell you what he is like," said the cloudman. "I never saw him, and neither can you, but it's different with her. She keeps her eye on him, and that's what she's there for. If she lost sight of him for a moment the whole world could not catch him again. And then there would be confusion for you."

"Does she stay there forever?" asked Leo, looking back at her admiringly, as they floated far away and left her.

"Only for as long as herself," answered the cloudman. "Did I not tell you she was an hour? When she is worn out she will begin to fade, and if you were beside her, then you would see her vanish like a light that is blown out. And then there is another one in her place. Perhaps you may meet the Fourth Hour. But, hallo! you had better look out for yourself, for I am going to pieces!"

Indeed the cloudman had been breaking up rapidly during the last few minutes. Pieces of him, large and small, had floated off every second in the shape of little animals, shells, flowers, and wisps of hay; and now he suddenly split up the back, and one part of him turned into the bough of a tree, while the other became a church steeple, and both glided away. Nothing was left stationary but his arm, which had grown wonderfully large, and now changed into a little boat with a silver prow. Leo had just time to jump from the branch into the boat, before it also began to float away quite in the opposite direction from the moon.

"Well!" said Leo, "I am in for adventures it seems, so I may as well make the best of it. If I don't get to the moon, I suppose I shall come to some other place. If the boat will only hold me till I reach something else!"

Away scudded the boat as if a puff of wind had impelled it; when, to Leo's horror, he found the bottom give way, and his two legs went right through and hung downwards in the air. He now expected nothing but to tumble down through the air, and got dizzy at the thought, when suddenly he saw right before him a figure, which he guessed at once to be the Fourth Hour of the night. She was even a more beautiful creature than the other, her dress was lighter and more silvery, her veil was thrown back, and her hair was rippling like gold over her shoulders in the moonlight. Her gaze was not so fixed, her face was more smiling than that of the other hour he had seen; and she carried an eagle with folded wings on one of her snow-white arms.

Leo had just time to spring towards her, and lay hold of one of her shining white feet before the last fragment of his boat melted to powder and drifted away like a shower of sleet across the sky.

"Oh, save me, dear lady!" cried Leo, delighted to find that she kept quite steady and was not dragged down by his weight. "Save me, and I will bless the hour!" Leo had often heard people blessing the hour when things happen to them, and he kept on saying, "I will bless the hour — I will bless THE HOUR!"

"What is this that is dragging at me?" said the Hour, in a silvery

voice. "It must be either grief, or idleness, or guilt, for only one of these three could make an hour so intolerably heavy."

"I hope she won't kick me off," cried Leo. "Oh, madam! I am neither grief, nor idleness, nor guilt, I can assure you. Oh, do take pity on me and leave me on a lump of cloud somewhere, if not on the moon; or else I shall tumble down on the earth and be killed."

"Do I know you at all?" asked the Hour. "Oh, I can see a face looking up at me now! Are you not one of those little cherubs that are in pictures? I think I knew you in the gallery where I am hanging on the wall the best part of my time."

"No," said Leo, humbly, "I am not a cherub, though I have seen those you speak of, leaning over the edge of a cloud. I wish indeed I were one of them, for they have got only heads and wings, and can live in the skies. It is my great heavy body and my arms and legs that weigh me down. I am sorry to say you don't know me at all, for I am always asleep in my crib at this hour of night—I beg your pardon, madam, I mean while you are flying about this way watching the time."

"It is very odd," said the Hour. "I never knew the like of it before; but then I only live the length of myself once in every journey that the sun makes round the world; so my experience of things in general is not very great. Get on my eagle's back, little face, and he will carry you as far as the Dawn, where you will be sure to find some pretty solid clouds for a while."

The eagle at once dropped from her arm and Leo found himself astride on its back in a twinkling.

"Make haste to return," cried the Hour to the eagle, "for my time is nearly up."

And off flew the eagle, with Leo on its back, far away from the moon, which had grown very dim by this time and had fallen quite down to one side of the sky.

CHAPTER IV.

HE ARRIVES AT THE GATES OF SUNRISE.

THE eagle flew so swiftly across the sky that Leo quite lost his breath. He was just able to gasp out, "What in the world are you," and the eagle to answer, "I am only a Moment," before the journey was at an end, and the little boy was lying in a heap of clouds so deep and solid that it seemed pretty sure they would be a resting-place for him for a considerable time to come. It was well he was safe, for Leo had lost his senses from the rapidity of his voyage, and lay for a long time quite unconscious among the clouds.

When he recovered, he found that the whole scene had changed. He sat up and looked around, and saw the moon had disappeared, and the dark lake in which the clouds were floating had turned grey. There was a pale light over every thing, and Leo said to himself, "I suppose it is morning."

He soon saw that there was a great bustle going on in the sky,

and turning his eyes to the east beheld the most wonderful sight he had ever looked upon. One magnificent pillar of a great gate was already standing, and the other was getting quickly built. He could not see who was building it or where it was coming from, but it was rising and growing before his eyes, and in a few moments it was complete. This gate was made of gigantic pearls mingled with diamonds and other precious stones, and silver palm trees stood behind each pillar spreading their wide and delicate leaves above it. The bars of the gate were of gold, and it was shut. Outside the gate a crowd of countless figures were pressing towards it. Some knelt in groups together with their arms interlaced, some stood still with their faces raised and their hands clasped. Some lay flat on their faces, and others had their arms outstretched to the gate, and numbers kept moving and shifting and changing their positions every instant.

"What *can* they be expecting?" thought Leo. "Something will come out of that gate, I dare say, and I shall see it, if the clouds will only keep steady long enough. Oh, I hope they will. I want so much to see what will come out."

The clouds seemed quite firm and quiet just at present; so Leo got his chin well up above the highest lump and kept gazing with all his might at the gate.

Suddenly all the assembled crowd of people began to blush greatly as it seemed to Leo. Their faces got very red, and their arms and hands, and presently their very clothes got red. They nearly all wore some kind of long skirts, or trains, or mantles, and, wonderful to tell, these draperies all turned as red as their faces!

"Well," said Leo, "I have often seen people getting red in the face, but I never knew that clothes could blush before."

Redder and redder the people grew, however, and then Leo looked at the gate, which was also now glowing in the most beautiful crimson light. The precious stones flashed, and the palm-trees twinkled and Leo could scarcely look at them they were so dazzlingly bright. Then he glanced back at the crowd of people. Some were falling on their knees and others were springing up. Some dropped back and sank away as if they had died or fainted, and some stood up on the shoulders of others waving banners which turned to gold as they raised them. At the same time he noticed that the people were differently dressed from what they had been. At first they had been all robed in silver grey; after the blushing began they had seemed to be clad in rose-color; but now many of them had got mantles of the most gorgeous purple dye and also headdresses of gold. He began now to distinguish the people better, and saw kings and queens and knights and beautiful ladies and little children. Some of them carried gold baskets full of fruit and flowers upon their heads, some strewed gold and precious stones over the sky, and some kept waving draperies and long branches of palm. There were also very poor-looking people among the crowd, a good many with crutches, with tied-up heads and legs, and hands outstretched as if for alms; but even these had a dash of gold about them somewhere, so that they looked very magnificent for beggars, and not at all like those whom you see on the earth. Away

behind the crowd Leo fancied he saw gilded towers shining, and beautiful woods of golden trees, and the shimmering of many colors as if they were gardens and orchards and tawny meadows in the distance.

"I suppose," said Leo to himself, "that is where these wonderful people live. What a curious place this sky-country is? Now, if I could only know what it is that they have all come out to look at."

He turned once more to the gate, and was just in time to see it part slowly, slowly, till it stood wide open, and the next instant a river of gold poured out through the opening and flooded the sky. It did not seem to hurt or wet the people, though it flowed just like water, but it sprinkled them all over with golden spray, so that they glittered a thousand times more than they had glittered before. Then figures began to march slowly through the gate. First, came ten splendid purple giants waving gold banners, next twelve crimson knights blowing golden bugles, then twenty tiny gold and silver dwarfs, rolling and frolicking and tumbling head over heels as they came along. After these walked a hundred silver virgins with lamps in their hands burning with an orange flame, and following these, a thousand fiery youths swinging censers. Then came a leash of wild horses, snow-white, with golden manes and scarlet hoofs, and a little cherub with wings, holding them all in his hand by a silver thread. A team of purple oxen came next with gilded horns and their necks wreathed with flowers, and a fool in a scarlet cap and jingling bells dragging them along. Then came an enormous wagon of golden hay, drawn by butterflies as large as ships in full sail, and another of fruit borne by snails as large as horses. Last of all came twenty thousand golden guards with lances glittering and silver shields. And then there was a pause. The dazzling procession which had poured through the gate marched across the sky, broke up, and dispersed, the new arrivals mingling with the crowd outside the gate. The gate grew brighter and brighter, the opening behind it began to burn with so red a gold that Leo's eyes ached, and he had to cover them with his hand. When he was able to look again, he saw the most curious sight.

"The sun! the sun!" cried Leo, as an enormous ball of fire rolled slowly through the gate. "A ball of fire!" thought Leo, as he peered at it cautiously between his fingers. "Yes, but is it not certainly something more besides that? It is a face, a fiery face, and I declare it walks upon legs!"

And so it did, indeed. There were two slender black legs like those of a spider straying down to the ground from under the sun's red face, and there were little arms of the same description, which flourished about. As he walked in through the gate, Leo noticed a whole circle of long golden spears which were ranged all round the sun with the points outward. They appeared short at first, but shot suddenly out all over the sky, and Leo got a little stab from them in one of his eyes which shut it up completely. He covered that eye with his hand and made the best use he could of his other trying to save it from the spears while he watched the movements of the sun.

The sun had curious little round eyes and a wide mouth, and as he rolled his face from side to side he grinned broadly, and Leo saw that

it was this grin of his which shed the bright light all over the sky and poured down what we call sunshine on the earth. As Leo was observing this, the sun caught sight of his little head peeping out of the clouds and winked at him. The violence of the wink quite blinded Leo's second eye, and just as the sun marched away across the sky on his spider legs among the crowds of his attendants, the little boy fell back into the clouds, unable to see anything more.

To be Continued.

GOOD NATURE.

LITTLE boys and girls, get this story by heart, and practice in your lives the virtue which it inculcates, and when you meet a little maimed friend think of lame Jimmie.

A few days ago, I was passing through Independence Square, where some boys were playing at base ball. Among their number was a little lame fellow, seemingly about twelve years old, a pale, sickly-looking child, supported on two crutches, and who evidently found much difficulty in walking even with such assistance.

The lame boy wished to join in the game; for he did not seem to see how much his infirmity would be in his own way, and how much it would hinder the progress of so active a sport as base ball.

His companions, very good-naturedly, tried to persuade him to stand at one side and let another take his place, and I was glad to notice that none of them hinted that he would be in the way, but they all objected for fear he would hurt himself.

"Why, Jimmy," said one at last, "you can't run, you know."

"Oh, hush!" said another, the tallest boy in the party; "never mind, I'll run for him," and he took his place by Jimmie's side, prepared to act. "If you were like him," he said aside to the other boys, "you wouldn't want to be told of it all the time."

As I passed on, I thought to myself that there was a true little gentleman.

A SHARP boy had purchased for his amusement a magpie, which he carried to his father's house, and was at the door feeding it when a gentleman in the neighborhood, who had an impediment in his speech, coming up, said, "T—T—T—Tom, can your magpie t—t—talk?" "Ay, sir," says the boy, "better than you, or I'd ring his head off."

Useful Knowledge.

PREVENTIVE OF COLD FEET.—Let a layer of curled hair be basted to a cloth and slipped in the stocking; the hair touching the soles of the feet, will titillate the skin and draw the blood thither. The hair conducts the moisture from the feet to the woollen cloth; and thus keeps them dry. These hair soles should be placed before the fire at night so as to be thoroughly dried by the morning. Cork soles absorb moisture from the shoe and from the feet also, and require several days to be thoroughly dried.

GERMAN TREATMENT OF DIPHTHERIA.—A new German remedy for diphtheria—turpentine—appears to find advocates. Children take one teaspoonful morning and night, adults a tablespoonful; in children tepid milk is given after it, and it might also be mixed with the same. Half an hour after the administration of the drug a bright redness begins to spread from the margin of the diphtheritic exudation, and this redness becomes generally diffused over and takes the place of the false membrane, and the disease is said to disappear within twenty-four hours without leaving the slightest trace. While this remarkable effect is said to be invariably met with when the remedy is made use of at the very commencement of the disease, those who recommend it so highly, assert that it is also successful, only less rapidly, in cases that have already progressed for several days.

MANNERS AT THE TABLE.—Smacking the lips when eating, making needless and unpleasant sounds with the mouth at the table, is contrary to all rules, and exceedingly ill-bred and disagreeable. It is ill-mannered anywhere, but at the table so offensive as to destroy all comfort. Reaching across the table, helping one's self with one's own knife and fork are among the improprieties that can hardly be excused in good society. Adjusting the hair, cleaning or cutting the nails, spitting, or blowing the nose, are all very objectionable in company—but far more vulgar at the table than any where else. Whispering at the table is offensive—disrespectful alike to the host and hostess and their guests, if there are any. Let the conversation be general, and as far as

possible of a nature to interest all. If, from the forced seclusion incident to ill-health, or from natural diffidence, one is disinclined to bear a part of the conversation, it is but showing suitable respect to those who are talking to be at least an attentive listener. It is rude to sit silent, if one does not by an attentive manner show that the conversation is followed and fully appreciated. Yawning and restlessness during the conversation are very disrespectful.

FIRE-LIGHTING.—Nothing is a greater inconvenience than for a fire not to burn when lighted. The following is an infallible mode:—Get from ten to twenty pieces of newspaper the size of the hand; press each so as to make a soft lump; clean out the grate thoroughly, leaving very few cinders; put the lumps of paper at the bottom of the grate, only one lump deep; place five pieces of fire-wood on the paper the eighth of an inch apart, parallel to each other and pointing from right to left; on them place five more pieces, but pointing from back to front; put on small pieces of coal gently, without disturbing the wood. A few cinders mixed with the coal are an improvement, but the coal should predominate. To those who have often been vexed with failure, the effect will seem almost magical; a fierce body of flame will speedily make a good fire.

For genuine Irish stew, the following has always given satisfaction:—Two pounds of mutton from the neck or loin; two pounds of potatoes peeled and cut in halves; half a pound of onions peeled and sliced. Put a layer of potatoes in the bottom of the stew-pan; then some of the mutton and onions; then another layer of potatoes and mutton and onions, and repeat this until all the mutton and vegetables are used. Add one and a half teaspoonfuls of salt, a small teaspoonful of white pepper, three gills of broth or gravy, and two teaspoonfuls of mushroom catsup. Cover the stewpan very closely so as to prevent the steam from escaping, and stew for an hour and a half on a very slow fire. A small slice of ham is a great addition. Great care must be taken to prevent burning. The hour and a half must be reckoned from the time the stewing begins.

The Humorist.

CONTEMPT OF COURT—The way the old man feels when his daughter's lover lingers into the small hours.

A DOCTOR and lawyer met. What one word may the lawyer use to express that fact? Metaphysician (met-a-physician.) They met again. What other word will express that fact? Metaphor (met-a-fore.)

"DOCTOR, my daughter seems to be getting blind, and she is just getting ready for her wedding. What will she do?" "Let her go on by all means; if anything can open her eyes, marriage can."

"WHAT is economy?" We'll tell you. It is paying ten cents for a cigar and compelling your wife to turn her last season's dress to make it do for another winter. The country is fairly bulging with such economy.

MISS BITTERLIP poked her bachelor friend Oldpump in the ribs with her umbrella and said: "Do you believe in woman's rights?" "Yes," he answered, "and I love to celebrate them." "Celebrate them! What do you mean?" "I mean her funeral rites."

A HATTER sees one of his debtors pass him by in the street without any recognition of his existence, and straightway becomes as mad as—as a hatter. "Curse the fellow," he says, "he might, when I bowed to him, have, at least, had the decency to lift *my* hat."

"SIR, can you give a poor man a quarter?"—"Why are you asking for alms, my man?"—"I have just come from Spain, sir; I am an earthquake sufferer."—"But you are not a Spaniard; you speak good English."—"Oh, as to that, I speak Spanish, but since the earthquakes my Spanish is so broken that I am ashamed to converse in it."

Professor: "Why does a duck put his head under water?" *Pupil:* "For divers reasons." *Professor:* "Why does he go on land?" *Pupil:* "For sundry reasons." *Professor:* "Next, you may tell us why a duck puts his head under water." *Second Pupil:* "To liquidate his bill." *Professor:* "And why does he go on land?" *Second Pupil:* "To make a run on the bank."

A SCOTCH peddler, without the remotest intention on his part of getting into a quarrel or fight with any man, put up (with his pack) for the night at a country ale-house on the borders of Wales, where, as the fates would have it, he found in the kitchen of the inn a motley assemblage of not the most desirable companions, and among the rest a Welshman, whose aim from the very first seemed to be to fight the Scotchman, who tried to get rid of him in the quietest way possible, and told him that "he did not want to fight." This only excited to a still higher pitch the bravado of the Welshman, and he told the Scotchman that he would make him fight. "Well," said Sawney, "if I must fight, let me say my prayers before I fight," which the Welshman conceding, the Scotchman fell upon his knees, and implored his Maker to pardon him for "two men he had already killed and for the one that was about to dee." On the Scotchman rising from his knees, he found that the Welshman had disappeared.

AN English clergyman and a Lowland Scotsman visited a school in Aberdeen. They were strangers, but the master received them civilly, and inquired, "Would you prefer that I should speer these boys, or that you should speer them yourselves?" The English clergyman, having ascertained that to "speer" meant to question, desired the master to proceed. He did so with great success, and the boys answered satisfactorily numerous interrogations as to the exodus of the Israelites from Egypt. The clergyman then said he would be glad in his turn to "speer" the boys, and he at once began. "How did Pharoah die?" There was a dead silence. In this dilemma the Lowland gentleman interposed: "I think, sir, the boys are not accustomed to your English accent; let me try what I can make out of them." And he inquired, in his broad Scotch, "Hoo did Phawroah dee?" Again there was a dead silence, upon which the master said: "I think, gentlemen, you can't speer these boys; I'll show you how I do it." And he proceeded. "Fat cam to Phawroah at his hinder end?" The boys answered promptly, "He was drowned"; and, in addition, a smart little fellow commented: "Only lassie could hae told you that."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, APRIL, 1885.

Notes on Current Topics.

THE Boston Charitable Irish Society will celebrate its one hundred and forty-eighth anniversary at Parker's, on the evening of the 17th.

THE LATE REV. DR. CAHILL. — The respect shown to the remains of the late Dr. Cahill, in Boston and New York, was creditable to all concerned. The multitudes which lined the streets for miles, and the crowd in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, was an evidence that the Irish people, after twenty years, had not forgotten the services rendered to country and creed by the great D.D.

WORKING BOYS' HOME. — A lecture and concert will be given in Tremont Temple on the evening of the 17th, in aid of this excellent institution.

THE CHARITY BALL, in aid of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children was a great success. \$3,500 will be realized.

THE MONTGOMERY LIGHT GUARDS Veteran Association, numbering more than one hundred, celebrated their twentieth Anniversary by a dinner at the Quincy House, night of February 16. It was a very enjoyable affair, and reflected much credit upon all concerned.

ALEXANDER SULLIVAN, late president of the Land League, was to have a seat

in Blaine's Cabinet in the event of that gentleman's election to the presidency.

YSEULT DUDLEY is the name of the woman who shot O'Donovan Rossa. Some say she is insane. But there is method in her madness.

AT A MEETING of the Irish Societies of Boston it was decided *not* to parade on the 17th of March. The following are the officers for the ensuing year: — President, Edward Riley; Vice-President, Michael Donahoe; Secretary, T. J. Murphy; Assistant Secretary, P. H. Grady; Treasurer, John McCaffrey; Sergeant-at-arms, M. H. Rowen.

ACCORDING to the secretary of the Country Brewers' Society, the English spend £136,000,000 (\$680,000,000) every year upon liquor.

IN London alone there are reckoned 700,000 Irish, in Liverpool 200,000, and in Glasgow 170,000.

THE SORT OF DYNAMITE THAT SCARED THE KNOW-NOTHINGS. — The late Eugene Casserly, was born in Ireland, but educated in New York, where he edited the *Fireman's Journal*, in that city in 1844. Shortly after the Know-nothing riots in Philadelphia, it was feared that there would be a repetition of the scenes in New York. A meeting was to be

held for that purpose, in the City Hall Park. The *Journal* for the week had been issued. But Mr. Casserly issued an extra in which he told Mayor Harper, that no such scenes as disgraced Philadelphia would be allowed in New York. That the first attack on a Catholic Church would be the signal to fire the city in a thousand places; and Mayor Harper (K. N.) was told to look to the protection of the property of the citizens of all classes and creeds alike. The announcement struck terror into the hearts of the Know-nothings. No meeting was held and New York was saved the humiliation and disgrace of the scenes enacted in a neighboring city. Mr. Casserly some time afterwards removed to San Francisco and was elected to the Senate of the United States, which position he held for four years, and was obliged on account of ill health to resign. His death occurred on the 14th of June, 1883.

CATHOLIC CLUB.—There has been established in Boston, within a few months, a Catholic Club, which gave its first dinner on the evening of Feb. 16, at the Quincy House. The dinner was one of the best we ever sat down to. The speeches, recitations and songs were very enjoyable. The speeches of the president, Mr. Thomas Hamilton Murray, and Father McKenna were particularly so. Long live the club!

THEY had an Irish-American Mayor in New York over one hundred years ago — JAMES DUANE.

DAVITT.—When Mr. Davitt arrived in Rome, and went to a hotel much frequented by English, so much feeling was shown by them that the landlord requested him to take his meals in his own room. He refused, and went to another hotel. He has since been present in a prominent place in the Sixtine Chapel during the Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of Pius IX., for which tickets are very scantily given, and received much attention from one of the Pope's Chamberlains. The *Dublin Freeman* remarks:

“Some Tory writers are trying to make political capital out of a story that English visitors, at the hotel in Rome in which Mr. Michael Davitt had found accommodation, refused to sit at table with the Irish patriot, and that at the suggestion of the proprietor Mr. Davitt had changed his quarters. Of course there is not a scintilla of truth in the report. Mr. Davitt is not the man to yield to insolence when exhibited, and the statement that he left the hotel disproves the allegation as to the cause.

GOOD!—Wife-beating is coming to be so common a crime, that public opinion seems to demand a punishment adequate to so infamous an offence. The “whipping-post,” of our ancestors seems to be again coming into favor. In the Pennsylvania Senate, quite recently, by a vote of thirty-two yeas to ten nays, a bill to inflict that mode of *corporal* punishment on wife-beaters was placed on the calendar.

BETTER!—On the 31st of January, in the City of Dublin, Ireland, the will of one Mr. Jas. Gorman, spirit dealer, was sustained by the court. He leaves about \$1,500,000 to various Catholic churches. Gorman told Cardinal McCabe that as he had derived his fortune from the hard earnings of the poor, he felt that he was their trustee, and to the poor should it mainly return.

THERE can be no sympathy with England in her Egyptian expeditions. What right has she to enter that territory at all? Her first encroachment was made to protect a pack of London bond-holders who held possession of Egyptian finance and had taxed the people to death. One encroachment has led to another, and the people are simply in arms for their liberty and for national authority. Americans ought to sympathize decidedly with the Mahdi.

TIT FOR TAT!—The *Irish Tribune*, published at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, has started a fund for the purpose of relieving the distress, suffered by Irishmen who have been dismissed by their English employers, as a result of the prejudice incident to the recent dynamite explosions. It further suggests that another fund be started by some contempo-

rary in Dublin for a similar purpose there, and also that a system of boycotting be established throughout Ireland against Englishmen of all classes.

THE GENTLER SEX PREDOMINATE.—

In New Orleans, in a population of 230,000 there are seven white women to every six white men, and four female to three male negroes. This is the largest excess of female population of any city in the Union, not even excepting Boston. The death rate is very favorable to the gentler sex. For the first half of January the deaths were, males, 186; females, 103. So it seems that in this remarkable city nine males die for every two females, and the death rate for the men is forty-six per thousand and for the women twenty-one. If nothing occurs to disturb this proportion, in twenty years New Orleans will have two women for every man, and in a generation men will be so scarce that they will be too highly prized as ornaments to be of much service in the useful walks of life.

ENGLAND seems to think that there is just as much morality in dynamite as in gunpowder. About a year ago a British schooner, of sloop of war, was sailing up one of the rivers in New Guinea on an exploring expedition. The natives came out in boats to oppose the further progress of the vessel. A medicine chest filled with dynamite and gunpowder was thrown into the river with a lighted fuse attached to it. It drifted in among the boats, an explosion ensued, and between sixty and one hundred of the natives were killed.

ATHEISM AND ANARCHY ABROAD AND AT HOME.—Mr. Joseph Cook in a recent lecture in Boston said: "The Irish suffer, perhaps, as much as any part of the population of Europe; but they are not atheists, they are not immoral. Compared with other nations, the Irish preserve a very high degree of social purity. It is not to be said that calumny in regard to famine and low wages brings on atheism: for, if this were so, we should find the Irish as atheistic as people in the centre of Europe. There were only seventeen suicides in a million deaths in the last few years in Ireland; in Scotland there were 34; in England and Wales, 69. But in Prussia there were 152, in France 160, and in Saxony 338. In Saxony the proportion of mar-

riages to the population is astoundingly low."

MR. R. V. McDONALD, lately the popular and widely-known salesman of the firm of John & J. Dobson, has accepted a position from H. A. Hartley & Co., 95 to 105 Washington Street, and will be pleased to have any of his friends call and inspect the magnificent stock of carpets and rugs in that establishment.

"How shall America honor Columbus?" is the question asked in the *N. Y. Independent* by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop. "By accepting the faith that Columbus brought to America," answers the *Catholic Review*.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH in the United States now has 1 cardinal, 11 archbishops, 63 bishops, one prefect apostolic, 6 mitred abbots, 7,443 priests, 1,597 candidates for the priesthood, 6,626 churches, 907 chapels, 1895 stations, 35 theological seminaries, 83 colleges, 581 academies (that is to say, high schools, for girls), 2,464 parochial schools with 460,511 pupils, 272 asylums of various sorts and 154 hospitals.

BENEFITS OF CATHOLIC COLONIZATION.—The Rev. Father Riordan, the chaplain appointed to take care of his countrymen and fellow religionists at Castle Garden, attended the Plenary Council at Baltimore, and was a delegate to the Irish Catholic Colonization Association which met there. He said recently: "Through the efforts of Bishops Ireland, Spalding and O'Connor, the stock of \$100,000 has been taken to the extent of \$83,000. With this we have purchased 32,000 acres of land in Nebraska, Minnesota and Arkansas. Two hundred Irish Catholic families have settled in Greely County, Neb., and the population has increased from 400 to 3,000. I have established here a mission of the Rosary for the benefit of the emigrants, and I hope to build a home designed particularly for young girls."

DURING the recent severe cold weather, for the first time in many years, Lake Michigan, from Milwaukee to Grand Haven, was frozen solid from shore to shore, a distance of eighty miles at the narrowest point. In other directions the

body of the lake for hundreds of miles was covered with continuous fields of ice. Where jams occurred, the accumulated ice was reared up in the air to a height of fifty and sixty feet, and the ice ranged from one to thirty feet in thickness on the eastern shore.

GROVER CLEVELAND was inaugurated to preside over the destinies of the United States on the 4th of March, amid the booming of cannon, bristling of bayonets, and other demonstrations of joy and gladness. *Deo Gratias.*

THE BIRTHDAY OF ROBERT EMMET (107th), the martyr to Irish liberty, was celebrated on the 4th of March in various parts of the country. In Boston, there was a meeting in Faneuil Hall, at which Rev. Fr. McKenna, of Hudson, Hon. Thomas Riley, and others, made eloquent addresses. Emmet was executed on the 20th of September, 1803.

WORKINGMEN'S EXHIBITION. — There is to be an exhibition in Dublin of work done by Irish artisans; not for employers but for themselves. Former Dublin exhibitions gave, no doubt, a certain impetus to Irish manufacture, and thus did good to large houses employing many hands. The coming exhibition is to aim more at bringing forward the skill of individual workmen — an honorable attempt to win success, at the head of which, we observe, is the Lord Mayor of Dublin.

\$450,000 has been already subscribed towards the erection of the American Catholic University. Eugene Kelly and George Drexel have subscribed \$50,000 each to the American Catholic University. The committee named to select a site are Archbishops Gibbons and Corrigan, and Bishop Spalding. It is probable that Washington will be chosen. The name of the bishop of Peoria is mentioned in connection with the rectorship of the new university; but it is probable that the lot will fall on Father Hogan, now president of St. John's Theological Seminary, Boston. St. George Mivart will occupy the chair of science in the new university.

WORDS TO BE REMEMBERED. — "If the head of each Catholic family will recognize it as his privilege and his duty to contribute towards supporting the Catholic press, by subscribing for one or more Catholic periodicals, and keeping himself well-acquainted with the information they impart, then the Catholic press will be sure to attain its rightful development and to accomplish its destined mission." — *Pastoral Letter of the Plenary Council.*

THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS' IMMIGRATION. — Henry J. Jackson, of Castle Garden, New York, furnishes a table showing the numbers and nationalities of alien passengers who arrived at the port of New York from May 5, 1847, to January 1, 1885, to have been 7,852,102. Of this number 2,319,900 came from Ireland, 3,015,676 from Germany, 948,788 from England, 217,292 from Scotland, and 139,450 from France. During the past year there arrived at New York 322,781; Baltimore, 30,740; Boston; 31,491; Gloucester, 20,418; Pensacola, 19,064.

THE Seventeenth Annual Convention of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union will assemble in the City of Brooklyn on Wednesday, the ninth day of September, 1885.

THERE is an Irishman in the employ of the Singer Manufacturing Company, in New York city, whose height is seven feet eight inches. His name is McCarthy and he claims to be a lineal descendant of the historic McCarthy More.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND LADY, are said to be about to visit Ireland. The *Dublin Freeman's Journal* says: "We trust that the Prince and the Princess will be received by our countrymen with respect and cordiality; but if the Lord Lieutenant, Earl Spencer, expects or believes that the visit of their Royal Highnesses will augment his power in a political sense he is greatly mistaken. In fact, if that is the use the Earl wishes to put their visit to, they had better stay away."

WE are indebted to our kind friends of the *Irish American* for the portraits of Archbishop Gibbon and the late Dr. Cahill.

DUBLIN CASTLE.—We give entire, in this issue, the able article of Justin McCarthy, M. P.

OBSCENE SHOWBILLS.—A contemporary well remarks: Cannot some law be procured for the protection of the public morals,—especially those of our young people, in the matter of indecent play bills on the walls of every city and town, calling attention to some theatrical performance? Almost all of them convey the lesson of the use of the bludgeon, knife, revolver, or rifle. But it is much worse when they unblushingly parade representations of immodest women. Society should certainly have the means of protecting itself against this base school of indecency and shameless immorality.

CARDINAL McCABE.—*Dublin Freeman's Journal*: Cardinal MacCabe was above all things else a priest. Never interested in social affairs beyond what affected his own clerical ambit, and with little concern for politics, he silently worked among the flock with whose spiritual welfare he was charged, bringing to that field all the spirit and zeal of a more than ordinarily energetic nature. This was the broad and chief characteristic of his years of laborious industry as a curate and parish priest in the city, as parish priest of Kingstown, and not less so as coadjutor Bishop to his eminent predecessor in the purple.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S CABINET.—*Secretary of State*, THOMAS F. BAYARD, of Delaware.

Secretary of the Treasury, DANIEL MANNING, of New York.

Secretary of War, WILLIAM C. ENDICOTT, of Massachusetts.

Secretary of the Navy, WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, of New York.

Secretary of the Interior, L. Q. C. LAMAR, of Mississippi.

Postmaster-general, WILLIAM F. VILAS, of Wisconsin.

Attorney-general, A. H. GARLAND, of Arkansas.

REMEMBER TO KEEP HOLY THE LORD'S DAY.—The Pastoral Letter says: "There is one way of profaning the Lord's Day

which is so prolific of evil results that we consider it our duty to utter against it a special condemnation. This is the practice of selling beer or other liquors on Sunday, or of frequenting places where they are sold. This practice tends more than any other to turn the day of the Lord into a day of dissipation, to use it as an occasion for breeding intemperance. While we hope the Sunday laws on this point will not be relaxed, but even more rigidly enforced, we implore all Catholics, for the love of God and country, never to take part in such Sunday traffic nor to patronize or countenance it."

PASSAGE TICKETS from Ireland are now \$13; from Germany, \$10; to Chicago, from Germany, \$11. These are the lowest rates ever reached. Tickets for sale by Mr. Donahoe.

VICAR CAPITULAR OF DUBLIN.—*Catholic Review*: The Chapter of Dublin has chosen as Vicar-Capitular, *Sede Vacante*, the Very Rev. Canon William J. Walsh, S. T. D., President of Maynooth College, by a vote of 20 to 4, and they indicate the probabilities that at the diocesan scrutiny at which the parish priests and canons will vote for three names, Dr. Walsh's will head the *terna* as *dignissimus*; that is, in the opinion of the nominators, "the most worthy" to be the future Archbishop of Dublin. The Holy See, of course, may or may not, in its supreme wisdom, act upon that suggestion. If it should, there is no doubt in the minds of those familiar with Dr. Walsh's character and record that it would choose a great prelate, in whose hands the very best interest of the Church, the State, and the people, would be respected, preserved and advanced.

United Ireland, edited by William O'Brien, M. P., is the organ of the Irish Parliamentary Party. It speaks plainly on the late explosions. It denounces the recent dynamite outrages in London as the work of men who pretend to believe that they can serve Ireland by carrying on a campaign against stone walls and stained glass. The whole thing, the same paper says, is ridiculous and it is difficult to believe that any sane Irishman can take part in those childish and criminal designs, for the mere purpose of irritating the English people without in any wise injuring the English Government.

THE BENEDICTINES.—On February 11th, the Rev. Father James Zilliox, D. D., O.S.B., and the Rev. Father Oswald Measmuller were chosen respectively, by the Benedictines, at Newark, N. J., abbots of St. Mary's Abbey, Newark, N. J., and St. Mary's Help of Christians, Gaston County, N. C. The Holy See recently created the two abbeys, and the monks were summoned by Arch-Abbot Wimmir to hold the elections in accordance with the sacred canons and the rules of the Benedictine Order. Arch-Abbot Wimmir presided. The Abbot elect of Newark is a native of that city. His father is a tailor. Abbot Zilliox is only thirty-five years old, and is the youngest Abbot in the world. The Abbot of North Carolina is now stationed in Savannah, and is a member of the Council of Bishop Gross. He is fifty-three years old, and a native of Bavaria. Both of the Abbots-elect were formerly Priors in St. Vincent's Monastery.

ROME AND IRELAND.—His Grace the Primate of All Ireland, and many of the other Irish Bishops, allude in their Lenten pastorals to their approaching visit to Rome. The Most Rev. Dr. McGettigan says: "The Irish Prelates who are summoned to Rome will be obliged to leave for the Eternal City on the Monday after Low Sunday." The Bishop of Ross writes:—"With that solicitude which the Father of the Faithful never ceases to extend to all the Churches, he has been pleased to call together some of the Irish Prelates to confer with him on matters affecting the interests and welfare of our National Church. Only a short time ago many of the American Bishops were summoned for a similar purpose, and for all we know the Episcopacy of other countries may also, in the future, be invited to discuss questions affecting ecclesiastical interests in the regions in which their ministry is cast."

SUNDAY CLOSING.—One of the first acts of Mayor Grace's administration in New York has been to direct such an enforcement of the Sunday law, as is always possible in a large city with a good police force, and the result has been a more general closing of liquor saloons than has been known in this city for many years. On last Sunday, saloon keepers that had long been accustomed to defy the law, concluded that discretion is the better part

of valor, and closed rigidly their doors. Police officers say that the enforcement of the law was never more thorough than it now is. We are proud to see Mr. Grace taking this brave stand in favor of law and order, and we hope that wherever there are Irish-American mayors—and they are numerous in the country—the record of New York will be the record of the cities over whose destinies they preside.

"**HOW MANY IRISHMEN IN YOUR EMPLOY?**"—This is the question now being sent around by the English Home Secretary to the heads of the several departments. In more than one instance, his lordship was astonished at the reply, "I am myself an Irishman." It transpired, too, after investigation, that the confidential officer making the inquiry was also an Irishman. The question should be sent forthwith to Gen. Lord Wolseley. His reply could hardly fail in placing these panic-stricken Englishmen in a still more ludicrous light before the world.

ONE result of England's blundering intervention in Soudan is the destruction of a great Catholic mission at Khartoum. Previous to Gordon's campaign, Catholic Sisters and missionaries appeared unmolested upon the streets of the Arab city. They went back and forth to Obeid, Suakim, and other places in their Christianizing labors. But Gordon turned the missionary buildings at Khartoum (built with the money of the Emperor of Austria) into a British fortress, and the toleration heretofore displayed by the Arabs is at an end.

THE *Sligo Champion* mentions some facts in connection with the visit of a female detective to the western town recently to sustain its assumption that Lucille Dudley, the assailant of O'Donovan Rossa, is a female detective, and is the woman who was in Sligo.

AN EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCE is reported from Clonmel. On Sunday night, while a large party were enjoying the hospitality of Mr. Hackett, Russellstown, who was celebrating the wedding of his daughter, one of his guests—a married man named Ryan—fell off his chair, and when lifted up was a corpse. The unfortunate man had scarcely been removed when

a respectable farmer named Walsh gave a piercing shriek, and fell dead off his seat. At the inquest on the bodies it transpired that both men were choked.

A NEW MUSICAL COMPOSITION.—Dr. Joseph Smith, one of the Examiners in Music to the Royal University, has written a Cantata, which is to be performed at the next Hereford Musical Festival, which will be held next September. The words are taken from Gerald Griffin's poem, "The Fate of Kathleen," which deals with great feeling and delicacy with the subject which Moore has treated in his "Melody on Glendalough." Dr. Smith's work is well spoken of by the few musical *conoscenti* who have been allowed to have a glimpse at it.

SACERDOTAL JUBILEE OF LEO XIII.—It appears that a mistake has been made as to the date of his Holiness's ordination to the priesthood, the real date of which was not the 25th of December, 1835, but the 31st of December, 1837. The Sacerdotal Jubilee of the Holy Father will consequently fall on the Feast of St. Sylvester in 1887, and the *Journal de Rome*, in rectifying the mistake, finds a happy augury in its coincidence with the festival of a Pope who saw the end of the persecutions.

BELGIUM AND THE HOLY SEE.—The re-establishment of diplomatic relations between Belgium and the Holy See has become an accomplished fact by the arrival in Rome on Tuesday of the new Minister Plenipotentiary, M. de Pitteurs, who was accompanied by the staff of his legation, and immediately visited the Cardinal Secretary of State.

WHAT a penalty is paid, even in this world, when death overtakes the infidel. Such was the fate of the brilliant, but misguided Edmund About, of France, who turned his talents against the church, and was buried lately, the report says, "like a dog," with no rite beyond a ridiculous cortege of tri-colored "patriots" following his remains.

Notre Dame Scholastic.—Very Rev. Father General Sorin left early in March for Rome, whither he goes in the interests of the great Community over which he presides. This will make the venerable

Founder's forty-third trip across the Atlantic. May it be as happy and safe in its issue as its predecessors! Very Rev. Father Sorin will have as *compagnon du voyage* the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Ft. Wayne, who will pay his decennial visit *ad limina Apostolorum*. We wish them *un bon voyage* and a safe and speedy return.

BISHOP HENDRICKEN, diocese of Providence, R. I., gives notice that door collections will be abolished in his diocese after Easter Sunday.

MISSOURI, says the *Western Watchman*, is going to have four R's, taught in their schools. 'Ritin', Reading, 'Rithmetic and Rum. A bill has passed one house of the legislature authorizing school boards to devote some hours a week to physiological lectures on the mental, moral and police effects of liquor.

THE Irishmen of London have arranged to hold a banquet and ball on St. Patrick's Day at the Westminster Town Hall. Mr. Parnell will preside, supported by T. P. O'Connor, J. Redmond, W. K. Redmond, Justin McCarthy, Justin H. McCarthy, and any others of the Irish party who can leave their duty in the House of Commons for such a short space of time.

TWICE since the death of St. Dominic has the cause of the Church been saved through the rosary he taught—once by the victory of Lepanto, in 1571, in honor of which the festival of Rosary Sunday was established by St. Pius V. and again in 1717, when the Turks were defeated at Belgrade and Clement XI. hung the standards of the infidels as trophies of Mary's power in the Church of the Rosary of Rome.

London Universe :—The farcical tragedy at New York, when a sillikin of a woman, aflame for notoriety, drove a pellet between the shoulder-blades of a mouth-ing *bosthoon*, is still the text for demented comment. Tread on my corns, you are a foul and cowardly murderer. If an ex-lunatic tries to assassinate you, she is prepossessing, an angel in human form, a very duck of diamonds. That is the latest Great British doctrine.—An indignant

Scot, of manly mind, has protested against Mr. Gladstone having spoken of the "sceptre of England" as if the Irish, Welsh, and his own countrymen were subject-races to those of England proper. Mr. Gladstone has apologized. And quite right too. It is time a stopper should be put on this wind-baggery boastfulness of Master Bull. As much friendship as you please, John, but no patronage.

CARLYLE was very angry with Emerson for not believing in a devil, and to convert him he brought him through all the horrors of London—the gin shops, etc.—and finally to the House of Commons, plying him at every turn with the question—"Do you believe in a devil now?"

ALCOHOL AND THE VOICE.—In a paper on "The Influence of Alcohol in Relation to Voice Use," the testimony of 380 professional vocalists is subjoined. Of that number 101, or 26.58 per cent., claimed to be total abstainers, including some of the most eminent singers in cathedrals and chapels royal. Of the 279 non-abstainers, 65, or 23.25 per cent., took stimulants at meals only, and the same number at the close of the day; 26 or 9.3 per cent. at supper only; 47 or 16.8 per cent. at meals and end of the day. The remaining 66 or 22.9 per cent. acknowledged to taking stimulants at all times, according to pleasure and opportunity. As regards taking an intoxicant either immediately before or during use of the voice as an aid to its exercise, 75 per cent. stated that they never did so, and 20 per cent. that they did so, more or less, habitually.

WHY THE "ROYAL" IS THE BEST.—The improved method by which it has been made possible to produce pure cream of tartar, has had an important bearing upon the manufacture of baking powder. By the process heretofore generally employed, it has been found impossible to remove all impurities, more particularly the tartrate of lime, which remained to such an extent, as to greatly impair the quality of the cream of tartar, and to interfere seriously with the strength and wholesomeness of the baking powders into which it entered. In the new process which is owned by the Royal Baking Powder Company of New York, and exclusively employed in its extensive tartar works, the imported crude

grape acid is so treated as to remove all vestige of tartrate of lime or other impurities, giving a product before unknown—a chemically pure cream of tartar. By the employment of these superior facilities the Royal Baking Powder Company has made the Royal Baking Powder, as the chemists all certify, of the highest possible degree of strength, "absolutely pure" and wholesome, and with an always uniform leavening power. It is for these reasons that the "Royal" never fails to produce bread, biscuits, cakes, etc., that are light, sweet, digestible and wholesome: the eating of which is never followed by indigestion, or any of those physical discomforts attendant upon the partaking of improperly prepared food. In rendering possible the production of a baking powder possessed of these qualifications, the improved method of refining cream of tartar becomes a matter of material importance to the culinary world.

HIS HOLINESS LEO XIII., has sent the sum of forty thousand francs to the Spanish Government in aid of the sufferers through the earthquake in Andalusia. His Eminence Cardinal McCabe had also forwarded a donation. The public subscription in Spain is rapidly increasing. The King and Queen have given £4,000, and the Cabinet Ministers have subscribed \$40 each.

MR. LESSEPS, the great French engineer, who probably knows Egypt and the Soudan better than any white man alive, said in a recent interview that it will be impossible for the English to bring the Mahdi to subjection or to conquer the Soudan. He says they can take Khar-toum and hold it, but that that will be very different from conquering and holding a territory almost as large as all Europe. Mr. Lesseps also seems to think that no European troops can stand the summer climate of the Soudan.

It is a very favorable sign to have the standing army in Ireland reduced. Already the forces have been cut down by the withdrawal of four battalions of infantry and in March the cavalry will be considerably reduced. The time will shortly come when England may be compelled to acknowledge that it will be wise to call home all her redcoats.

Personal.

A CABLEGRAM states that Rt. Rev. Wm. Gross, of Savannah, has been appointed by the Holy Father, Archbishop of Portland, Oregon.

THE marriage of Sir Henry Grattan Bellew, 5th Dragoon Guards, with Lady Sophia Forbes took place recently at St. Mary's Church, Newtownforbes County, Longford, Ireland, the officiating Prelate being the Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnois, assisted by the Rev. J. O'Reilly, the Rev. J. O'Farrell, the Rev. P. Green, and the Rev. G. Atkinson. The bride, who was given away by her father, the Earl of Granard, K. P., wore a dress of white satin, trimmed with Brussels lace, sprays of orange blossoms, lilies of the valley, and shamrock, and a Brussels lace veil. The bridegroom wore the uniform of his regiment.

MR. VINCENT SCULLY formerly sat for Cork county, and his fame will long survive in the House of Commons, where he entirely eclipsed Sir Boyle Roche by his racy Hibernianisms. His fellow-members always called him "Scull," leaving out the final syllable of his name, which he did not much relish. Lord Monck one day said to him in the smoking room:—"Why is it, Scully, that those fellows always rob you of the last syllable of your name, and call you 'Scull?'" To which the honorable member for Cork replied: "They take 'y' from the end of my name, I suppose, some day to add it to the end of yours." This same gentleman, on one occasion, in order to "talk out" an obnoxious motion, spoke for nine hours and a half.

THE FATHER MAGUIRE, S. J., has, after a full decade spent in giving missions all over the country, been assigned to labors less disproportioned to his failing strength in Washington, D. C., the city wherein the greater part of his busy life has been passed. We need not tell what reputation he has won for himself, what credit reflected on the Society, and how much he has furthered God's interests in souls. Our readers are not ignorant of that. Rev. Francis T. McCarthy, S. J., formerly of St. Francis Xavier's, New York, has been chosen to succeed Father Maguire. His constant companions are Fathers Augustus Langcake, Ronald MacDonald and Henry

Langcake. As need requires, others are won by the Father Provincial to help this band.

MACKAY-COLONNA.—Miss Eva Mackay was married in Paris on the 12th of February, to Don Ferdinand Julien Colonna, Prince of Galatro. The ceremony was private and was performed with Pontifical High Mass by Mgr. De Rende, the Papal Nuncio, in the Nuncio's chapel. There were but forty persons present. The Nuptial Benediction was administered by Mgr. De Rende, who also delivered the marriage address. The civil ceremony of marriage, which is required by the French law, was performed. The witnesses to this were Prince Colonna-Doria, Prince Colonna, United States Minister Morton and Duke Decazes. After the celebration of the marriage on the 11th, Mrs. Mackay, the mother of the bride, gave a grand bridal reception, which in every respect must rank with the most magnificent festivals of French history.

A SELF-MADE IRISH CANADIAN.—The Hon. John O'Connor began life as a common laborer with a very limited education. He was felling a tree when the accident happened by which he lost a leg and became unable to continue his work. Instead of giving up as a weak man would have done, Mr. O'Connor began to study and soon qualified himself to teach school. His success induced him to make still further efforts, and he decided to educate himself for the bar. The qualifications required for admission were lower in Michigan than in Canada, and Mr. O'Connor removed to the State named, where he soon passed, and achieved such a manner of success in his new calling that he was able to save a little money. He continued his studies and in a short time returned to Windsor, and after further probation he was admitted to the Canadian bar. His subsequent history is well known. He has never been a brilliant man, but his judgment is sound, and his history proves that his industry is great. Some people are now reproaching him with the humbleness of his early life. That is a foolish thing to do. He deserves credit for having raised himself from an humble state to positions of honor and trust.

Notices of Recent Publications.

Catholic Publication Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

CHARACTERISTICS, POLITICAL, PHILOSOPHICAL AND RELIGIOUS, from the writings of Henry Edward, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, arranged by William Samuel Lilly. Price \$1.25.

This book is one of the most interesting that has been issued for some time. Any thing from the great Cardinal interests the Catholic people throughout the world. It treats on all subjects interesting not only to Catholics, but to those outside the Church.

MONTALEMBERT: A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH. By Joseph Walter Wiltach. Stiff paper cover, 118 pp. Price 50c.

This is a biographical sketch of the great Montalembert, author of the "Monks of the West," and other works. He was a warm friend and admirer of the late Daniel O'Connell, and visited Ireland on one or two occasions. In his "Monks of the West" he does full justice to the Irish monks.

A PROTESTANT CONVERTED TO CATHOLICITY BY HER BIBLE AND PRAYER BOOK, AND THE STRUGGLES OF A SOUL IN SEARCH OF TRUTH. With a Preface by the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Buffalo. Price, cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

This is a reprint of the Dublin edition, having the *imprimatur* of the late Cardinal Cullen, besides the preface recommending the book by the learned Bishop of Buffalo. There is also one by the eloquent champion of the faith, Bishop Marmilord. With the recommendation of two such learned prelates, the book should have a large sale. The author is Fanny Maria Pittar.

THE LITTLE MONTH OF ST. JOSEPH; OR, MONTH OF MARCH. From the French by Ella T. McMahon. Price 20c.

Buy it. It will answer for any month in the year. Catholics do not invoke the aid of St. Joseph as they should. St. Teresa says she never invoked his intercession in vain.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.

SADLIER'S CATHOLIC DIRECTORY, ALMANAC AND ORDO, for the Year of our Lord 1885. With Reports of the Dioceses in the United States, Canada, British West Indies, Ireland, England and Scotland. Paper, \$1.25. Bound, \$1.50.

This very useful annual is an improvement on former issues. It is indispensable in every well-regulated Catholic family.

According to the Directory there are

14 Archbishops; 63 Bishops; 7,043 priests; 1,597 Ecclesiastical students; 6,626 churches; 907 chapels; 1,895 stations; Diocesan Seminaries and Houses of Study for Regulars, 35; Colleges, 83; Academies, 581; Parochial Schools, 2,464; pupils attending Parochial Schools, 490,531; Asylums, 272; and hospitals, 154, in the United States. In the British Possessions of North America there are 6 Archbishops; 28 Bishops; 2,147 priests; 1,593 churches; 372 chapels and stations; 17 Theological Seminaries; 47 Colleges; 92 Academies; 3,585 Parochial Schools; 50 Asylums; 58 Hospitals, and a Catholic population of 2,168,748.

Timms, Moore & Co., Toronto, Ont.

LESSONS IN ENGLISH. Elementary course. Pupil's Edition.

LESSONS IN ENGLISH. Elementary course. Teacher's Edition.

These books are by the Brothers of the Christian Schools, who are among the best of our teachers and educators.

ALL of the above books may be obtained of NOONAN & Co., as well as of the publishers.

REV. LOUIS A. LAMBERT'S ILLUSTRATED ECCLESIASTICAL MAP OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

This map which gives all the information to be found in the ordinary secular map, as railroad distance, time, etc, also presents the dioceses in colors which indicate their boundaries together with the latest Catholic statistics. A striking feature of this work, and that which gives it more than ordinary interest, is the addition of the engraved portraits of the Archbishops, Bishops and Heads of Religious Orders of the United States and Canada, nearly one hundred in all, elegantly executed and arranged in their order. This makes it an interesting and easily-read history of the Catholic Church in our times. It renders it an open page in which young and old may perceive at a glance this most instructive and useful work. The map can be seen at Messrs. Noonan's & Co.'s store, Boylston Street.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CATHOLIC HISTORY OF MARYLAND.—We know very many of our readers will be glad to learn that a work relative to the

early missionaries of Maryland, to contain about two hundred pages, has been written by the Rev. William P. Treacy, S. J., and will soon be published. The learned author has been engaged for some time in examining the old documents in the Jesuit archives at Woodstock and other original sources of Catholic history. The coming work has been declared by competent judges who have examined it as a remarkable attempt at investigating the true sources of early Catholic history in the United States, as a work of great research, and of wide importance for the light it throws upon the history of the Church during Colonial times.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. JOHN B. PIET, long known as one of the leading publishers of Catholic books and of the Baltimore *Mirror*, finally severed his connection with the Baltimore Publishing Company on Saturday, Feb. 7th, of which he had been manager under the receivership lately ordered when the concern got into embarrassment. Mr. Piet had been actively engaged in the publishing business in Baltimore since 1844—over forty years ago. He was the active manager of the *Catholic Mirror* since 1859, when he assumed control of it, until the close of the late Third Plenary Council. At the close of the Council, Mr. Piet retired from the management of the *Mirror*, and from the general management of the business. Since then he has devoted himself to getting out the handsome memorial volume of the Council. During his long career Mr. Piet has published many important Catholic liturgical and devotional books. He also published Scharf's History of Maryland in three large volumes; Professor Newell's series of readers and spellers, now in use in the city schools; Archbishop Kenrick's translation of the Douay Bible; The Cereimonial of the Catholic Church, a standard work in the United States and England; Father Ryan's Poems, and other well-known works. Under his management the *Mirror* became one of the leading Catholic papers in the United States. Mr. Piet retires from business now to take some needed rest, expecting hereafter to resume as the publisher of subscription books.

ONE of the handsomest and most unique and original ideas in chromo-lithography is

the Columbia Valentine, just issued by the Pope Manufacturing Co., of Boston, Mass. The design is in twelve colors, from a painting by Copeland, of Boston, is mounted on a panel, and is a genuine work of picturesque art, representing, in three scenic sections, the morning, noon, and night of 'cycling.

MUSIC.

From Chas. D. Blake & Co.

Vocal: "Stand By Your Mother, Jack," Song, words by Frank N. Scott, music by Geo. Arlington. "I'm So Shy," words and music by same.

From Louis H. Ross & Co.

Vocal: "Ave Maria," arranged by Chas T. Dolan. "My Rose," words by Bayard Taylor, music by Jos. L. White. "I Ever Will Be True," words by J. Nevin, music by A. Henderson. "Mother Was My Dearest Friend," Song, by J. L. Gilbert.

Instrumental: "Zanita March," arranged by A. E. Warren, all issued in very neat and tasteful style.

FRENCH *vs* ENGLISH WOMEN.—A recent French writer thinks the unmarried life of English women delightful, but when they marry the contrast is wholly in favor of French females. When a French woman marries, he says, she is emancipated, while an English girl enters upon a condition of slavery. She becomes merely the housekeeper of her husband, and knows nothing of his business, being moved by him from a villa to a palace or to a hovel, like a mere piece of furniture, as his fortunes may change. In France, on the other hand, among the commercial classes, the wife is as well up in the business as her husband, and in many cases keeps the books. In England a woman is nobody when bereft of her husband, who has frequently made no provision for her. Across the channel, on the contrary, the widow frequently carries on the business and sustains no reverse of fortune.

"BETWEEN them—El Mahdi, in the Soudan, and El Pahdi, in Ireland"—remarks the New York *Tribune*, "they are, just now, giving poor Johnny Bull plenty to do."

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

THE death of the Very Rev. Richard Baptist O'Brien, Dean of Limerick, occurred at Newcastle West. The deceased clergyman was a great exponent of Home Rule before he fell into declining health, and was mainly instrumental in getting up, some years ago, the celebrated demand, framed in a petition to Parliament, of the Irish Catholic Clergy for Home Government.

MURDER OF A VICAR-GENERAL. — We deeply regret to record the murder, on the 4th of February, of Monsignor Narcissus Pallares, Vicar-General of the Catholic Diocese of Gibraltar. The Monsignor, who was in his seventy-third year, was sitting in his office, where the archives are kept, when a man named Lewis Caltaino rushed in, and with a butcher's knife nearly severed his head from his body. The murderer took refuge in a house opposite the church, and it was an hour before he was arrested. Caltaino has been for some time undoubtedly insane. He has been nominating one lady after another for his wife, and finally asked the Vicar-General to marry him to his own sister. The motive for the murder was the lamented Vicar-General's refusal to comply with this demand.

REV. HENRY A. FLEMING, O. S. A., died at Villanova College, Delaware County, Pa., Dec. 27.

THE *Pioneer Press*, St. Paul, Minn., announces the death of Rev. John W. Nealis, of that city, on the 30th ult.

THE Philadelphia *Standard* reports the death of Rev. C. J. E. Scheld, assistant at St. Peter's Church, Reading, Pa.

VERY REV. FATHER BRANDT, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Covington, Ky., died at the episcopal residence in that city on the ninth of February.

THE death of the Rev. Thos. F. Hally, pastor of Norwalk, O., occurred on Sunday, the 4th of February. He was a brother of the Very Rev. Father Hally, V. G., of Cincinnati.

THE Rev. Patrick S. Rigney, for a number of years assistant pastor at St. Andrew's Church, Duane Street, New York City, died on the 12th inst., of apoplexy. He was born in Dublin 40 years ago, and came to this country when young.

REV. PATRICK MACKIN died at East Portland, Oregon City, on the 4th of February. He was ordained July 3, 1853, at All Hallow's College, Dublin, Ire. He was sixty-three years old.

REV. D. J. SULLIVAN died at the hospital of the Sisters of Charity, in Holyoke, on the 24th of January of pulmonary consumption. He was a native of Worcester, a graduate of the Worcester High School, Holy Cross College, and Troy, N. Y., Seminary.

THE Rev. Andrew J. Brady, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Fall River, Mass., died on the 18th of February. He had been suffering for more than a year past from Bright's disease and a complication of disorders. He was born in Ireland in 1847, and ordained at Montreal in 1871.

THE death is announced of the Rev. Joseph Lentaigne, the Founder of the Australian Mission of the Society of Jesus. Father Lentaigne was called to the Irish Bar in 1827, and practiced till 1843, when he entered on his preparation for the priesthood. In 1858, he was appointed Superior of the Order in Ireland. May he rest in peace.

THE Rev. Peter Crudden, formerly pastor of St. Peter's Church, Lowell, Mass., from 1845 until August, 1883, when the Rev. Michael Ronan was appointed administrator by Archbishop Williams, died Sunday evening, February 22, of general prostration. His age was seventy-five years, and he had been a resident of this country forty-seven years, forty-one of which had been spent in Massachusetts. He was born in Newtownbutler, County Fermanagh, Ireland, and was ordained a priest at Montreal in 1843. He succeeded the Rev. Fr. Conway as pastor of St. Peter's Church.

In the death of the Rev. J. F. Shearman, P. P., of Moone, Ireland, we have lost a zealous and industrious antiquarian, who, in the midst of his clerical duties, found time to make many successful investigations into the past history of the various neighborhoods in which those duties placed him. He was the discoverer of the famous bi-lingual Igham inscription at Killeen-Cormac in Kildare, which has since been a subject of discussion among scholars and philologists; but he will be best known in the future as the author of a book which is concerned principally with the itineraries of St. Patrick and his assistant missionaries, and is a work of great research.

DEATH OF REV. THOMAS DALY.—The citizens of Utica, N. Y., and especially those of the Roman Catholic Faith, will receive with profound sorrow the intelligence of the death of the Rev. Thomas Daly, who was so long pastor of St. John's Church in that city. For three years Father Daly has been an inmate of Mount Hope Retreat, Baltimore, Md., where, under the gentle administration of the Sisters, it was hoped that his shattered health would in time be mended. But some days ago it was learned that the hopes of his recovery were ill-founded, and he quietly passed away. May he rest in peace.

SISTER.

THE death in the Ursuline Convent of Quebec, on the 21st of February, of Rev. Mother St. Thomas (*nee* Catherine Burke), in the seventy-first year of her age and the fifty-second of her life as a religieuse.

LAY PEOPLE.

A VETERAN Irish journalist has passed away. Few there are in Sligo or in the neighboring parts of Mayo who will not receive with feelings of deep and genuine regret the announcement of the death of Mr. Edward Gayer, editor and proprietor of the *Sligo Champion*, by whose unexpected demise the national press in Connaught has just sustained a very severe loss. Mr. Gayer was a native of Munster—Limerick, we believe, was the place of his nativity.

MR. DENIS SADLIER, of the well-known Catholic publishing house of D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Barclay street, New

York, died at his residence, 894 East 137th Street, on the 4th of February, after a brief illness. Mr. Sadlier was at the time of his death the oldest Catholic publisher in the United States, the house which he founded being now in existence for half a century. Deceased was born at Cashel, Ireland, in 1817, and came to this country when about twelve years old. He learned book-binding and began business for himself. After a time he resolved to begin publishing, and his first essay was the issue of Butler's "Lives of the Saints," a large undertaking for a beginner. He issued it in numbers, and it proved a successful venture. His brother James joined him in business and a quarto Bible from the first stereotyped set of plates was issued. These publications were followed by prayer-books, catechisms and standard devotional works, and in the course of time the house was built up until it grew to its present dimensions.

PATRICK GAHUN, who died at his residence, Kilmer, near Ballivor, county Meath, on the 1st of February, was born on St. Patrick's Day, 1780, and thus reached the advanced age of 105 years. He was a most remarkable man, and his mental faculties were perfect to the last. In the troublesome times of '98, when thousands of Irishmen struck a blow for Ireland, he took an active part. At the disastrous battle, fought on the historic slopes of Tara Hill, he performed prodigies of valor with his pike. In the teeth of a murderous musketry fire from the Hessian and English troops, he was one of a gallant band who flung themselves on the advancing foe and literally cut their way through. When subsequently surrounded by the "red coats," with dauntless courage, he successfully defended himself with the formidable pike, and struck down seven of his adversaries in rapid succession. The people named him "strong arm," on account of his great prowess.

THE Supreme Court of Iowa has just refused to grant a divorce to a woman who sought it on the ground that her husband was a drunkard. It appeared in evidence that the plaintiff knew of the man's intemperate habits before she married him, and having married a drunkard she must be content to remain a drunkard's wife. Good law.

Appeal From Maamtrasna and Mount Partry.

WE appeal to our Irish friends far away, on behalf of a district that has been a landmark in modern Irish history. We appeal on behalf of a people who, in days gone by, earned the sympathies of the civilized world in the fight they made for their religion.

Proselytism, combined with landlord oppression, sought to rob the people of their faith. A Protestant Bishop purchased a portion of Mount Partry. He made it the headquarters of his proselytism. As a landlord and a bishop, he brought all the machinery of his power to play upon the hearts and consciences of the innocent people. "Proselytize your children or be evicted," were the alternatives; and hundreds were torn from the homes of their childhood, because they would not yield.

These days, thank God, are gone forever, but their traces remain. The people are impoverished; their chapels are dilapidated, and they have been left without schools. It is for them we ask you to help us to make their churches—the shrine of their sorrows—what they ought to be, and what every one who sympathizes with them would wish them to be. There are two churches in the parish. The people after doing their best, are unable to subscribe what will repair and keep them from going to ruin. There is no bell in either of them, and it will touch a tender chord in many a Catholic heart to hear that in the mountains of Partry, the toll of the bell in the Protestant Church close by, is the only sound on Sunday morning that summons our faithful people to the house of God.

There are no schools in the district; until the Land League brought landlords to their knees, no sites could be obtained. An educated people would mean a rebellion against landlord tyranny, and the landlords, wisely for themselves, re-

strained the strong arm of popular education.

The notorious Lord Leitrim on the one hand, who owned the whole of the Maamtrasna district, not only would not give a site for a school, but actually levelled the Catholic Church on his property, while Lord Bishop Plunkett on the other, allowed no schools but proselytizing schools, and stooped to the vilest means to rob the poor little children of their faith.

And yet people point to Maamtrasna and its surroundings as being a land of savages, whereas, the cruel curse of landlordism has been the fruitful cause of all the misery and misfortune that fell upon the unfortunate people. It is owing to landlord ruffianism in this district that thousands have grown up in ignorance, unblest by the light of knowledge and stirred by the storm of their own wild passions.

We are determined that this shall be no longer. We have seven schools in process of erection. We appeal with confidence for help to every one who feels it is a noble work to aid in rescuing a people by popular education.

At this moment, by the dark waters of Lough Mask, in the depths of silent glens, and amid the gloomy mountains of Maamtrasna, hundreds of bright-eyed children are growing up in ignorance. "Knowledge is the sole physician," and we are resolved they shall be educated, so that in after years, when called upon to join in the work of our national redemption, they may be able to act "man's Godlike part"—

"Not as beggars lowly bending,
Not in sighs and groans and tears,
But a voice of thunder sending,
Through their tyrant brothers' ears."

JAMES CORBETT, P. P. } Partry,
I. V. MACDONNELL, C. C. } Ballinrobe,
Co. Mayo.

Subscriptions will be gratefully received at the above address.

A Remarkable Book.

**Ecclesiastical Approbations on the Life of Sr. Saint Pierre, Carmelite of
Tours, France.**

LIFE OF SISTER SAINT PIERRE, a Carmelite of Tours, France, written by herself. Price, \$1.50.

We noticed this book some months ago. We now draw attention to it by publishing the following testimonials:

THE Life of the devote Carmelite of Tours is calculated to promote piety and edification not only in cloistered institutions, but also in the ranks of secular life.

✠ JAMES GIBBONS, *Archbishop of Baltimore*.

I have read with much pleasure and great edification the Life of the holy servant of God, Sr. Saint Pierre. It is indeed consoling to see so fair a flower in our age bloom on Mt. Carmel—that mount so fruitful in great saints. I take pleasure in recommending this book to the clergy and laity of my diocese. ✠ WM. H. GROSS, *Bishop of Savannah*.

The *Life of Sr. Saint Pierre* has given me much edification and consolation. I am sure it will accomplish much good in increasing the devotion to the Holy Face of our Lord; a devotion so appropriate to our times, and so sanctifying in itself. THOMAS S. PRESTON, *Domestic Prelate of His Holiness, Leo XIII. Vicar General, Archdiocese of New York*.

The *Life of Sr. Saint Pierre* is lovely in its naturalness, and charming in its simplicity. It leads one to repose calmly and confidently in the arms of the Providence of God, "who doeth all things well." Such a life clearly shows us that the hand of God is not shortened in our days, and that not a few are called, even in this age, to a high degree of Christian perfection. The circulation of such a book will do an immense amount of good, and will awaken in many breasts that faith which, perhaps now, lies dormant. JAMES J. MORIARTY, *Pastor St. John's Church, Syracuse, N. Y.*

This is a remarkable book; we must not anticipate the solemn judgment of the Church, but any person acquainted,

even but a little, with the lives of the saints, can scarcely fail on reading this book to be assured that Sr. Saint Pierre was one of those great instruments of God, destined for specially important work in the Church, and marked out as such by revelations, miracles and otherwise. The mission of the Sr. may be said to have been the foundation and propagation of that devotion to the "Holy Face" which is specially promoted by the Confraternity, which draws its name from the Adorable Face of our Saviour, and seeks to present and make reparation for blasphemy and the profanation of Sunday. This very important devotion cannot fail to be promoted by this life of Sr. Saint Pierre, which was not published till after the records had been kept in cautious secrecy for many years, and submitted to most careful and prudent examinations.

I recommend this "life" above all for the purpose of drawing attention to the Confraternity of the Reparation by the Holy Face. Pius IX. was the first to enroll himself on the lists of this association, and at the same time expressed a notable commendation of the devotion. THOMAS F. MAHER, *Pastor St. Vincent's Church, Akron, Ohio*.

This most edifying autobiography of the saintly Carmelite of Tours, is for the first time presented to the public in an English dress. The spread of the devotion to the Holy Face for the reparation of blasphemy and Sunday desecration is most wonderful. There is no denying that it is the special devotion of our age. Blasphemy is rampant everywhere. The Sunday has ceased to be the Lord's Day, and is now become the Devil's Day by prescription. The world is becoming irreverent to a frightful degree. This book will do a great deal to awaken the piety of the faithful to the necessity of reparation; we must fight profanity by prayer.—D. S. PHELAN, *Pastor Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, Baden P. O., Mo.*

The book is sold for the benefit of the Carmelite Convent. It can be had of any of the Catholic booksellers, and at the Carmelite Convent, New Orleans, La.

Appeal for a New Church at Tottenham.

In the year 1793 the Abbé Cheverus, first Bishop of Boston and afterwards Cardinal and Archbishop of Bordeaux, founded the Mission at Tottenham, which then was but a insignificant little village. For this purpose he purchased three small cottages adjoining one another, two of which he used as a chapel, and in the third he lived. The number of Catholics, however, increasing, it was found necessary to move to more spacious premises, and in the year 1826 a chapel was built and a presbytery adjoining in Chapel Place, White Hart Lane, and in the following year a school was added.

The Tottenham of to-day is far different from the Tottenham of fifty years ago; it has risen in importance from a country village to a flourishing suburb. Everywhere around houses are rising up, and churches of every denomination. As a consequence the little chapel in Chapel Place, White Hart Lane, was found, some four years ago, to be far too small for the number of Catholics, and accordingly a plot of ground facing the High Road was bought and a School-Chapel erected. This, however, could not be done without incurring a heavy debt of £2,500, the interest on which is almost more than we can bear.

The School-Chapel is divided by means of revolving shutters, half serving as a Chapel and half as a School during the week, the entire building being used as a Chapel on Sunday. The half we use as a School is certified by the Government Inspectors as large enough for a hundred and forty children. At the present moment we have a hundred and fifty children attending the School—ten over the certified number. We are therefore left in this position: either we must refuse admission to any more who may seek it, or we must throw that part of our building now used for a Chapel during the week into the School.

To every Catholic the later alternative must present itself as the only justifiable one for us to choose. To do this, however, we must provide a church. We have the ground, we only need the money for the building. It is estimated that the sum of £1,500 would be sufficient to commence a Church adequate to our requirements.

May God put it into the hearts of some who have a love for the Sacred Heart of our Divine Master, whose love for little children prompted him to say, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," to help me now, that none of these little ones may be denied the privilege of being taught our Holy Faith in a Catholic School.

To those who help me I can promise the best return a priest can give,—a daily remembrance in the Holy Mass. May God bless and prosper all my benefactors will be my daily prayer, in which the little ones in my School will join.

Subscriptions may be sent to me, at my address, or to the Cardinal Archbishop, Archbishop's House, Westminster, S. W., and I shall be happy to acknowledge by letter all offerings.

FRANCIS BAYLY,
THE PRESBYTERY, TOTTENHAM.

"Knowing well the truth of the above statement and the urgency of the need, I earnestly recommend this Appeal to all who may read it."

✠ HENRY EDWARD,
Cardinal Archbishop."

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Patrick Donahoe, Boston, . . \$5.00
Jas. Fennessy, Framingham, Mass, 3.00

FRAMINGHAM, MASS, Feb. 20, 1885.

PATRICK DONAHOE, ESQ.:—Dear Sir, I send check for six dollars,—three for Father Bayly of Tottenham, Eng., in response to your article in last MAGAZINE, and three for Father Keane of Rosmuck, Co. Galway, Ire., in response to his letter in last *Pilot*.

Respectfully,
JAMES FENNESSY.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 5.

"THE future of the Irish race in this country, will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

An Irish Novelist.

THE stranger travelling along the dusty highway which leads from the city of Kilkenny to the Irish metropolis, will, mayhap, remember how his loquacious driver drew rein near the outlet at Windgap to call his attention to a trim, old fashioned-cottage that stood surrounded by a high enclosure close by the public roadside. If his interest in the history of its latest occupier, John Banim, has been augmented by the questionable information he has received from his gossiping cicerone, or by the more authentic narrative of the novelist's authorized biographer, or by both together, he is willing to "stretch his knees," in a brief endeavor to secure a more exact, and more lasting reminiscence of the cottage and its surroundings than his position on the "side-car" will permit him to receive. It was in this sequestered spot, overlooking the peaceful valley of the Nore, that John Banim spent the closing years of a strikingly sorrowful, though singularly brilliant career. His life from early manhood had been an uninterrupted battle with every species of worldly vicissitude — bodily disease, physical discomfort, and wasting disappointment. Yet, his death, occurring at a comparatively early age, taught the useful lesson how patient industry and sturdy perseverance can triumph over every obstacle to ultimate success, and gather its wreath of immortality on the very pathway to the grave. In reading the author's biography we notice a pervading strain of tender melancholy, somewhat analogous to that which distinguishes the greater portion of his writings, for sorrow and suffering had interwoven a thread of gentle pathos through the record of his well-wrought years. Indeed, in the sad catalogue of names which literature has consecrated to universal admiration and pity, few can establish a more justly deserving claim to a share of both, than John Banim. Chatterton,

The marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride,*

died, the hapless victim of overweening vanity, by his own rash hand. Savage, the forsaken child of misery and wretchedness, perished ingloriously on his prison bed. John Keats, by his lonely hearth wrapt in the

* Wordsworth : *Resolution and Independence.*

inextinguishable sorrow that brooks no alleviation nor respite, suffered the young flame of life and hope to expire in ignoble longings for an early grave. These men justly deserve our commiseration; but very little in their individual history, save their unacquired genius, provokes the admiration of a Christian; for true heroism is incompatible with despair; and true nobility is to be looked for elsewhere than in the little soul which shrinks within itself and pines away at the very breath of sorrow and disappointment. Such a marked contrast presents itself when we compare the life of our author with the lives of those whom we have just mentioned. The one, taught by that unerring gift of faith which is the birthright alone of the practical Catholic, could look beyond the boundaries of earth for his reward, and consecrate his sufferings to its attainment. The others narrowed the limits of their aspirations to the grosser hopes of earthly renown; and the realization of this failing, or threatening to fail, left no desirable alternative, but a wish for a fancied rest in the silence and oblivion of the grave.

John Banim was born in the city of Kilkenny, on the 3d of April, 1798. His father was a well-informed man of the world, and his mother, like Gerald Griffin's, possessed a mind of a very superior order, the native power of which was strengthened by a love for reading, and a taste for selecting and transcribing passages from the best English authors. Thus, the parents of the future novelist, were capable of understanding and appreciating for him the advantages of a good education. When but a mere infant, John was sent to a primary school, presided over by a Mrs. Alice Moore, who was wont to lead her youthful disciples through the learned difficulties of that venerable volume, the "Horn Book," and, moreover, guaranteed to impart a knowledge of the rudiments of reading "provided the words were not too long and were those in ordinary use." But the many inducements which Mrs. Moore's school offered for mental improvement, were lost sight of by the new pupil, in a want of refinement, which he soon discovered to exist in the good lady's domestic management; for the paper had fallen off the walls of the school-room, the school-room was on the ground floor, and the floor was an earthen one, and contained large ruts,—a state of things which was considered by our youthful æsthete to be at variance with the acquiring of that knowledge provided for on the teacher's programme. The consequence of this serious discovery was, that John ran home an hour after his arrival and never returned. Mrs. Moore's successor was a Miss Lamb, with whom he had the constancy to remain until, as she afterwards loved to boast, he had "turned the primer."

In his fifth year he was removed to the "English Academy" of Mr. James Charles Buchanan. The new master was an oddity, as vain of the charms of his person as of his intellectual acquirements. A more refined type of schoolmaster than Carleton's "Mat Kavanagh," he had all the pompous egotism of the latter, without, however, his ridiculous pedantry. His programme of studies set forth a formidable array of subjects, beginning with what he called "oratorical reading," and ending with an exhaustive list of the modern languages. After an attendance of five years, Banim left the "English Academy," when

he was placed under the tutelage of the Rev. Mr. McGrath, whose seminary was, at that time, considered to be the best Roman Catholic school in Ireland. At the expiration of twelve months he was finally removed to Kilkenny College. Here he remained for a period of two years, and as he had displayed considerable aptitude for artistic work, his father, by the advice of his professors, sent John to Dublin, where he might study under more competent masters than were to be found on the list of the college faculty. He studied in the metropolis until his seventeenth year, at which time he returned home, intending to set up in his native town as a private teacher of drawing. And now occurred an incident which served, more than aught else, to change the current of his future career, and to beget that feeling of gentle melancholy, which is inseparable from every subsequent event in his life, and which insensibly pervades every page of his writings.

The young lady for whom he had formed an attachment, and who reciprocated his affection, was taken away by death, and the suddenness of the shock thus sustained, together with his subsequent exposure in the heavy rain which prevailed during her funeral, brought on the terrible disease of the spine, which afterwards made his frame a wreck and his life a martyrdom. In the intervals from the pain which he suffered during the twelve months succeeding this sad event, he meditated long and earnestly on a new project which had suggested itself to his mind. He would give up all hope of becoming a great artist, and stake his chances for success in adopting the life of a professional litterateur. When this thought had wrought itself into all the decisive certainty of conviction, he bade adieu to his friends, and set out once more for Dublin. Thus it came about, that John Banim, like Thackeray and Lover and Hazlitt, threw aside the brush and palette of an artist's life, and flung himself, with all the enthusiastic ardor and whole-souled energy of a youthful ambition, into the contest for literary immortality.

This literary bent of Banim's genius had manifested itself at a very early age. The goddess of "poesy and light" had hovered over his infant cradle, and never afterwards strayed from his footsteps. Her gentle benison made the rough labor of composition comparatively easy to her favorite son. Thus, at an age when youth loves to bask in the gladness of life's sunniest hours, we find the little curly-headed boy turning aside with *ennui* from his toys and comrades, and devoting the time of recreation to the genial task of weaving into prose and poetry the earliest whisperings of his young imagination. Year after year he thus continued plying his pen, the labor of composition causing no diminution in that interest, which kept apace with his years. Even as a child he worked for immortality. He never intended that his future writings should bring him only the transitory reward of a mere ephemeral popularity.

The halcyon days of boyhood were brightened for him by golden visions of what the future would bring forth. In the light of his boyish dreaming, he saw the bard of Avon, stripped of his long uncontested honors, in the more deserving presence of the bard of the Nore. At this time it was his annual custom to examine his manuscripts, to

seek out the improvements and defects of each, and then to burn them mercilessly. His early training had in this way given him a habit of exactitude, which helped in no inconsiderable measure to fit him for the sphere of life of a great novelist.

For a time after his arrival in Dublin, he supported himself with the money he received for contributing short "leaders," and spicy gossiping letters to the principal newspapers. The intervals were devoted to the production of a long narrative poem, subsequently published under the title of the *Celt's Paradise*. Though now rarely printed among his works the poem, at the time it was written, attracted the attention of such a competent critic as Sir Walter Scott, who predicted for its author the likelihood of a brilliant future. Unhappily, when the poem had reached a second edition, the publisher became bankrupt, and the author was too deeply interested in a new departure to think about having it reprinted. The drama, for which he had inherited a taste that never entirely forsook him, next attracted his attention, and the celebrated legend of *Damon and Pythias*, which he remembered to have read in Pliny's letters, suggested a suitable plot. In the year 1821 it was produced on the board of the Covent Garden Theatre, with Macready, the celebrated Irish tragedian, as *Damon*, and Kemble, the greatest English actor of his time, as *Pythias*. Its success left nothing more to be desired by the anxious author. The London theatre-goers, always quicker to discern the shortcomings, than to appreciate the merits of a new play, found one at last, in which they saw nothing to carp at, but something to admire, and the piece was reproduced night after night, to the delight of the public, the profit of the manager, and the no small satisfaction of the youthful writer. The success of the tragedy of *Damon and Pythias* is more especially to be wondered at, when we remember that it was the first serious attempt that its author had made in this department of literature, and that it was brought out immediately on the expiration of a star course of Shakespeare's great tragedies. It had, therefore, to surmount the danger of depreciation by comparison, appearing at a time when the public were not to be easily overawed at the high sounding name of tragedy. In the character of *Damon*, Banim found an excellent subject to invest with all the requirements for great and genuine dramatic acting. It is, moreover, sufficiently isolated to command that special attention which a great actor would like his particular part to possess. The play has many scenes of interest. The character of *Damon*, especially, affords favorable scope for the delivering of impassioned oratory, as in his burning affection for his friend Pythias, his lofty scorn of punishment, and his noble recriminations at the charge of disloyalty to his country. Banim wrote other plays, but they were never intended by the author to outlive the popularity of a season. *Scylla*, a tragedy of some pretension, was performed when the fame of a great novelist had begun to give Banim the prestige to public favor; but it was by no means as successful as his first attempt.

Elated with success, and considerably enriched by the fruit of his first labors, he returned home to receive the loving welcome, and to hear the tender praises of her whom the Germans so affectionately call

the "house mother." It was during this visit, that in company with his brother Michael, by the banks of the picturesque Nore, he formed the resolution of confining his future literary speculations to the one pursuit of a novel writer, and settled upon the plan of composition, which both should follow in the arrangement of their several stories. Michael Banim was at this time an assistant in his father's shop, and had very little spare time at his disposal for book reading. But he had, nevertheless, read and written sufficiently to give him an agreeable style. He moreover possessed a clear mind, a retentive memory of old legends and traditions, and had from pretty long contact with his father's customers, an appreciable discernment of human nature in her most varied aspect. And the men and women, who made up the little world of human nature in which he lived, would be precisely the men and women suitable for the make-up of John's projected novels. Banim had always hoped to do in some degree for Ireland what Scott had done for his native land; and now he cast all hopes of future success in the production of an Irish novel to consist of three several tales, one, at least, of which was to be written by his brother Michael. It was agreed that they should commence immediately. Michael to write in odd moments of leisure, a story he had recited to John, the latter to complete whatever would be wanting to make three volumes, and each to submit his book to the judgment and correction of the other.

In the month of March, 1822, John Banim arrived in London, accompanied by the young wife, whom he had married a month previously. It is a striking coincidence in his life that his first residence was at that same No. 7 Amelia Place, Brompton, where another distinguished Irishman, John Philpot Curran, had lived and spent the last few years of his life. Writing home shortly after this, and referring to Curran, John says:

"Four years of the latter part of this great man's life were spent in the rooms I now occupy. His thoughts, even yet, perhaps, float about my little study; and when I lock the door and sit down I think I can get them into a corner and make them my own."

Like Gerald Griffin, he found himself, on his arrival in the great city, destitute of friends, and scantily supplied with money; but his resolute will made up for the deficiency of funds. A short extract from one of his first letters will tell how he began life in the midst of strangers:

"As soon as I was fixed I took up a newspaper, looked over the advertisements, saw a new periodical advertised, wrote immediately to the proprietors, furnishing some specimens of my capability: was treated with immediate attention, and soon engaged. I am not indebted to a single introductory letter: this, to me, is delightful: to work one's way without incurring obligation sweetens labor."

The "new periodical," known as the *Literary Gazette*, had but a short-lived publication, and Banim had to depend mainly on his short magazine articles for the means of support, while he labored hard at his first novel. His hard battle with adversity, in the interval of its publication, is extremely touching, exhibiting freely how genuine and how earnest was that confidence in future triumph, which no species of bodily affliction, nor experience of worldly privation, could succeed

in weakening. Describing his own sufferings at this time, he says with grim pleasantry :

"The weather otherwise leaving me in good health, brings a score of hand-saws, chisels, and corkscrews to work all at once on every inch of my thighs, legs, shins, feet and toes. I roar out from pain, and I cannot restrain myself: the other night I was awake from lying down to rising, all the while in torture."

In the month of April, 1825, appeared the long-meditated novel, under the title of *Tales by the O'Hara Family*. The three stories which make up the series, are *Crohoore of the Bilhook*, *John Doe*, and *The Fetches*. The first of these, together with the opening chapter of the second, was written by Michael (Barnes O'Hara), and the remainder of *John Doe*, and the whole story of *The Fetches*, by John (Abel O'Hara). Their immediate success almost out-rivalled the popularity which the first of the *Waverly Novels* attained on its publication. The great Reviews, especially the *Quarterly*, reproduced lengthy extracts, and spoke in high terms of the unknown author's ability; "pictures from the stories were taken by first-rate artists, and engravings were to be seen in the shop windows." * The flattering reception which the new novel met with, may now be wondered at, when we look back at the peculiar history of the period when it appeared, and the obstacles to success which it had to surmount. The reign of O'Connell had commenced. The Tithe war had aroused the just indignation of the Irish people, and stirred up the fiercest passions of certain portions of the peasantry. A new species of hope, long unknown, had begun to enkindle the national aspiration, for the Irish Catholic had begun to make "his chain clank o'er his rags" in the battle for Emancipation. To paint the manners and customs of the oppressed race, to expose the causes of their wretchedness, and to palliate, if not justify, the charge of outrages brought against them, by tracing crime to its proper source in the despotism of harassing state laws, was for Banim to upbraid with infamy the very nation in which his new book was to circulate most widely. The intelligent public, moreover, especially the theatre goers, had been accustomed by long experience to look upon the Irishman in a light widely differing from that in which he appeared in Banim's novels. Indeed, the delightful peculiarities of a Tartar or a Bosjesman, might have been combined in the part which the Hibernian had to perform, and withal, for aught of inconsistency, there might he entirely escape the notice of the greater portion of an English audience. When he did not figure as a roving adventurer, a species of Gil Blas, half knave, half fool, he was reserved to sustain the roll of a tipsy blockhead, expressing his scarcely intelligible ideas, with an abominable brogue, and throwing his auditors into convulsions of laughter by his ridiculous blunders and awkward gesticulations.

There is every reason to give implicit credence to an anecdote told as happening at this very period: how a young Englishman having paid a visit to Dublin, confessed on his return that after a residence of two months in Ireland he had not met with a single Irishman,—a

*Letter of Gerald Griffin to his brother.

remark which we would consider a fair specimen of an English bull, if its meaning was not so apparent; for probably the gentleman's notions of Irish civilization had previously been acquired from studying the national peculiarities, as they shone conspicuous in Macklin's Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan, or even Sheridan's no less illustrious Sir Lucius O'Trigger, characters amid the general class of Irish stage-worthies, remarkable for their comparative respectability. The fairest specimen of an Irishman existing in the literature of the time was to be found in the writings of Miss Edgeworth. This estimable lady had deservedly held the public taste captive for years. Her excellent *Moral Tales*, enjoyed a popularity which seemed to preclude competition in a field which she had been the first to turn to good account. Yet Banim's closer contact with the people he described, his more accurate knowledge of the habits, customs, and language of his countrymen, gave him an experience, which, supplemented by his excellent dramatic power of writing, enabled him to produce a novel more distinctly Irish than any that had been written, till the appearance of the *Collegians*. For admirably as Miss Edgeworth might excel as an inculcator of moral precepts, successfully as she might accomplish the difficult task of writing a child's tale, yet she lacked that faculty of feeling and romance, indispensable for the production of a genuine and a great Irish story. She was strict utilitarian. Banim's genius knew no such restriction. It surveyed the whole system of a nation's working, examined its inner life, and laid bare all of evil or of good which it found there. Miss Edgeworth gives us almost invariably the fashionably elegant portraiture of Irish life. Banim is never more at ease than in the midst of the peasantry; now exhibiting their simple lives and homely virtues, now exposing, their follies, and with too frequent emphasis, their crimes, also; equally at home by the hospitable hearth of the farmer's peaceful cottage, or, on the wild heath of the lonely mountain, tracing amid the fitful darkness the stealthy figure of the Whiteboy or the Moonlighter flitting past on his terrible mission of death and destruction. Perhaps the one great fault he possesses as a writer, is his too great readiness to dilate on scenes of horror and despair. The murders he describes are too painfully minute. He is not satisfied with killing his victim outright, he lingers to witness his death agony, and to catch his dying moan, and to see the blood-pools form around him where he lies. But this wild, gloomy flavor did not detract from the immediate popularity of his first novel. The favorable reception it met with afforded some recompense, though no alleviation for the author's great bodily suffering. It provided him, however, with money which enabled him to make a reconnoitring tour through the north of Ireland, where he spent considerable time satisfying himself as to the scenic surroundings of several battles to be described in his next great work, *The Boyne Water*. The new novel appeared towards the close of the year 1825, and was severely reviewed, not for any blemishes it contained as a literary work, but for the political views of the Irish author, which were not in accordance with those of English critics.

In November, 1826, appeared the third series of *Tales by the O'Hara Family*, containing the separate stories of *The Howlan's* and

Peter of the Castle, the whole work dedicated to "Thomas Moore, Esq.,—Ireland's Free Son and True Poet." The touching circumstances under which these novels were produced, illustrate the constant energy which Banim had to employ, to keep the very wolf of hunger from his threshold. His wife had become, for a time, a confirmed invalid, and the doctor's bills had to be paid. His little articles of furniture had been seized by inexorable creditors, and others had to be provided. His young children needed bread, and to him they looked for protection and support. His pen, always a nimble one, seemed too slow to furnish immediate relief; but by working far into the night, and during the paroxysms of "wringing, burning, agonizing pain," he could, at least, shorten the reign of poverty. Yet never during this painful interval of privation and suffering did despair diminish the cheerful light of hope within his Christian heart. How sweetly pathetic the following beautiful letter written about this time to his brother Michael. "This morning (Sunday), accompanying Ellen to Communion, I was delighted with the fair and beautiful sight of a crowd of other communicants, of every rank and age clustering to the sanctuary. Some old Chelsea pensioners were there. The lame, the blind, and the tottering; and there were boys and girls of very tender age mixed with these infirm old men. Leaning down to minister the bread of comfort and of life to these stumblers on the grave's brink, and those young adventurers on a world of temptation, was a most reverend-looking priest, with long white hair, who, to my knowledge, is one of the most zealous, virtuous, simple-minded men alive. My dear Michael, as I looked on, the recollection of our first Communion together side by side, and of the devotion and awe that filled my heart at the time; and the remembrance of our aged and benevolent parish priest bending down to us with the sacrament in his fingers, came refreshingly to me like the draught from a pure spring; and a long train of innocent days and blissful times passed before me."

For the next ten years his brain and his pen were never idle. With the valuable assistance rendered by his brother Michael, who corrected, suggested and supplied as he was called upon, John had sent some twenty different volumes to the publisher. *The Croppy*, *The Denounced*, *The Smuggler*, &c., followed one another in rapid succession, all written under pressure of extreme poverty and severe bodily suffering. In the year 1832 his health had become so much impaired, that by the advice of his physicians, and at the earnest entreaties of his friends, he set out for France having, however, little faith in the supposed benefits to be derived from a change of climate and the able treatment of great physicians. It was at this juncture that his country, recognising his great claims to her gratitude and protection, gave him funds which enabled him to prolong his stay abroad for a period of two years. It is an interesting item in this portion of Banim's history, and a flattering testimony to his widespread popularity, that among the many distinguished visitors who came to see him during his illness were the two illustrious sons of France, Chateaubriand and Lafayette. Medical care, however, was unable to cope with a disease which had for years baffled every remedy provided for its alleviation or cure. Though still

in the prime of life he had lost every indication of youthful vigor and youthful age. A few years had made him a meagre, attenuated, almost white-headed old man. His lower limbs were useless, and he had to be carried from place to place. In this state of physical decrepitude he arrived in his native city in the year 1835. Notwithstanding all the fame his novels had brought him, though they had been reprinted in America and had been translated into French and German, he had scarcely enough money left to defray his homeward expenses. The government, however, owing to the mediation of some illustrious friend, came to the rescue by settling on him an annual stipend of £150, which was soon followed by another pension of £40 to his only remaining child, a daughter. He now purchased a picturesque cottage in the suburbs of his native city, where he spent the few remaining years of his life. Yet, even now, when the fear of utter poverty no longer troubled him, when he might take a much-needed rest, even if the hope of ultimate recovery was denied him, he felt the old love for story telling returning. *Father Connell*, that most exquisitely touching and homely truthful of all his works, was the product of these latter years. But the concentration of mind and labor of correction which it demanded, overtaxed the little strength that remained to him, and hastened his death. In July, 1842, consoled by the rites of the Catholic Church, of which he was always the devoted son, he died amid the beloved scenes of which he ever preferred to write, and where he first plumed his young fancies "in pensive walk" beside the lovely Nore. The marble bust in the Tholsel at Kilkenny, is all, we believe, that has, as yet, been placed to perpetuate the memory of this great and good man. But far more enduring than graven image or monumental effigy, is the honored place he holds on the muster roll of Ireland's illustrious sons, and in the homes and hearts of his grateful countrymen.

JAMES H. GAVIN.

AN Italian writer gives a piquant tableau of the German Imperial Court. "The entourage of the Emperor and Empress," he says, "is gathered of very eccentric customers. They remind you of old furniture in an old museum. They are always to be found in the same place and at the same hour. They are not only ancient, but used up." Among the habitués at the imperial *salons* first comes the Countess Hocke, first lady of the palace, an intriguing, envious, malicious being, as stupid as she is ugly. Next we have Count von Goltz, who always goes to sleep before the soiree is over; the Count de Pourtales, who passes his time in inventing new *plats* with which to poison his friends, and the Count von Redern, "the vilest tongue" of the court. The writer pays a high compliment to his Imperial Majesty for having kept himself so green and robust in the midst of so much decay and decrepitude.

A Haunted House.

I PASSED the old house in the gloaming, the precious old homestead of yore,—

Friend Caro, last night in the gloaming, I pass'd by its portals once more.

The vines wandered over its porches, like ghosts in their garments of snow ;

And the wind that wailed up from the garden was full of ineffable woe.

No glimmer of light from the casement,—nor fire, nor taper, outshined :
The windows that loom'd thro' the darkness, were blank as the eyes of the blind.

And never a hand at the portal to welcome the guest, as of old,—
O Caro ! *Some* hands that have loos'd it, have pass'd thro' the portals of gold.

Some faces that smiled at the lintel,—lost faces, benignant with love,
—We trust in God's infinite mercy, now glow with his glory above !

All silent and cold and deserted,—the home, once so sunny a nest,
Where the needs of a liberal household found succor and sweetness and rest.

Oh, my heart, like a bird, fluttered upward to the old-fashioned rooms overhead ;

Tho' dark with the gloom of the twilight, they spoke of a light that had fled.

There played the bright children ;—there, clustered glad maidens,
(grave matrons to be ;)

There stood the young bride at her mirror ; there wailed the sick babe on the knee.

And yonder, the couch in the corner, all canopied, curtained with dread,
Had pillowed the limbs of the dying : had held the straight form of the dead.

I walked to and fro. Love, I listened for feet that had travelled afar ;
And faint thro' the shadows, there glistened *one* face that was pure as a star.

One visage, serene as an angel's, tho' touched with the pathos of death ;
The hands meeting mine, true and tender,—the deep eyes o'erflowing with faith.

Oh ! I sobbed thro' the silence : “ My darling ! dear friend, whom I never may meet

Till the fulness of Death's bitter waters flows over my shuddering feet,—

My heart thro' the stretch of the future, will yearn for thy coming in
vain ;
Will thirst for thy voice, for thy presence, till the thirst is a positive
pain !"

But, out of the stillness and darkness, sweet Caro, a whispering stole,
And it murmured : "Be comforted dearest, and fret not the peace of
thy soul.

"The years of thy life in the balance,— Eternity's measure sublime,—
What are they but drops in the ocean? but grains on the sand-shore
of Time?

"And the waters of death are *not* bitter to those whom the Master doth
guide ;

Ah ! walk in His footsteps, beloved, and soon at His feet we'll abide !"

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Southern Sketches.

IX.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

THE original route to St. Augustine was by Picolata, a point on the St. John's, from whence travellers proceeded by stage to the end of their journey. That slow and inconvenient way was superseded by the shorter and more rapid one through Tocol. The road, owned by Mr. Astor of New York, is fifteen miles long, and costs a person two dollars to travel over it. Clergymen, by courtesy, go for half fare. The route lies through a regular pine forest, the wild and lonely character of which, is now and then relieved by the sight of a cabin, with its few orange trees, a lordly palmetto, a half savage hog, bursting through a jungle, an occasional swamp, and a snow-white, mournful crane. We stopped at a black, tumbled-down, sooty old shed, outside of which, a brawny old negro was cooking fish and sweet potatoes. Here pine logs were taken in for the furnace, the engine gave a shrill whistle, and off we started through dark and silent aisles, where mighty oaks, gum, cypress and other trees, mingled their branches overhead, thus forming beautiful arches. Trumpet vines, morning glories, the yellow jessamine, and various parasites, scattered their blossoms and perfumes in all directions. Half an hour passed, and on quitting the dark forest, we came within view of the outskirts of St. Augustine, the oldest city in the Union. As the season travel had not yet set in, the scenes through which we passed, looked very quiet and lovely. A few blacks and whites loitered, rather than bustled, around the little depot, and an omnibus with a heavy-whiskered, good-natured-looking driver, stood ready to carry us to town for twenty-five cents apiece. The heavy wheels moved noiselessly over the sandy ground till we came to

the shell road that led to the city across the St. Sebastian River. Orange trees and great woods ran along the salt waters, which were adorned for a great extent on both sides of the bridge, with marshy sedge grass and reeds.

Women were fishing from the battlements of the bridge, shrimps were jumping by the million in the rippling rivulets near the road, and the large beds of slimy sand from which the tide had receded, were literally covered with crawling and tumbling fiddler crabs. Thousands of sea-birds flew through the rushes, sleepy negroes yawned on the broken sea-wall as we passed, and the avenue entering the town looked inviting, owing to the coolness and beauty of the tropical foliage that adorned it. On the right stood the large and comfortable mansion of Senator Gilbert, with its open door yard decorated with century plants and all kinds of flowers. On the left we saw the orange groves and pretty gravel walk in front of the picturesque and ancient-looking home of Dr. Anderson, who kindly permits all visitors to observe and admire his vast collection of rare plants, vines and fruit trees. After moving along this cool, dark archway, formed by interlacing oak limbs, through which the sunbeams here and there fall, we came out on a more open prospect, and scarcely noticed the bridge that spans St. Mary's Creek, so wrapped up in surprise and delight were we at the sight of the quaint, dreamy, and lovely old town that lay before us. Every building pointed out by the driver seemed strange and interesting. The bishop's house, a tall and imposing structure, built of coquina,—a compound of small, pretty shells,—stood in the centre of an open space, its two large piazzas running around the entire building, looking very grand. We passed by the fabric originally called the Governor's Mansion, but now used for post-office, public library, and city clerk's office. Its former beautiful balconies, look-out tower and grand doric gateway were no longer visible.

In the course of a few moments we reached a pile of antique and picturesque houses, and here the conveyance stopped to let me down in front of the bishop's temporary abode. A new rectory, somewhat similar in style to the one in Jarksonville, was going up, a few feet away, and it looked a truly nineteenth-century growth, amid the sombre and old-fashioned edifices around it. Streets, houses, doors, walls and windows — all looked very curious and lovely. One could stay gazing at them all day without feeling tired.

Had I been transported in an instant to some old Spanish or Italian town, I could not have been more surprised, the place looked so unlike anything else in the United States. It was late in the afternoon when we arrived, and the approach of sunset would supply charming sky-tints to embellish the city. I passed the piazza hurriedly, and could catch but a glimpse of its monuments and green shades. St. George Street, on which the bishop resided, was the most aristocratic in the place. It looked as quiet that day as a lonely forest aisle.

Some darkies loitered along the narrow sidewalks; a colored servant peeped out of a window; a young dark-eyed Minorcan sat rocking in a piazza over the way; a cat was licking her paws in the sunbeams under a blossoming vine that grew over an old coquina wall; and no

sound came on the hedge but the mournful sighing of the waves murmuring against the sea-wall on the other side of the city. On entering the bishop's house, I was very kindly and warmly received by himself and his sister. As Mr. Duffy was out, his lordship suggested a walk, and I gladly consented to accompany him. I was so delighted with the stillness, beauty and strange character of the place, that I could have walked for miles and miles, through such scenes, without feeling fatigued. Tall, buxom Catholic darky ladies greeted the bishop very respectfully as he passed along, and his gentle, humble ways pleased everybody.

As we walked towards the city gates, I noticed that our street was no more than twelve or fifteen feet wide, and that many of the houses on each side were adorned with verandas on the second story. These hanging over the sidewalks produced a pleasant shade. Solid stores built of coquina presented a varied stock of goods in their plain and unpretending windows. The shelves and counters were usually wrapped in shadow and silence. Here was a beautiful mansion, luxuriously adorned exteriorly and interiorly, with a lovely garden attached to it, in which the royal palm tree, cactus, century plants and numerous tropical fruits bloomed. Every walk, grassy plot and flower-bed displayed the highest taste, and the air was full of the fragrance of roses. Negroes chatted, doves cooed, bees hummed, butterflies flew, birds sang, and somebody played a banjo in a neighboring shady yard. Further on we saw in big letters a notice of "The old curiosity shop around the corner." Though shut on this occasion, the owner does a thriving business in the winter season. His windows have a grand display of alligators' teeth and jaws, lovely delicate shells from Nassau, sea beans, corals, gorgeously stuffed birds, ocean fans, wings of the blue and snowy heron, and other valuable curiosities. There was no rush or confusion in this beautiful spot. Persons now and then came in and out of the houses as silent as spectres, and whatever noise broke the stillness came from some shrieking, laughing negro urchin, who skipped along the sidewalk, or from the wheels of an ox-cart steered by some contented old darky. Air plants, with their pretty roots and leaves, grew on the walls and piazzas, not needing any soil to nourish them. Luxurious vines dropped over the gates and palings, and their red and yellow blossoms looked very lovely. Dozens of black children, with laughing white teeth and sparkling eyes, cried out as we passed "Misters, give me five cents — only a nickel, misters." An undertaker was polishing up a newly-made coffin in a cute-looking cabinet shop on the left of the street. All the dwelling-houses and the few old-fashioned stores that I noticed, wore an air of old-time dignity and stately repose. Though business looked dull, yet every one seemed happy and contented, and this situation of affairs, was wonderfully calculated to make weary travellers seem similarly disposed. I felt as if I were at once introduced into a mysterious, happy land, the air was so sweet and balmy, the people, black and white, so courteous, the vegetation so tropical, the wind-mills so picturesque in the gardens, and the whole place so full of peace and rest. In a little while we reached the city gate, which is the only part now remaining of the great wall that once protected the

north of the town. Standing alone, with its two sentry boxes, loopholes, and pretty towers, it looked, indeed, a curious picturesque structure. The ditch in front of it, into which torrents of blood fell during the terrible Indian and Spanish wars, was now choked up with grass and weeds, among which ducks, hens, and ragged pickaninnies sported. After quitting the gates we came out on a broad shell road, where the gentle ocean breezes had plenty of room to play. The old Huguenot Cemetery lay on the left, behind a tasty railing, and its plots, walks, and monuments looked very neat. Higher up on the same side stood a magnificent mansion owned by a crazy Northern gentleman. Its broad piazzas, elegant windows, and large grounds, where the orange, banana, and other trees grew, looked very charming. The famous old fort, St. Marco, frowned over the bay to the right. Between it and our road, spread a large green field, on which goats roamed and browsed; wild cactus plants, delicate gorgeous flowers and blossoming vines, started up from the white sand beds that were almost buried in the grass, and little birds flew from tree to tree, while grasshoppers, insects of beautiful hue, and big, brilliant butterflies, fluttered hither and thither, enjoying the many useful and pleasant resources supplied them by nature. The Spanish bayonets, tall, compact shrubs, with bristling spears, growing in a vertical direction, formed splendid barriers behind the fences that now and then appeared, protecting rows of roses, lovely annuals, and flowering shrubs. Little old coquina dwellings occasionally revealed their presence amid masses of evergreen foliage. A few turkey buzzards flapped and alighted over a carcass behind a fence as we advanced, some birds were hurrying to their roosts, in the trees beyond, and as the day declined, the sound of the waves on the distant beach grew sadder and lonelier. After about fifteen minutes' walk on this old Jacksonville road, we turned to the right, and following the course of a lovely grassy lane, we crossed over a fence and entered the new Catholic Cemetery. This is delightfully situated, and its original limits have been considerably enlarged by some new and adjoining lots, which were recently purchased by the bishop. As we stood on soft, beautiful grasses near graves which wild flowers adorned, we saw the city on the south, woods, houses, fields, and orange groves, on the north; the North River, ocean-white beaches, and sand banks to the east and plots, gardens, dwellings and the St. Sebastian river to the west. The roar of the waves rolling in on the sands, and the sigh of the winds through the groves, seemed like a natural and unending requiem over the departed. When the improvements that the bishop intends to make on the place are effected, it will then be one of the nicest spots on God's earth for the dead. The old coquina chapel erected by Bishop Verot in the centre of the cemetery, was recently tumbled by a violent storm, but it will be rebuilt before long in more solid shape with brick. This is a historic spot, as on the site of the present ruined temple stood the chapel of a former Indian mission, in which the brave and zealous Father Rodriguez de Montes was slain by a desperate red chief, who was incensed against the holy man because he reproached him for his adulteries, and other crimes. The story of his death is a sad and touching one.

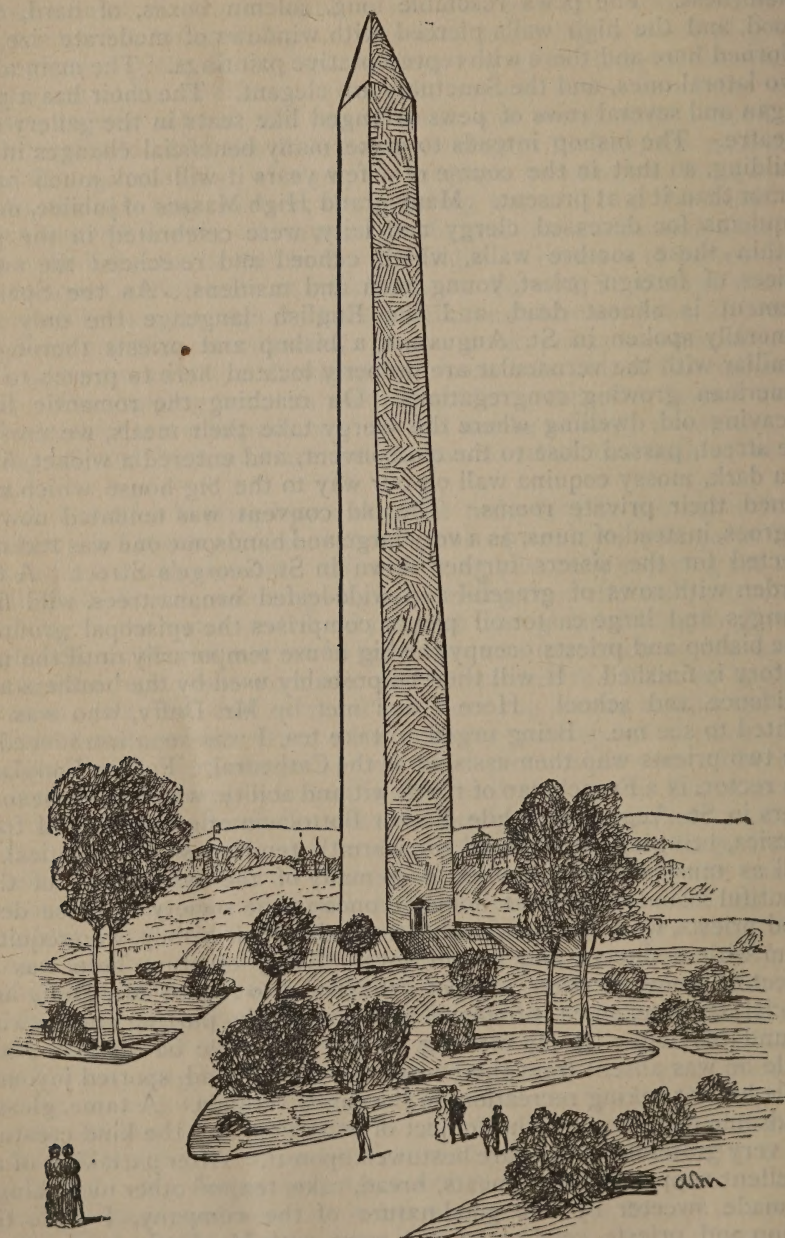
After the fiery Indian chief had gathered a band of murderous followers, he slew Father Corpa in the little church that stood in the old Catholic Cemetery on Tolmato Street, then butchered others, and rushed to the present spot where Father Rodriguez was wrapt in prayer. The tomahawk of the savage would have done its bloody work at once, had not the holy man earnestly besought his enemies to spare him till he would say Mass. Moved by his appeals, they consented, and the good, saintly missionary who had prayed for those Indians in the past, who had worked and wept unceasingly for them, who had quitted his native land to preach to them about the divinity and love of Christ, and the power and blessings of His cross, who had labored night and day to make them virtuous and holy, was now seen offering up the spotless blood of Christ in union with his own, which was soon to flow in the sacred cause of Christianity. What feelings of love, patience, forgiveness, and heroic self-sacrifice, filled this other Stephen while absorbed in those sacred mysteries, with death and eternity so near him, swallowed up in the boundless hope of soon possessing forever his God, whom his blood-thirsty congregation forgot in the savage desire of butchering their victim. When the Holy Sacrifice ended, the priest came down from the altar, his face shining, like that of another Moses, with the brightness of the Lord. Peace, charity, and pardon filled it. The savage crowd closed upon him and beat him to death, then they threw his body in the neighboring field, and it is said that when a dog went to touch it, it fell dead. A Catholic Indian afterwards bore it respectfully away, and buried it in the forest. Such was but one of many like instances in the career of that great band of Franciscan, Dominican, and Jesuit missionaries, who came from Spain hundreds of years ago, and shed their blood so plentifully in their efforts to establish and advance Catholicity among the Indians. Every flower that blooms in this delightful land of Florida, grow on soil consecrated by the blood of those priestly martyrs.

After leaving the cemetery, we went back to the city gate, and then turned to the east towards the old fort, whose bastions, battlements and towers, all of coquina, frowned upon us. Bay Street, in which we now stood, afforded us a charming view; on the right were rows of old coquina houses, looking picturesque with their cracks and moss-stained roofs. First among them, appeared the old king's forge. It looked a truly architectural curiosity, and though the hoofs of royal horses were not trimmed and shod by the present smithy, yet fiery, full-blooded mules, held by humorous darkies had that honor conferred upon them. Some neglected cannons stood on the grassy hill near the fort, and vines twined around the carriages on which they were mounted. Their present condition made them resemble monuments of peace, rather than engines of battle and death. Outside the long coquina, granite-capped sea-wall, which extended for a mile, and cost the United States \$100,000, lay the bay and the Matanzas River, sleeping in the soft sunlight. Anastatia Island stretched between these waters and the great ocean. Its splendid new light-house towered above its billows of shrubbery, and its white sandy beaches ran down to be gently caressed by the soft shining waves. As we stepped on

the sea-wall, which was just wide enough for two, we noticed the sun going down in the west. The soft, white and light gray clouds that floated around his throne of silver and gold gradually broke and gave way to delicate forms of light. The sun, lately like a shield of gold, turned into a globe of fire, and its deep red glow changed the whole horizon into a sea of crimson. Its soft, tropical beams inundated the houses, streets, sea-wall, old fort, islands, and waves with a flood of tender splendor, and the little boats rocking in the bay, the men and boys fishing from the wharves, the negroes yawning on the grassy knolls, the sporting children, the wheeling buzzards and the beautiful fruit trees and flowers, all seemed transfigured into enchanting pictures under the influence of this lovely, rosy light. Glimpses of narrow and picturesque Charlotte Street, which ran parallel with St. George's, were occasionally seen through the lane-like thorough-fares of Juna, Hipolita, and Treasury that intersected it. Every nook, piazza and mansion, as well as negro cabin, embowered in vines, was bathed in delicious light. The lapping wavelets and the golden green river invited us to bathe in their warm depths, but it would not be prudent to venture, as sharks abound here, and are well known to relish the flesh of white men.

A beautiful bathing-house stands a little outside the sea-wall, at the foot of Treasury Street, and here one can enjoy a plunge at any season for a moderate sum. After walking past this, enjoying the full swell of the breeze, watching negroes fishing from the wall, porpoises tumbling in the water, and the flying fish rising and falling in glittering bands, we turned our backs upon the sea, sauntered by the basin where numerous boats were moored, and entered the Plaza de la Constitution. At the end of the Plaza near the water, stands the old market house, where slaves were formerly put up at auction. Its whitened brick piers, support an odd, but picturesque roof. There is no lack of excitement here in the early mornings, when fish of every size and color are offered for sale. Opposite the market, and running further up the street, is the St. Augustine hotel, a very large frame building, ornamented with numerous verandas. During the winter season, its windows, halls and piazzas, presented an animated and sparkling picture. The terms there are four dollars per day. The plaza runs from the market to St. George's Street, is surrounded by a pretty fence, and is adorned with fine shade trees, under which seats are fixed for the convenience of rambles. A handsome monument, about twenty feet high, erected in memory of the Spanish Liberal Constitution, stands in the midst of the square. An inscription in Spanish is engraved on its east side; over the way, adjoining the neatest and best little drug store in the place, can be seen the ancient Cathedral, looking a real landmark of old Spain, with its Moorish front and belfry. The latter, with its four bells placed in separate niches, together with a circular arch window above the clock formed a regular cross. The gray of the building, built of coquina, was mellowed by age and the smoothness and beauty of its warm coloring, harmonized agreeably with the prevailing architectural tints. The church was begun in 1793, and cost \$16,000, and one of its bells, dedicated to St.

Joseph in 1682, is the oldest in the country. The interior of the building though sombre, is strikingly interesting on account of its quaintness. The pews resemble long, solemn boxes, of hard, dark wood, and the high walls pierced with windows of moderate size, are adorned here and there with representative paintings. The main altar, two lateral ones, and the Sanctuary are elegant. The choir has a good organ and several rows of pews arranged like seats in the gallery of a theatre. The bishop intends to make many beneficial changes in the building, so that in the course of a few years it will look much handsomer than it is at present. Many grand High Masses of jubilee, many requiems for deceased clergy and laity, were celebrated in the past within these sombre walls, which echoed and re-echoed the sweet voices of foreign priest, young men and maidens. As the Spanish element is almost dead, and the English language the only one generally spoken in St. Augustine, a bishop and priests thoroughly familiar with the vernacular are properly located here to preach to the American growing congregations. On reaching the romantic little decaying old dwelling where the clergy take their meals, we crossed the street, passed close to the old convent, and entered a wicket, fixed in a dark, mossy coquina wall on our way to the big house which contained their private rooms. The old convent was tenanted now by negroes, instead of nuns, as a very large and handsome one was recently erected for the sisters further down in St. George's Street. A fine garden with rows of graceful and wide-leaved banana trees, wild figs, oranges and large castor-oil plants comprises the episcopal grounds. The bishop and priests occupy the big house temporarily until the new rectory is finished. It will then be probably used by the brothers as a residence and school. Here I was met by Mr. Duffy, who was delighted to see me. Being urged to take tea, I was soon introduced to the two priests who then assisted at the Cathedral. Father Langlade, the rector, is a Frenchman of much wit and ability, who has spent some years in St. Augustine, while Father Bottolacio originally hailed from Corsica, bringing with him all the warmth, tenderness, and poetical, as well as musical, taste peculiar to so many of the inhabitants of that beautiful island. I felt at home at once in the society of those dear, good priests, who were so warmly attached to their bishop, who requited them with a sincere and ardent love. Every creature here, was an object of some affection. A pet cat seemed to regard Mr. Duffy as a special favorite, since it followed him constantly, purring and mewing around his legs. It lay mewing at his feet while he studied, pined while he was absent from the house, and frisked and sported joyously while he was taking recreation on the sunny veranda. A tame, glossy, handsome deer, was another object of attention, and the kind creature felt very grateful for the care bestowed upon it. After partaking of an excellent supper of fruits, meats, bread, cake, tea and other nice things, all made sweeter by the good-nature of the company, I bade the bishop and priests good-night and went with Mr. Duffy to engage a room at the well-known boarding-house of Mrs. Hernandez. As the large hotels were not yet opened, this place was recommended as the best establishment.



The Great Obelisk.

Description of the Highest Structure in the World.

THE monument erected in the national capital in honor of George Washington, the commander of the armies which won independence for the American colonies, and the first President of the Republic which those colonies formed, is the highest structure in the world, having a height from the floor of the shaft to the apex of 555 feet 5½ inches. The next highest edifice is the dome of the new municipal buildings in Philadelphia, which from the curb line to the top of the statue of William Penn, surmounting it, is 537 feet 4 inches. The spires of the Cologne Cathedral, 524 feet 11 inches, come next, and then the Pyramid of Cheops, 480 feet. St. Peter's Church in Rome comes tenth in the list of high structures, past and present. St. Paul's Church, London, is twenty-seventh, and Bunker Hill Monument, with a height of 221 feet, comes fifty-sixth. The history of the origin, progress and completion of the Washington Monument, was fully reviewed in the admirable oration of Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, delivered on the 14th of February, during the ceremonies in honor of its completion. A description of the shaft will be of special interest at the present time. The site is a Government reservation near the Potomac River, comprising 78½ acres. The elevation of the ground on which the monument stands is 26 feet above low tide water in the river. The original foundation was of blue gneiss rock, in large blocks laid in lime mortar. It was 80 feet square at the base, covering an area of 6,400 square feet, was pyramidal in shape, having offsets or steps and extended 7 feet 8 inches below ground and 15 feet 8 inches above ground. Under the direction of Col. Thomas Lincoln Casey, of the Corps of Engineers, the foundation was enlarged and strengthened. It is now 126 feet 6 inches square, covering an area of 16,002 square feet, and has a depth of 36 feet 10 inches, extending down to a level 6 inches below the permanent level of water in the site on which the monument is located. The base of the shaft is 55 feet 1½ inches square and the top is 34 feet 5½ inches square. Carried to a point with the same proportion of decrease, the height of the shaft would be 1,480 feet high. The walls are 15 feet thick at the entrance and 18 inches thick at the top. The facing of the walls is of pure white marble from a Maryland quarry, with a backing of rubble masonry for a height of 150 feet, and then of dressed granite from New Hampshire. The interior well of the shaft is 25 feet square for the first 150 feet, and then increases till at a height of 160 feet it is 31 feet 6 inches square. The means of ascent are stairways and a steam elevator. The pyramidion which crowns the shaft is of marble, is 55 feet in vertical height, and is constructed of 262 separate pieces of stone, containing 3,764 cubic feet of dressed stock. The covering slabs are 7 inches thick, and the weight of the pyramidion is 300 tons. The capstone weighed 3,300 pounds, and is crowned by a small right pyramid of pure aluminum weighing 100 ounces, the largest piece of this metal ever cast in any country.

The number of stones in the shaft above the height of 150 feet is 9,613. Some 14,000 barrels of Portland cement were used in the new foundation and shaft, and the total weight of the entire structure, including the foundation and the earth upon it, is 81,120 tons, the pressure of the masonry upon the underlying soil being nowhere greater than nine tons per square foot. Since the work was begun there has been a settlement of about four inches. Four lightning rods protect the shaft. The view from the top is afforded by two windows in each of the four faces of the pyramidion, these being provided with swinging closures of marble for protection against the weather. The interior of the shaft is lighted by incandescent electric lights. The cost of the monument is represented by a sum of \$300,000, raised by contributions from the people, and of \$900,000 appropriated by Congress. In the construction of the interior walls, blocks of stone contributed by individuals, institutions, societies, towns, cities, States and nations have been used. All the States and Territories are represented: among the cities and towns represented are Boston and Charlestown, now one city, New Bedford, Lowell, Salem, Durham, N. H., and Warren, R. I. A number of Masonic Grand Lodges, with several subordinate lodges, have blocks, and the same is true of the Odd Fellows and Sons of Temperance, while in the long list of contributors are military and fire companies, schools and colleges, churches and Sunday Schools, Indian tribes and other associations of men, women and children, both in America and abroad.

The weather was cold but it did not interfere with the arrangements. The decorations of public and private buildings were pushed forward, and stands were erected at many points for the accommodation of the thousands of visitors who thronged the city. Washington was crowded with sightseers. The demand for tickets to the House of Representatives was so great that thirty-five and forty dollars were offered for a single seat. The greatest disappointment was expressed that illness prevented the attendance of Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, whose address was read by Congressman John D. Long.

The Pope's Block for the Washington Monument.

The completion of the Washington Monument, which was effected on Saturday, 6th of December, in a violent storm of wind and rain, recalls to the older inhabitants that famous exhibition of intolerant vandalism—the destruction of the memorial stone contributed by his Holiness Pope Pius IX. It was a block of African marble, of unknown age, taken from the Temple of Peace, and was simply inscribed, “Rome to America.” As a great many legends are current regarding this infamous transaction, the following account, furnished by the scholarly Dr. Toner, then, as now, a distinguished citizen of Washington, may be accepted as authoritative. “A fanatical minister in Baltimore, named John F. Weishample, wrote an address to the Protestants of the United States against placing the Pope’s block in the monument; and such a furore was created that the stone was taken by force in the night from the lapidarium and destroyed. A gang of

men, how many was never definitely ascertained, surrounded the box of the night watchman one Sunday night and tied a rope around it, besides piling a number of heavy stones against the door. They then took the block from the lapidarium, loaded it on a wheelbarrow, and went off with it in the direction of the river. It is supposed that the stone was either demolished, or sunk in the river by the iconoclasts. The watchman, who was armed, made no effort to apprehend the vandals or give an alarm. He was, after an investigation, discharged." And the mystery surrounding this act of Know-Nothing bigotry has never been cleared up, although it is believed that there are some men, still living in Washington, who could give a correct history of this disgraceful event in the monument's history if they would open their lips which have been sealed regarding it for thirty years. Among the incidents connected with the finishing of this grand obelisk it may be mentioned that Mr. John H. Doyle, a talented young member of the old Catholic family of that name in the district, assisted in placing the capstone in position, taking a pardonable pride the while in the fact that his father had helped to lay the corner-stone July 4, 1848.

An Impudent Sect.

Catholic Citizen: The Masons are accomplished tuft hunters. After George Washington had attained celebrity he permitted himself to be initiated into a Masonic lodge. Thomas Jefferson and other of the Spartan fathers of the Republic despised secret societies, but Washington was sufficiently accommodating to the importunate brethren to wear an apron. This fact was recalled last Saturday, when the Washington Monument was dedicated in the nation's Capital. After the orators of the day had spoken and the formal ceremonies had been concluded, the rest was left to the Masons. They proceeded to enact some of their ancient antics on the structure, finding it to be "plumb" and otherwise pronouncing a perfunctory judgment on the contractor's job. The performance was, throughout, a concatenation of meaningless mummery, not having even the sincerity of being superstitious. That such puerile and silly proceedings should wind up a great nation's dedicatory ceremonies, is truly a matter of regret. The proceeding is, however, only a "specimen brick" of like impudent intrusions of the Masonic sect upon many other occasions. They are, in fact, offensively assuming the right to officiate at all governmental dedications. A numerous signed petition by Protestants, exclusively, was presented against Masonic mummeries at the Washington monument, but, as it transpired, without avail. So far as Catholics are concerned, they would much prefer, upon such occasions, the appearance of a Protestant clergyman who, at least, represents a religion sincerely and openly professed, to the caperings and antics of a lot of aproned harlequins.

Was General Washington a Mason ?

Notre Dame Scholastic: The principle that all organizations which compel their members to swear obedience to undefined obligations should be seduously opposed by Church and State needs no defence

from us ; but in view of the late Encyclical of Leo XIII. against Freemasonry, it is well to recall the opinions of some representative men of our age on the subject of secret societies. The late Wendell Philips, writing to a friend under date Jan. 23, 1874, opened his mind in this wise : "I wish you success most heartily in your efforts to rouse the community to the danger of secret societies. They are a great evil ; entirely out of place in a Republic, and no patriot should join or uphold them."

Daniel Webster expressed himself as follows : "All secret associations . . . are especially unfavorable to harmony and mutual confidence among men living together under popular institutions, and are dangerous to the general cause of civil liberty and good government. Under the influence of the conviction, it is my opinion that the administration of all such oaths and the formation of all such obligations should be prohibited by law."

William H. Seward once declared that before he could place his hand between the hands of the men in a secret lodge, order, class or council, and, bending on his knee before them, enter into a combination with them for any object, personal or political, good or bad, he "would pray to God that hand and knee might be paralyzed."

Madison, Adams, Quincy and many others of the greatest American statesmen denounced secret societies in the severest terms ; but we have not space, nor is it necessary to quote their words. As to the oft-repeated statement that the great and good Washington was a Freemason, we may say that this has never been proven, and, judging from his own words in condemnation of secret confraternities, it seems most questionable ; in fact, till the contrary is established, we are justified in declaring that Washington was not a Freemason.

We think the above is more than sufficient evidence that Masonry, and like associations, whatever else they may be, are decidedly un-American.

More Evidence that Washington was not a Mason.

We cite this passage from the *Philadelphia American* of February 17: The allegation that General Washington was an adhering Freemason rests upon the claim of the lodge, which claim is founded upon three letters, the originals of which have never been seen outside the lodge, which bear no dates, and copies of which were never found among Washington's papers, although it was his custom to keep copies of all his letters. These letters bear every mark of being fraudulent, and have been so regarded by the general public.

On the other hand, it is conclusively proved that Washington was not an adhering Freemason by the records of a lodge in Rhode Island which investigated the question ; by his own word given in a letter to the Rev. Mr. Snyder, the genuineness of which is established ; by utterances in his farewell address ; by his statement to the Rev. Ezra S. Ely, D. D., an editor in Philadelphia, and by the statement of Chief Justice Marshall that he found no papers among Washington's letters referring to the matter, and never heard him speak of it. Washington wrote to the Rev. Mr. Snyder "to correct an error you (Snyder) have

run into—of my presiding over the English lodges in this country. The fact is, I preside over none, nor have I been in one more than once or twice within the last thirty years.” From the official record of a Newport lodge, the genuineness of which has been established in court, is the report of a committee of the lodge appointed to ascertain whether Washington was master of a lodge, in which is this conclusion: “On inquiry they (the committee) find General Washington not to be grand master of North America, as was supposed, nor even master of any particular lodge.”

Freemasonry an Anti-Christian Institution.

In very truth Freemasonry is an anti-Christian institution. The *Journal of Freemasonry*, Altenburg, 1823, says: “The brotherhood is to be cemented by uniting the members of various religious bodies in a natural religion, by equality of rights and claims, by common pleasures and common action in the interests of philanthropy.” That is, by the substitution of a so-called natural religion for Christianity, of pleasure for virtues, and of philanthropy for Christian charity. The *Monde Maconnique*, commenting on the sentiment of the Bishop of Autun that if a man wished to remain a sincere Christian he could not at the same time be a Freemason, fairly admitted the truth of it, saying, “The bishop is justified in speaking thus.” In England, indeed this will not be admitted, but it is readily admitted of Catholicism. In 1875, Brother Parkinson, Grand Master of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Middlesex, truthfully remarked, in a meeting in Warwickshire, “the fact was, the two systems of Romanism and Masonry were not only incompatible, but were radically opposed.” And the Lord Mayor of London observed, that “the present time was a most eventful one, and not the less for the great contest raging between darkness and light. Popery and the Pope himself had determined to put down freedom and good-will; but this country and the Prince of Wales had determined that light should prevail.”

The sort of light which was expected to prevail may be gathered from a fact narrated by Dupanloup in his *Etude sur la Franc-Maconnerie*. He says that in 1864 the Grand Orient of Belgium drew up a scheme of legislation, of which the first article was: Suppression of all religious instruction; and the second, Obligation on the part of the father and widowed mother to force their children to the school. It was a scheme for compulsory infidelity. The *London Masonic Journal* replied to it that religious education was a poison, and that parents should engage to withdraw their children from the virus of religious education. May we not see in this some explanation of the zealous propaganda of godless education which is now so rampant?

As regards the objection that the Prince of Wales, and other great personages, lay and ecclesiastical, would never countenance such schemes, the answer is furnished us by Brother Louis Blanc, who said in his Letters to a Freemason, taken from the *Bien Public*, Brussels:—

“Thanks to its clever system of mechanism, Freemasonry found in princes and aristocrats, patrons rather than enemies. Even monarchs, as for instance Frederick II. of Prussia, have condescended to

handle the trowel and tie on the apron. And why not? As the existence of the higher grades was carefully concealed from them, they only knew as much of Freemasonry as could be revealed to them without danger. They had no reason for concerning themselves about it, seeing that they were kept in the lower grades, in which they perceived nothing but an opportunity for amusement, joyful banquets, principles forsaken and resumed at the threshold of the lodge, formulas that had no reference to ordinary life — in a word, a comedy of equality. But in these matters, comedy closely borders upon tragedy: and the princes and nobles were induced to offer the cover of their name and the blind aid of their influences to secret undertakings directed against themselves."

Hail, Star of the Sea.

HAIL, bright star! that o'er life's troubled sea
 Shines pitying down from heaven's elysian blue!
 Mother and maid, we fondly look to thee,
 Fair gate of bliss, where heaven beams brightly thro'.
 Star of the morning! guide our youthful days,
 Shine on our infant steps in life's long race,
 Star of the evening! with thy tranquil rays,
 Gladden the eyes that seek thy face.

Hail, sacred maid! thou brighter, better Eve,
 Take from our eyes the blinding scales of sin;
 Within our hearts no selfish poison leave,
 For thou the heavenly antidote canst win.
 Oh, sacred Mother, 'tis to thee we run —
 Poor children from this world's oppressive strife;
 Ask all we need from thy immortal Son,
 Who drank of death that we might taste of life.

Hail, spotless Virgin! mildest, meekest maid —
 Hail, purest Pearl that time's great sea hath borne —
 May our white souls, in purity arrayed,
 Shine, as if they thy vestal robes had worn.
 Make our hearts pure, as thou thyself art pure —
 Make safe the rugged pathway of our lives,
 And make us pass to joys that will endure
 When the dark term of mortal life arrives.

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

WHEN rulers are just, the people are happy.

Puritan New England and Her Catholic Flowers.

THE barren, "rock-bound coast" of New England, on which the Puritans landed on December 22, 1620, cannot be regarded as giving a fair type of New England scenery any more than of its productiveness. While the ocean surf warns the cautious navigator from her headlands, the interior of New England invites the traveller and wayfarer to scenes of beauty which may be rivalled but never surpassed in Old England. Along with this charm of hill and dale, of wide-spreading meadows, of meandering streams and majestic rivers, of lakes and wooded mountains, of echoing glens and umbrageous forests, there is a *flora* which not only woos the botanist to study its varieties, but the artist to reproduce its beauties; and which, better still, has so won the hearts of the dwellers among her mountains and her valleys, beside her riverlets and her cascades, that the blossoms of spring, of summer, and of autumn, are associated by them with everything dear in life and sacred in death. Moreover, these flowers not only record by their names New England customs, but explain processes of thought among a people whose unflinching logic, and staunch, natural virtues have become proverbial.

There is an experience which comes to almost every traveller, especially to one familiar with nature in early life. It is that of finding among the varieties of flowers in other lands many which he had supposed peculiar to his own, and even confined to certain districts of his own country. The English daisy is found besprinkling the greensward of Rome; the virgin's bower or traveller's-joy of certain districts in Old England, is equally at home among the hedges and fences of New England, and the same is true of the Scotch hare-bell; while both these flowers greet the eyes of the pilgrim to Monte Cassino. Even the shamrock is not altogether peculiar to Ireland. The small trefoil runner of the soil of Erin can scarcely be distinguished by ordinary travellers from that which is culled from many a spot in Rome consecrated to the memory of some martyr. This makes, indeed, one of the joys of a traveller, for when none but strange faces meet his eye, his heart may be consoled and gladdened by some little flower at his feet, which not only attracts his gaze but gives wings to his thoughts, reviving some memory which reassures him like the voice of a friend.

The flowers of New England have often thus attracted the attention of her children upon their own soil, not only by their beauty and charm of an early association, but by their names, which prove sometimes unexpected links in a chain of evidence, little suspected it may be by those who first pronounced them, but to which after associations gave a wondrous meaning and undying significance.

There is a tinge of green among the willows that fringe the brook-sides; not strong enough to mark any outlines, but enough to give a hue of spring to the scene which the artist in sketching the landscape would not fail to throw in with his brush. With this comes the music of sylvan pipes, the willow whistle of the schoolboy along the streams and across the meadows. The sunshine of these early spring days is

bewitching. In vain is the hope of a prize or the fear of demerit marks put before the juniors of any school to the exclusion of the vernal ramble. This must be had; openly if wisely allowed, stealthily if unwisely denied. Unnumbered voices of birds, of insects, call to the fields, the streams, the hill-side. Under the dead leaves of a year forever gone, young hands find treasures; mosses, with grey cups vermillion-edged, or the slenderest of all possible stems tipped with burnt sienna like a fairy lance rusted at the point; winter-green berries, hanging round and juicy from the last year's stalk, protected by the last year's leaves. The truant's steps hasten onward to the hill crowned with pines, where ice banks have not yet melted under the breath of spring. There, on the edge of lessening snow drifts, where the pine needles have fallen in showers, but the young leaves make a roof and a shelter, the keen eye of the schoolboy or the schoolgirl finds what has already revealed its presence by the delicious perfume it sheds around. With what care their hands, trembling with delight, raise the clusters of bloom hidden from the uninitiated! It is the earliest blossom of the cold New England spring, so wonderfully protected by its surroundings as to brave all the rigors of the Northern winter, fragrant and snowy clusters of virginial white, just tinged with a flush like that on an innocent cheek. Will any one be surprised that it is called "Virgin's blush?"

Another name for this darling flower of New England is "May-flower," for it always blooms in time for the May-day baskets left on the latches or knockers of the doors. To the Catholic child it comes in time to usher in the sweet May devotion, and is typical of her who is the "Queen of Virgins." Strange as it may appear to many a New Englander, who fancies the flower to be peculiarly his own, it blooms all over the whole northern section of the United States, from Maine to Wisconsin, and even in South Carolina, especially near Aiken, a spot surrounded by pines and noted as a health resort for invalids. The May-flower may be said to follow the pine; but, wherever found, is still charming to the hearts of the people.

It is now a little later in the year. The willows have burst into leaf; the birch trees are hung with tassels. The grass is green over the hidden springs of the hill-side and meadow, and both are white in patches as if a snowdrift lay upon them. But these patches are blooming-out in a tiny, cruciform flower of the palest cerulean with a golden eye, which the children call "Innocence." The violets, white and yellow, as well as blue, grow beside it; so does an anemone, nodding on its slender stalk with a streak of rose on its fair petals, and so does a lily of the palest gold, bending on its stem between two long glucous leaves strangely mottled with purple. In plucking this latter, one must draw it from the moist meadow turf, and so see the purple of the stem changing to a pale pink, which in its turn fades into white as it yields to the hand. The children call this "adder's tongue," growing as it does close beside the cruciform "Innocence." Is it because they have read about the Garden of Eden, the innocence of our first parents, the guile of the serpent, and the fall of Adam? There are, indeed, no fountains on the squares of those beautiful New England towns and villages upon which some *Jacopo della Fonte* has cut with his chisel, as

in Siena, the story of man's innocence and his fall; but the blossoms of spring on her enamelled meadows give the story in their own mystical language by a singular juxtaposition of the flowers.

At this very time, also, just where hill-sides merge into the meadows, bloom other flowers, the names of which are calculated to impress the minds of the young.* One bends on a stalk with three heavy pendant leaves, itself having three green sepals, and three white or pink or even deep red petals, within which rise the heads of three reflexed pistils with twice three-anthered stamens. "All in threes!" the little ones remark; and when told that the name of the flower is *Trillium*, a swift thought, a lightning flash of intelligence, flits across his brain. He may never have heard of St. Patrick and his shamrock, for many a New England child is ignorant of both, and he may have heard of the Holy Trinity only by way of denial; but the denial has put the thought into his mind, and the three heavy pendant leaves, the three green sepals, the three white, pink, or red petals, the three pistils, and the twice three anthers, have taught him what the shamrock in the hand of St. Patrick taught the Irish. Ere long the child will call this the "Flower of the Holy Trinity"—he may, indeed, already have heard it so called—and will notice, year after year, that it heralds the cloising feast of the Paschal season, Trinity Sunday.

In the same wet turf, in the shadow of a bridge thrown across some running streamlet, appears a stalk so slender, with leaves so small, and a spike of flowers so delicate, that the only wonder is that it has not escaped observation altogether. The flowers, not half so large as the lily of the valley, grow on a stalk in the same way, but the edge is exquisitely fringed, the whole precisely the shape of a very ancient mitre, as, for instance, the mitre still to be seen in the treasury of San Martino al Monte in Rome, and the little flower is actually called mitrewort; I have never heard any other name given to it. The Puritans of New England would own "no bishop" as they would own "no king; but memories are as difficult to root out as instincts, and the little flower benefited by some such memory and won a fitting name. When we consider how long it was after 1620 before a mitre was actually worn in New England, the little flower betrays by its appellation the traces of some ante-Puritan tradition. It is like finding the tracks of strange birds in the red sandstone of the hills. With these flowers comes another; not in the low-lying meadows, but in some nook among the hazel-bushes, where leaves have fallen and kept it warm throughout the winter, its pure white corolla breaks from a slight, scale-like calyx, and seven petals crown an erect, perfectly smooth stem, translucent, and slightly reddish. This stem is wrapped in a leaf which never spreads

*A flower which I have seen only on the prairies of Illinois and Wisconsin, and which does not come, therefore, within the strict limits of my subject, is too remarkable to be omitted. It resembles a crocus, but the texture is less delicate and the tint less pure than that of the purple crocus. The leaves form a circle around the flower on its stem reminding one of the Crown of Thorns. It is called the Paschal flower, and never fails to put forth its blossoms by Easter. The Passion-vine overruns the stubble of unploughed fields and the edge of thickets like a wild Morning-glory, all through the Southern States to Texas, and its mystical flowers can be read by every observer.

unless under strong sunlight. The beauty of this intricately veined leaf on a stem precisely like that of the flower, is remarkable; but as we unwind it from the flower-stem to admire its seven strongly-marked lobes, each beautifully indented, by some carelessness the translucent stem, brittle as glass, breaks, and our hand is covered instantly with a juice resembling blood and water! Even the villagers name it "blood-root;" but what an awe crept over us when we heard it called "The flower of the Precious Blood!" This sufficed to render the seven mystical lobes of its leaf emblematic, to our mind, of the seven sacraments, and the flower was henceforth, in our eyes, one of the race sacerdotal, belonging to the altar, and commemorative of the mysteries of redemption!

I remember one flower which was a puzzle to me in my childhood. A strong stem throws out a triple leaf, and at the side of this rises a thick, juicy stalk, bearing a flower like the blossom of a *calla*, only instead of being turned back as it opens, the spathe binds over the upright club of minute blossoms which it surrounds. It is called "Jack in the pulpit." This word "Jack," corresponding to nothing in the experience of a New England child, is a meaningless name which suggests only ridicule. I have since believed the name to have been actually given in ridicule, and to be a corruption of a more significant and beautiful name, viz., "The monk in the pulpit." The green spathe, striped with reddish brown, curves over the club or figure within, like the sounding-board of a pulpit, and might well suggest the image of one of those eloquent preachers, members of some monastic Order, whose zealous exhortations stirred nations as well as individuals, and attracted scholars from their retirement, as well as the men of the world from their pleasures. When monks and their exhortations became the butt of popular ridicule, nothing was easier than the transition from monk to monkey, and from monkey to Jack, and thus the flower, suggesting by its name thoughts of piety, was degraded to convey a slur upon the great expounders of the spoken Word. The original name, as we believe it to have been itself, however involves, like the name of monks'-hood, still retained by a well-known flower, a familiarity with monastic traditions which came across the water in spite of Puritan vigilance, and which had a singular, and, as some may have considered, a perverse charm for their children.

Just before the feast of Pentecost comes round, a slender stem may be perceived rising from among numerous leaf-stalks, bearing pendulous flowers that move with every breath of wind. The air of the whole plant is that of exceeding gracefulness, and the humming-bird and the bee delight to seek its pendant nectaries. Its colors are Pentecostal, being the red and yellow of those "tongues of flame" which descended upon the Apostles and disciples assembled in that upper chamber with the Virgin Mother of the ascended Lord, "and sat upon each of them," while the name of this flower, "Columbine," recalls the dove (*columba*), which is a symbol of the Holy Ghost, sanctioned by the Gospel itself, and adhered to by artists with a docility born of faith.

Lying off from the meadows and brook sides, yet near enough to

feed their springs, is often a swampy ground where cranberries ripen in late autumn; throughout the summer, however, the slender vines, with their minute leaves and still more minute flowers, attract no attention, while we search for a wonderful plant which in July reigns over the swampy patch. The flower stands on a tall, smooth stalk, and while several deep Indian-red petals adorn the edge, the centre of the flower is protected by a sort of awning, very curiously fashioned, stretching over it. Still it is not the flower but the leaves which claim attention, a dozen of which often spring from the same root, and are almost recumbent as to position. Each of these leaves forms a cup with a broad lip, holding fully a gill of water, so armed at the mouth with a strong hirsute membrane that few insects find their way to the clear deposit. The leaf itself is of a bright green, beautifully rimmed with crimson, the form of it is most elegant, from the stem to the curves of the lip. It bears the appellation of *pilgrim's-cup*; a name rich in all the holy associations of the ages of faith, recalling the times when princes and peasants, saints and sinners, assumed the cowl and the staff of the pilgrim, and disdained not to drink of the brook by the way!

In this same swampy patch of ground, which in autumn will be covered with blithe children picking the cranberry crop, is also found the most beautiful and choice variety of a well-known flower. Early in May an almost minute member of this family is found in the meadows, and in the last days of May a still lovelier one rises on its stalk, sometimes of a deep, brilliant yellow, or of pink or light crimson. But this variety bears two, three, even five, of these royal flowers on a stalk. It is called, not merely "lady's slipper," like its inferior sisters, but the "gay lady's slipper," on account of its greater beauty, as if suggesting festal occasions. But the popular name at present is a clear misnomer. The flower is shaped precisely like a wooden shoe, not a slipper, and we are told by Digby, in his wonderful volumes, *The Ages of Faith*, that this flower was formerly called by our ancestors "the Virgin's shoe." Doubtless it was dedicated to her who lived so humbly in the Holy House of Nazareth, even after she had been declared *blessed* by an Archangel. As a companion to this in July, as if suggested by the feast of the Visitation, the delicate vine with its white starry blossoms, covering the fences and hedges of pasture lands in New England, is still called "the Virgin's bower," or "traveller's joy," reminding us how Mary rose in haste to go over the hill-country of Judea to visit her cousin, St. Elizabeth.

In the last days of August, from the rich loam which forms the bank of meadow brooks, and sometimes, but less luxuriantly, beside a mountain rivulet, springs a spike of flowers of so dazzling a color as to throw light into the shady places which they adorn. The flowers are numerous and of something the same shape as the blue lobelia, only the petals are long, slender, drooping, of a velvety texture, and perfectly cardinal red in hue; it is actually called the "cardinal flower!" No other name is given to it, and many a New England child has caught its first distinct idea of the color in which are robed these princes of the Church from this simple flower.

My list could be prolonged indefinitely, as new floral claimants for enumeration come to mind constantly as I write. I must not fail, however, to mention the Michaelmas daisy, which is always in full glory on the feast of St. Michael the Archangel. Of the beauty of this flower in all its varieties of white and purple, with its golden centre, clothing, as it does, hill-sides, ridges, nooks, and by-ways, it would be impossible to give an idea, especially when lighted by the clear sunshine of September. The Prince of Archangels never spread fairer banners to the sun than in this flower of New England, so beloved as well as admired, associated with the glorious autumnal days often lingering into "St. Martin's summer." In parting, let us glance at one more flower, an October flower, whose beauty the painter has portrayed and the poet sung. Bryant mentions its natural beauties under the botanical name of the *Fringed Gentian*, but Catholic poets give it the name of "our Lady's eye." Of a blue that mocks the skill of the colorists with his brightest tints, veined at its base as tenderly as the loveliest eyelid ever extolled in song, its four cruciform petals are fringed like the lashes of that eye so often dimmed with tears shed for the sorrows of her Divine Son, and we venture to hope also for those of her unworthy children! So beauteous is "our Lady's eye," in truth, that we will allow it to close our tribute to the Catholic flowers of Puritan New England, as it really closes the year of flowers in a land where nature itself leads the soul through ways so varied to the Source of all beauty and of all truth.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR, in *The Month*.

The Throwing of the Shoe.

THE Queen of England relates in her journal that when she first entered Balmoral Castle, September 7th, 1855, old shoes were thrown after her for good luck; and we know well with what ardor the custom is now carried out at all fashionable weddings. Tennyson says:—

"For thus thou shalt from all things seek,
Marrow of mirth and laughter,
And wheresoe'er thou move, good luck,
Shall throw her old shoes after."

But he may well plead that it is an old idea with English poets to attribute luck to shoe throwing. Heywood writes:—

"And home again hitherward quick as a bee,
Now for good luck cast an old shoe at me."

And Ben Johnson:—

"Hurl after me an old shoe.
I'll be merry whatever I'll do."

In Lancashire it is considered an omen of good luck to throw an old shoe after a bride as she leaves the house to be married.

In Kent the custom is for one of the groomsmen to throw the shoe, after which the bridesmaids run, and she who gets it first will be

first married. She in turn throws it at the men, and he who is hit is the first destined to enter into wedlock.

Mr. Edward Hawkins says the custom is not confined to Scotland and the northern countries, nor only to weddings, but is to be seen in Cheshire and along the south coast. On one occasion, being at Swansea, his shoulder was struck by an old shoe intended for a young sailor leaving home to embark on a trading voyage. At Whiteby it was formerly common as they passed the pier to throw shoes after the ships bound for the Greenland fishery.

The custom has been practised in Norfolk from time immemorial, and not only at weddings, but on all occasions where good luck is required.

Some twenty years ago, a cattle-dealer, about to start for Norfolk to buy a lottery ticket, desired his wife to "trull her left shoe after him." As he drove off looking around to see if she was going to perform the charm, he received the shoe in his face with such force as to blacken both eyes. In the sequel his ticket turned up a prize £600; and his son assured the correspondent, "that his father always attributed his luck to the extra dose of shoe which he got."

The Irish had the same idea, for Mr. Charles Reed says that an acquaintance of his having refused to give money to an Irish beggar, he thus, heard himself cursed on leaving his native village with his bride:—

"Then its bad luck goes with you,
For my old shoe I toss,
An' ye niver come back,
'Twill be no great loss."

The same idea seems to have been the explanation of the fashion in Old Germany, for there the bride upon being conducted to her chamber, took off her shoe and then threw it among those who were near. The one who caught it considered it an omen of an early and happy marriage.

From this last illustration, which appears the most ancient given, we see that there is a connection between the bride and her shoe in harmony with what has been evidenced in several of the foregoing illustrations.

It is not then probable that this most ancient custom arose out of the primitive right of giving a shoe as a sign of making over the property in the authority over anything, and that thus throwing of the shoe after a bride, means simply that the family yield up to the bridegroom their right in and their authority over her.

WHEN NAPOLEON I. beheld the revival of the corset in 1812, he said to Dr. Corvisart, with something like dismay:—"This wear, born of coquetry and bad taste, which murders women and ill-treats their off-spring; tells of frivolous tastes, and warns me of an approaching decadence."

The Bards of Old.

To Miss KATHARINE TYNAN, the rising star of Irish Song.

I.

THOSE olden bards, those glorious bards, who sang in th' earlier times,
 They stir me like a trumpet's blast, their wild melodious rhymes;
 In those old strains o'er Erin's plains, the Fenian legions march,
 And still their living deeds are blazed on Fame's triumphal arch.
 I see the stern, unconquered Fionn, that thunderbolt in fight,
 Pursue from Tara's princely bowers young Grainne's love-lit flight;
 The milk-white stag on Lene's clear strand, her northward swift career,
 Deep mouthed Bran, the matchless hound and Osgar's magic spear;
 The chase, the strife, the free, gay life, witch, dragon, man and beast;
 The games they played; the works they made; the rich and joyful feast;
 That was the life, was life, indeed; these were the glorious times,
 When men wrought deeds were worthy song, and bards sang deathless rhymes.

II.

Those olden bards, those glorious bards, who sang when earth was young,
 When Love and Beauty fired their muse, how sweet the songs they sung;
 They're living still, shall live for aye, those queens and ladies bright,
 Who sit enthroned in the heaven of song, like stars in summer's night;
 There Níav the maid of golden curls, still curbs her milk-white steed,
 Whose eyes of love and jewelled hand were minstrel warrior's meed;
 O'er Muma's sea in twilight hour swan-bosomed Cliona reigns;
 And Deirdre's fate still wakes the tear on Ulad's lonely plains;
 To the moaning wind on Moyle's cold wave Lir's daughters yet are wailing,
 And still in the low moon's waning light the cygnets sad are sailing;
 Sublime were the lays of the olden bards, and sweet the songs they sung,
 And though the world grows old and hoar, their beauties still are young.

III.

Those olden bards, those glorious bards, they sang of land and sea,
 The stars that roll thro' changeless paths, the winds that rove so free;
 A pæan of joy to Sol they sang, to Luna a gladsome hymn;
 An ode to Light, and the day so bright, a rann to dark night dim;
 They looked to the sky with raptured eye, they dreamed of the restless main,
 And evermore to the flowery earth they chanted their mystic strain.
 By winding rivers they love to stray, or far 'mong oak woods green,
 And oft at gloaming's tranquil hour in lonesome raths were seen;
 Their words were of cheer to the sons of men, of praise to God on high;
 Their songs were of beauty that never grows old, of virtue that never can die.
 Oh, honor those olden, those glorious bards! Honor their deathless songs!
 Perhaps but for them even hope had despaired, in the night of our darksome wrongs

J. KEEGAN.

The Story of a Ruin.

THIS is a story told in prose, for want of the skill to tell it in verse.

Behind the ruins a sheer cliff, crowned with a plume of pines; touching the feet of this cliff a broad dark lake with one dim islet resting on its waters; in front, and beyond the lake a shallow plain cut off by a chain of lofty peaks; to the left, low mountains; to the right, a comb of ragged hills; and over all the cool grey twilight of a summer night, spangled with the everlasting stars.

The lake of Inisard is a thousand feet above the level of the sea. It rests between the topmost spears of four converging systems of mountains. Its waters are always cold and still, and never vary an inch in height. No stream feeds it, yet from the western angle there is a continuous outflow, both winter and summer. The people who dwell near the lake regard this circumstance with superstitious awe, and those who would explain the phenomenon out of the handbooks of science, are at a loss in assigning a situation to the reservoirs which feed it, for there are no higher mountains than those around it in a radius of twenty miles.

The only path leading from the valley to Inisard is by the stream which falls from the western lip of the lake. Upon gaining the level of the lake the path bends slightly to the right, gradually narrows until it is no broader than a man's back, and finally, after about a hundred yards, expands into an open piece of level ground. Along this path and backing the open ground to which it leads, is a perpendicular cliff, varying in height from fifty to eighty feet. Thus, there is no means of gaining this patch of level land save by the narrow causeway under the cliff.

Many centuries ago there stood upon this isolated patch a little cottage inhabited by Thomas Flynn. Thomas had a wife named Brigid, and a daughter Mary; and here the three dwelt happily and contentedly, holding slight intercourse with the world below. Thomas wove baskets from willows growing upon the opposite shore of the lake. Occasionally strangers came to Inisard to enjoy the clear air and solitude of the lake. Thomas had a boat, and rowed the visitors hither and thither, and so in summer considerably supplemented the profits of his basket-making. His wife was well skilled in spinning and knitting, and when Tom went with his baskets down the hills he always had some serviceable stockings and hanks of stout yarn to sell too.

Now, it so happened that when strangers came down into the valley from Inisard, the most vivid memory they brought with them was that of Mary Flynn. They said she was no great beauty, but only the sweetest mountain-maid eye ever saw. Her voice and her eyes seemed to haunt them continually, and when they advised their friends to climb the hills, they always said, "You ought to go and see Mary of Inisard," not Inisard itself. So, as time went on, her name crept gradually down the mountains until it spread over the valley, and reached the village of Kilfane.

From the village of Kilfane to the top of Inisard, and as far as the eye could see from the heights above the lake, lay the land of O'Neil. The district was always spoken of by those who lived in it as "O'Neil's country." At the time this story opens the lord of the vast tract was away in foreign lands, and he had left during his absence full power with Timothy Davin. O'Neil was no more than three-and-twenty. His father had died but a year before. Davin had acted under the former O'Neil. He was still short of thirty years old. Davin, in the absence of O'Neil, lived in Kilfane Castle, hard by the village of Kilfane.

The fame of Mary's loveliness in time came to the ears of Davin. His curiosity was excited; and one bright, clear, hearty spring day he climbed the mountains, and called upon Tom.

The basket-maker showed all due hospitality and respect to the representative of the great O'Neil. He entertained him as best he could. He rowed him all over the lake in his boat, and set before him the best of the simple fare his cottage afforded. Tom's wife let no opportunity slip of trying to do honor to their guest, and Mary moved hither and thither, and waited upon them, to the music of her own laughter and the rhythm of her simple songs; for she, like the birds, sang sweetly; not with diffidence, not as an art, but as a natural expression of her varying moods.

The visitor was fascinated. He had never before seen anything like this simple maiden of the lake. Her pure, unconscious blue eyes, her clear, sympathetic voice, her simple grace, subdued and elevated him. He had been in the great city, fifty miles from Kilfane; he had travelled through the valley below, and never felt so touched before. He talked of getting Tom a better place; perhaps land down below. He asked her if she would not like to live in Kilfane. But she said, no. She loved to be near the blue sky, and the blue lake, and the purple heather.

The day wore into evening, and the evening into night. He could not leave the place. He told Tom he should stay till morning. Tom was overjoyed, for the friendly notice of the deputy meant good to him. The basket-weaver said that as the cottage was very small he should himself sleep in a shed without, and give up his little room to Davin. But the other would not hear of such a thing, and, when Tom pressed, declared that he would rather start for Kilfane, late as it was, than disturb a member of the family; so the visitor was accommodated in the shed, and had for a couch a bundle of dry, aromatic rushes.

He was not a man accustomed to endure disappointment or delay. His temper was violent and his nature undisciplined. He was prosperous, and far above the poor basket-maker in social position. He could make or mar the fortunes of any one on O'Neil's land. Before he rose the next morning he had sworn to himself that he would make Mary his wife. His passions were headlong and tempestuous, and those who knew him well had often seen that once he set an object before his eyes he did not allow an ordinary obstacle to bar the way.

He slept badly, and day was just dawning when he rose. He went forth, and paced up and down the little patch of level land. As

the day broadened in the east, the plover began to cry to one another, and the crows sailed over the pines above his head, cawing and wheeling before drifting down through the blue air to seek food in the valley.

They were early risers in the cottage, and before the sun had climbed above the rugged hills to the right he heard sounds indicating that the family of the basket-maker were astir. Presently he paused, threw up his head, and listened eagerly. Mary was humming some old tune. In a little while the humming ceased, and she sang, in a clear soft voice, which seemed like a hymn of early day, breathed by the morning wind to the purple heath:—

SONG.

There are flowers in the heather,
There are daisies in the shade,
Here's a swallow's glossy feather—
Pledge of coming summer weather,
When the winds are laid.

When my father weaves the sallow,
And my mother with her card
Cards the wool, when blooms the mallow,
Who would change for wold or fallow
Thy shores, Inisard?

Down the rocks the stream goes brawling
From the silent lake above,
In the night, it sounds in falling,
Like the voice of Angel calling—
"Mary, here is love."

I shan't love like valley maiden,
For the heather hills are high;
When with love my soul's o'erladen,
I shall sing, and float to Aiden
Far within the sky.

When the song was finished, Davin stood a while pondering. Then he muttered in a tone of dissatisfaction, "Only a song she picked up somewhere. Yet," he added, after another little while, "it is wonderfully true to her position."

That day wore away into evening, and Davin signified his intention of using the bed of rushes in the shed a second time. Upon the third day he called the old man aside and spoke to him. He told him that he was rich. He had a house upon O'Neil's demesne—there was no farmer on the whole lands of Kilfane as well-off as he. Mary was a poor, portionless girl. He could have the daughter of any man on the lands with a dowry of cattle and sheep, and money, too; but he could afford to choose, and his choice was Mary.

Flynn was overwhelmed with astonishment. If the O'Neil himself had come and asked for the girl, he could scarcely have been more amazed. After some talk, Flynn said he would consult with his wife and speak to his daughter.

The basket-maker moved away, leaving Davin wondering what need there could be for consultation or reflection, when he had made such an offer. There was not a father in all the valley would not eagerly embrace his proposal. Davin never thought at all of Mary herself in the matter. Her compliance was a matter of course. What girl could resist the fascinations of his figure, the allurements of his position. He walked up and down for some minutes nursing the ill-humor born of Flynn's deliberate manner of treating his contemplated sacrifice. As time went on, his ill-humor changed to anger, and when, at the end of half an hour, the basket-maker did not appear, his anger rose to rage. He was not accustomed to delay or denial; how dare this low pauper hesitate? How dare he keep him waiting? His

steps grew hasty ; his eyes flashed ; he was already half regretting the act which had subjected him to the indignity of allowing consideration for any one or any thing to come between him and his object. "Why did I speak to that old fool at all?" he exclaimed, angrily stamping the grass. "Why did I not speak to the girl herself? She would have taken no time for consideration?" He surveyed the reflection of himself in the placid lake.

As he stood there, the door of the cottage opened, and the father came forth, and approached the deputy with bent head, apprehensive glance, and uncertain steps.

Davin turned sharply as Flynn drew near. "Well!" he demanded savagely.

Flynn started, as he began: "I have spoken to my wife."

"Well?" reiterated the other, harshly.

"And, Mr. Davin, she said what I say, that your offer is an honor — an honor which we could neither deserve nor look for."

"Well?" The tone was as brutal as ever.

"But ——" He paused, horrified by the expression which passed across the man's face. "But, Mary — Mr. Davin — you mus'n't mind."

"Go on, you idiot! What did *she* say?"

"You mus'n't mind her, sir; she's very young, and young girls —"

"Are you going to stand preaching there all day? Do you think I'm here to listen to you until sundown? Out with it, I say, or I won't answer for keeping my hands off you!" He turned white, and shook his fist in the old man's face.

"She says she'll never marry, Mr. Davin."

"Did you tell her it was I — I, Timothy Davin, asked her?" He was livid now.

"Yes." The old man trembled with fear.

"Then, as sure as that sun is shining on your cottage, it will shine through the roof before the year is out."

* * * * *

Davin had the power to make his threat good — and he used it. During the absence of O'Neil, there was no one to dispute his will or question his acts. He ruled absolutely over the land of Kilfane. The lord of the soil was not expected back for months, so there was plenty of time to look for a pretext. Although Davin exercised full control, he did not like to do any act which might possibly give rise to an unpleasant inquiry hereafter; consequently, he sought for an excuse, good or bad. Failing, after every search, to discover anything, he became solicitous about the game upon the hills. It was badly preserved. Birds and hares, ay, and deer, were continually destroyed by idle vagabonds and professional poachers. It was absolutely necessary, in the interest of his master, that this state of things should be remedied. Some one should be appointed to preserve the game. The keeper's house ought to be in a good central position. What better situation could be selected than Inisard? Of course there was only one house in the district, but, much as it went against his feelings, he found it incumbent upon him to give Flynn warning, in order that he might install the gamekeeper in the cottage.

Such was the explanation given by him to the people with whom he spoke. At that time game was taken small heed of, and upland game was comparatively disregarded. The people heard him in silence. He was too powerful and arbitrary to permit expostulation or suggestion. In time, when the story of his proposal got abroad, the people saw through the whole scheme, but held their peace. The act only went to show how dangerous it would be to cross such a man as Timothy Davin.

Two months after Davin's visit to the cottage, word came to Flynn that he should be out of the place by the 15th of December.

The deputy was too cunning to display vindictive haste. He wanted to accomplish his object without needless risk. He wanted to ruin the basket-maker without injuring himself. Like most bullies, he was a coward; like most tyrants, he strove to avoid acquiring the name of one. He gave a long day, but he selected a season when the family of the unhappy Flynn would feel his cruelty the most keenly. "They will take the last day," he calculated. "They will not stir from the old hearth until they are forced, and when at length they have no choice but to go, they will find snow upon the mountains, and maybe a grave, before they reach the valley."

In the meantime, he let fall certain apparently careless words which had the force of law in Kilfane. "I hope," he said to Hugh Garrett, "that Flynn won't try to settle on any other part of O'Neil's land, for he's an idle, good-for-nothing fellow, and any one that would be such a fool as to give him or his family a night's lodging would be only keeping a pest on the land."

The people grew afraid even to mention Flynn's name; for it never was spoken in his presence that the swarthy face of the deputy did not flush, and a certain angry flash dart from his eyes.

As the winter drew nigh, the heart of the basket-maker sank within him. He had tried, over and over again, to find some little cottage or cabin into which he might creep when the day of departure arrived. He was in despair as the winter approached. He felt too old and too heartbroken to think of adventuring into the distant city, and every door in Kilfane seemed shut against him. One hope buoyed him up. Perhaps, after all, Davin would not persist. He might be moved by entreaties. He might, at the last moment, relent. Surely, when he heard that no cottage, no roof, no shelter, could be found in Kilfane, he would not carry out his cruel threat.

Towards the end of November another sorrow was added to his burden. His wife fell ill. Day after day she sank under the malign influence of a wasting disease. At first she had only to give up going to Kilfane for the few necessities required by the cottage — now she was barely able to cross from one side of the room to the other. When December came, she could no longer rise; and all through the long, bleak days, and the cold, dreary nights, Mary sat by her ministering to her — now singing softly some soothing, simple song, now bathing the aching head, now moistening the feeble, bloodless lips.

As the dreaded 15th approached, the basket-maker felt his hope revive. Nothing direct, or indirect, had come from Davin to show

that he intended carrying out his threat. Mrs. Flynn was slowly sinking. Upon the morning of the 15th, she could not raise her hand to her head. It was bitterly cold. Over head, black snow clouds hung in sullen, ominous masses. Below, a faint, bitter north wind rustled in the frozen heath. There was a thin skin of ice upon the lake. Towards noon, gentle, feathery flakes of snow began to fall silently and softly. All within the cottage was silent. The old man sat opposite the bed upon which his dying wife lay. Mary had fallen asleep on the stool by the turf fire. There was no sound abroad, save the low, bitter whisper of the wind in the brittle heather.

"They will not come to-day," said the old man to himself, "for the snow, the first snow of the year, is falling, and no one would face these hills in a snowfall."

Mrs. Flynn seemed easier. She closed her eyes in sleep. Her husband rose, and going to the fire, brushed away the ashes, and drew the turf together. "They won't come to-day," he repeated, taking comfort of the thought, and sitting opposite his sleeping daughter. They had been awake all the night with the suffering woman.

In an hour the wind had fallen, and no sound broke the solitude of the mountain heights. The snow had ceased, but still overhead hung the dark clouds. The blue sky was nowhere visible, and the whole scene had that hideous, unnatural appearance, observed when the light appears to come from the earth and not the sky.

Almost another hour passed before the stillness was broken; then voices could have been heard from the cottage; and, presently, the figures of three men emerged from the dip in the glen, and took the narrow pathway to the house. They knocked and entered without speaking.

Davin had kept his word.

Let us from the outside see what followed the entrance of the three men.

After the lapse of half an hour, old Flynn, assisted by the three men, appeared, carrying a low bedstead, upon which lay a figure, concealed under covering. They bore their burden into the shed at the side of the house. Then the four, assisted by Mary, proceeded to remove all the furniture of the cottage into the shed. When this was done, one of the men climbed to the roof of the cottage, tied a rope, to a rafter, and descended. The three men then pulled with all their might at the rope, until the roof shook, tottered, and finally collapsed within the four bare walls.

As the roof fell, old Flynn appeared from the shed, and threw up his hands towards Heaven with a gesture of despair. The three men turned, and moved away along the narrow causeway by the lake's side. The basket-maker sat down on a low wall, and buried his face in his hands. The men had not walked more than half the length of the causeway when one of them stopped and beckoned the other two to halt. They stood a moment speaking together; then each man put his hand into his pocket, and drew forth something. The man who had beckoned them to stop opened his hand, and the others each placed something in it. Then he went back to where old Flynn sat, bent over

him, and slipped what he held in his hand into the hand of the basket-maker. The latter rose to his feet ; but the man pushed him into a sitting posture again, patted him on the back, and ran back to his companions. In a moment the three strangers disappeared.

The old man sat in the gathering twilight, with his face turned towards the ruins of his old home. Half an hour more passed. Now Mary came out of the shed, and going to her father sat down beside him, and drew his head to her and rested it upon her shoulder, and smoothed his grey hairs, and kissed his wrinkled forehead, and soothed his cold, hard hands with her own. After a while the two rose and re-entered the shed, she still clinging to him, and supporting him, and caressing his cold, worn hands.

Then in a little while it was night. Abroad lay the thin sheet of snow, ragged and torn here and there, where large masses touched the wind ; above, upon the dark, rode the portentous clouds at anchor, like huge ships of battle awaiting the signal to destroy. The giant hills conscious of their strength, slept and took no care. As the night deepened the little stream at the western end of the lake took courage, and began whispering timidly in the sulky shadows of the overhanging rocks and stones. No light, save the hateful low ground-light of the snow ; no sound but the murmur of the little fearful stream ; no hope on earth. But, beyond the embattled clouds, beyond the glittering concave of the stars, beyond the realms of the remotest sun, Hope — the hope of simple faith,

* * * * *

It was Christmas-eve in Kilfane. Over all the landscape spread a thick sheet of snow. In the lowland it was three feet thick ; on the windward side of the hills it was thin and frozen ; but to leeward, and in the glens and gorges, it lay in vast billows, reaching half-way up to the feathery plumes of the pines.

But the court-yard of Kilfane Castle was clear of snow, and full of men. Huge fires were kindled here and there, and the followers of O'Neil wandered hither and thither. Lights flamed in the halls, and flickered through corridors, for the young lord of Kilfane had come back to his own from foreign lands ; and those who loved him had gathered to give him welcome, and wish him a happy Christmas under his own roof.

The O'Neil sat in the great hall. At his feet slept three huge hounds. Around him thronged the chief men of Kilfane. Behind him the florid face of Davin, the deputy, shone against the dark. Upon the right of O'Neil sat a bent, venerable-looking man, the priest of Kilfane ; his hand shook with the palsy, and his grey hair trembled when it moved.

As the night wore on, and the festivity deepened, O'Neil came down from the dais and mingled freely with those in the hall. As soon as the singing and dancing commenced the Lord of Kilfane moved to where the priest was placed, and, sitting down beside the old man, entered into conversation with him. They had not been long talking when a marked change came over the face of O'Neil. Suddenly the smile left his face, and was succeeded by a flush. Then his brow con-

tracted, and he darted an angry glance at Davin. In a few moments he sprang hastily to his feet, and making a gesture to the harper to stop, motioned all the men in the hall around to approach. He spoke to the men for a few minutes. At first they smiled and waved their hands ; but as he went on cheer rose upon cheer, until the lights of the torches flickered, and great clanging echoes gathered behind the brazen shields which hung upon the walls. Upon the first shout of joy and approval Davin shrank away from the place like an evil spirit that hears the cock crow before it is light.

O'Neil had no sooner finished speaking than the castle hall became a scene of the most tumultuous confusion of preparation. Litters and torches and ropes were brought and piled up in the court-yard. Men shouldered shovels and long poles, and slung sheaves of torches over their shoulders. Bottles of wine and asquebaugh were wound into a thick bundle of warm woollen wrappers. It was close upon nine o'clock when the men thrust their torches into the wood fires in the court-yard, and, headed by the O'Neil, carrying a coil of rope and long pole, marched quickly, in a long line, towards the snow-clad hills of Inisard.

The chill dawn of Christmas-day had come into the east before O'Neil and his followers returned from the hills. Two litters were borne on the shoulders of some of the men, and the faces of all were sad. The Lord of Kilfane walked beside one of the litters, and now and then it was lowered for a moment. All anxiety was evidently over respecting the burden of the second, for the men only altered their position when it changed bearers. Full daylight filled the great hall of Kilfane Castle as the bearers laid down the litters, and turned to leave.

The covering was removed from the one by which O'Neil walked, and there, emaciated and pale, seeming almost dead, lay the young girl. She was only half conscious, her eyes were wide open, her hands clasped.

They had found the daughter and the body of the mother in the shed. It was afterward learned, when Mary recovered, that the basket-maker had attempted to cross the ice of the lake through the snow, and, as his body was never found, the supposition prevailed that he had perished in the attempt, and that upon the breaking up of the frost his body sank into the mysterious depths of the lake.

It was May before Mary had fully recovered from the effects of that dreadful December time. She had from the night of her rescue remained at the castle. O'Neil said that all he could do should be done to wipe out the crime his deputy had done in his name. He had placed her under the charge of the aged priest who had first told him of her peril. He had given orders that she should be treated with the utmost consideration. He had considered it first a duty, then a privilege, and finally a delight to visit her daily ; and before the cowslips were yellow in the meadows, the sweet pale face, and the large, gentle eyes, and the tender, clinging voice, haunted him day and night, and the Lord of Kilfane proved no stronger than his deputy, though he possessed the wider experience.

One evening in June, as O'Neil was walking in the fields around

the castle, he came upon Mary. Her back was turned towards him as he approached. Her old habit of singing to herself had returned with health, and she was humming in a low voice.

He called her name softly, and went to her and took her hand. All through the changing twilight till the dusk they wandered in the fields. As he told her his story her face grew sad, and the words she spoke were tender and soothing. He showed her the lands of Kilfane; he pointed out the castle; he told her of his love. All, all were hers. Would she not, could she not say that perhaps in a month, a year, her mind might change? Why had she, so young, so lovely, resolved never to marry?

It was dark when they returned. That very night the Lord of Kilfane left his own home for foreign lands once more, and never returned again. She kept the vow she had made by the shores of Inisard, and before the winter came, entered the convent in the city, fifty miles away from Kilfane.

In time word came from O'Neil, and builders were set to work upon the narrow strip of flat ground by the lake, and by-and-by a stately pile rose in the shadow of the cliff. When it was finished a letter came all the way from Rome for one of the good nuns in the city. He did not know what name she had taken; but this house and the townland of Gaulteer were a Christmas gift from the Lord of Kilfane to her who had been known as Mary of Inisard.

When fifty summers more had burned, and fifty winters bleached the heather heights, the first lady superior of the convent of Inisard was laid to rest by the shore of the quiet lake where she had first opened her eyes, where she had learned to look up towards the blue skies and the stars for comfort and peace, rather than down into the fretful valley beneath.

The ruins of the convent still remain, but there is no means of determining where she lies buried. The people say it is in the little angle by the rock, the only place where the violets blow, the last spot upon which the sunset lingers.

* * * * *

An artist friend of mine had come to paint the place, and I had gone with him for change and love of his society. That summer night, as we sat looking at the scene, this story was told to us in homely phrases by a man who had come to us from the village of Kilfane. When our fortnight was spent we came down to the lower lands, he with his picture and I with this. No reader can feel it as I felt it, for I heard it in simple words spoken in a tone of reverent pathos. I heard it in the pure air, in the sacred stillness, beneath the tender sympathetic stars. So close did we seem to the vault of heaven that night, when the speaker had done, I paused a while, half expecting to hear a strain coming from beyond the veil that hung between us and the realms of eternal light.

RICHARD DOWLING in *Merry England*.

THERE is no fool like the man who accounts himself wise.

Spring.

SEE from his deep cloud-curtained couch arise
 The drowsy sun, and with enfeebled ray
 Peep o'er the hill-tops on the morning gray —
 Now sailing upward through the eastern skies.
 Before his strength'ning glow the cloud mist flies,
 Showing the bright scene of the opening day :
 All nature seems with buoyant rapture gay,
 And Spring at length stern Winter's power defies.

The torrents shouting down the mountain sides,
 Exultant in their liberated floods,
 So long by Winter's icy fetters bound,
 Rush joyful towards the vale with giant strides ;
 The birds make answer from a thousand woods —
 Spring's echoing laughter shakes the hills around.

M. F. H., in *Irish Monthly*.

Archbishop Croke on Drinking in E., I. and S.

THE Archbishop of Cashel, having been interviewed on the temperance question, has uttered a few sturdy truths on the subject so far as it concerns Ireland. In the first place, the Archbishop doubts much whether the Irish are on the whole as intemperate as the English or Scotch, and positively denies that they are more so. The intoxicated Englishman staggers home sodden and stupid and falls asleep. The Scotchman's caution is increased by drink, and he contrives to steal home and keep his fall unnoticed to a great extent. But of poor Paddy drink makes a fool. "He must talk with every friend, and fight with every foe. He takes a glass or two in town, and the whole parish knows it. He seems to be just twice as drunk as he is, and shouts out his own guilt. And as for the guilt I firmly believe that half the time it is the big heart and the empty stomach, rather than the big drink, that we must hold to be the cause of his disgrace. The truth is, he eats very little, and drinks seldom. Perhaps once a week the Irish countryman touches whiskey, or not as often. His head is not used to it, and, as I said, his stomach is empty. Then the horrible, poisonous stuff that the Government allows to be given out and sold to our poor people as whiskey, maddens him. There are laws regulating the sale of other kinds of poisons; why should this poison be accepted? I am sure a home Government would have long ago have passed such a law. We are robbed of the liberties we ask for, and we are given a liberty that is ruining us. But it is useless to talk of Englishmen ever taking the trouble to grapple with this question. I say God bless the total ab-

stainers. Let them stand by their pledges, and not abuse sober non-abstainers, and they have my best wishes. They are already a power in the country. I have close on a thousand total abstainers in the parish of Thurles alone; and many of my priests throughout the archdiocese are cold-water men. Even here the words and example of your own great Cardinal have their effect. I think the Irish people should never forget the debt of gratitude they owe Cardinal Manning for all he has done for them in this matter of temperance, and in many a graver matter. He has been a true friend in all our needs. His League of the Cross is one of the leagues that we Irish look on with thankfulness and hope. May God prosper it." Dr. Croke speaks cheerfully of the great improvement noticeable in this country and elsewhere in the manner of keeping up of St. Patrick's Day, and warns Irishmen to go on striving to be "zealous of the honor of their country and their Patron Saint, and give neither friend nor foe the smallest grounds for insulting accusations." "If this cannot be done save by abstaining entirely on St. Patrick's Day from intoxicating drink, let them so abstain. It is the least sacrifice they can make." [Throughout the United States the day was never so appropriately celebrated. The churches were the great resort of the children of St. Patrick. In Boston, after the celebration in the churches, there were various convivial celebrations which were characterized by decorum, temperance and good feeling. So mote it always be.]

Craniotomy.

FOR a long time a discussion has been going on in the theological world upon the subject of craniotomy, or the destruction of infants in the womb when judged necessary to save the life of the mother. For ages the practice was universally condemned, and it was not until some bold spirits in Rome some years ago came out in defence of the condemned practice, that the merits of the case began to be discussed. The position of the Craniotomists was defended in the official organs of the Vatican and the editor of the *Acta Sanctæ Sedis* was an avowed advocate of the practice. Encouraged by the example of these learned men writing so near the chair of Peter, the doctrine soon found favor in all parts of Christendom. Books and pamphlets appeared on all sides and the rattle of old theological dry-bones was terrible. Bishop Baltes, of Alton, wrote a book on the subject, to which we had occasion once before to refer, in which he defended craniotomy with all the newly-discovered weapons of the young school of theology.

Rome acts very slowly, and this new tempest did not cause her to hasten her step or accelerate her speech. For ten years the advocates and antagonists of craniotomy, the latter always in the majority, but the minority boasting of such distinguished names as Avancini and Ballerini, fought in class-room, in pamphlet and in ponderous tome.

At length Rome speaks, and her verdict is a reaffirmance of the old doctrine. The last number of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, a monthly in English for the use of the clergy, published in Dublin and edited by a number of priests, comes to us this week with a decision from the sacred congregation condemning the practice of craniotomy and declaring that the doctrine cannot be safely taught. This is a very serious matter, as it places the physicians who practice craniotomy in the class of *procurantes abortum* against whom very severe censures have been enacted. We hope the Catholic papers will speak out on this subject everywhere, and do what in them lies to put a stop to child-murder under the guise of religion and science.

Western Watchman.

Some Statistics.

THERE are now over one hundred millions of people in North and South America. It is a Christian continent. Catholicity preponderates. But in North America, says the *Catholic Citizen* of Milwaukee, Protestantism is in the majority. The Catholic population may be accurately estimated as follows :

English Speaking :

British possessions	.	.	.	.	2,100,000	
United States	.	.	.	.	9,500,000	11,600,000

Spanish :

Mexico	.	.	.	.	9,500,000	
Central America	.	.	.	.	2,500,000	
The West Indies	.	.	.	.	4,500,000	16,500,000

Total Catholic population of North America	.	.	28,100,000
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Total Catholic population of South America	.	.	28,400,000
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Total Catholic population of the Western Continent	.	56,500,000
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The non-Catholic population is about	.	.	44,000,000
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Regarding these figures it is interesting to observe that nearly forty-five millions of the Catholic population is Spanish speaking. And this shows us how the western world is divided among the two great tongues — the English speaking population which is confined to the United States and British America numbering fifty-five millions. The division of the land, however, is more even ; 8,300,000 square miles being allotted to the Anglo-Americans, and 8,000,000 square miles being dominated by the Spanish races.

In the future growth of the continent the Catholic population ought to approximate three-fifths of the entire population. So that when there are two hundred millions, one hundred and twenty millions will be Catholics.

Our Lady of the Workshops.

EMPLOYERS AND EMPLOYED.

THE address read to the Pope by the President of the French industrial pilgrimage set forth the hopes and aims of the Christian associations of masters and workmen, which are intent upon bringing the social question within the jurisdiction and regulation of the Evangelical principle, under the invocation of "Our Lady of the Workshop." As we have already said, the deputation consisted of employers rather than of employed; nevertheless we are assured of the unanimity of the proletariat who have enrolled themselves in the several societies now seeking the blessing of the Sovereign Pontiff upon their efforts at social reconciliation. His Holiness replied in French—with an accent of unusual purity among even the most cultivated Italians—as follows:—

"It is with particular satisfaction, dearest sons, that we accept the expression of your eminently Christian thoughts and feelings. We rejoice greatly in this new manifestation of the faith of the Catholic societies of France, and especially of the Catholic workmen's clubs. Your undertaking is worthy of all praise, and we can only give our highest approval to the thought which has inspired you. Struck with dismay at the disorder and the confusion produced in thought and action by the revolutionary doctrines, you have resolved to study in the light of Christian teaching the great social truths, and to propagate them more especially in the industrial classes. You have considered that the evils afflicting the greater number of families belonging to those classes are due above all to the abandonment of religious practices and to the influence of evil principles. In effect, the workman who no longer finds in religion the support and the consolation which he needs—and needs more than other men in the difficulties and hardships of his state—will seek his happiness in the most debased pleasures, and will give a free course to his vilest passions, to the detriment of his moral good, and to the great peril of society. Numerous recent events prove this terribly and unanswerably.

"We congratulate you, therefore, dearest sons, on the generous efforts which you make unceasingly to bring back to the principles of Christianity many families devoted to labor and industry, and we applaud with joy the success with which you have been blessed. Continue to develop your undertaking more and more, for the good of all, and particularly for the good of the workman. Agitators wish to make use of him as an instrument for the satisfaction of their own ambition. They deceive him by vain promises; they flatter him by exalting his rights, without ever speaking of his duties; they excite in his heart the hatred of the rich; and at last, when they judge the moment to be favorable for their pernicious designs, they launch him into audacious undertakings where good is reaped by no one except the leaders. It is not thus that acts the Church of Christ. As a loving and unselfish Mother, she wishes for nothing except the happiness of her children.

She applies to their sufferings the only helpful remedies ; for she alone holds the secret of the difficult social problems which agitate the world. We, ourselves, on several occasions have pointed out those remedies. We have exhorted the Catholic faithful of all countries to revive the wise institutions of workmen's guilds and corporations, which in better times sprang up and flourished under the inspiration of the Church to the great advantage, spiritual and temporal, of the poor and laboring classes. With opportunities for fulfilling the duties of Christian piety, the suitable education of his children was assured by these societies to the Catholic workman. He received help and charitable succor in case of illness or misfortune, and a support in his old age. Those societies filled all hearts with love instead of the hatred which the laborer too often feels for his patron. They inspired the employed with respect and obedience, fidelity and devotion in labor ; they reminded employers that Christians of all conditions are brothers in Christ, that justice should guide their actions, and charity and gentleness should temper command and reproach. Thanks to the influence of such salutary institutions as these, we, too, shall soon see the end of that fratricidal war of which you spoke just now, and which, unknown in the age of Faith, is making now such terrible ravages.

"As regards yourselves, dearest sons, you have obeyed our fatherly exhortations by forming religious associations in the very heart of your industrial establishments. You have understood, besides, that in order to ensure the success and the durability of your work, it was necessary to allow yourselves to be guided by the pastors appointed to the government of your dioceses. We will hope that after your example all Catholics of influence, silencing the disagreements of parties, which are always a source of weakness, will seek to unite in one spirit, and to work in concert for the application and development of Christian principles in all classes of society, and more particularly for the furthering of workmen's societies and of all those associations that favor religious education for the people. That will be, without any doubt, one of the surest and most efficacious means for curing the evils of the present, and for preparing for the Church and civil society a better future. To this end, and to strengthen your courage, dearest sons, we are happy to fulfil the wish which has brought you round us to-day, and we grant you with our whole heart, as well as to your families, to the many heads of industrial works of whom you are the delegates, and to all the workmen taking part in your pious associations, the Apostolic Benediction."

The evening of the day of audience was spent by the pilgrims in the rooms of the Academy of Arcades, placed at their disposal by the Pope, and brilliantly lighted and decorated for their entertainment. The Archbishop of Reims presided over the gathering, which was informal and very animated. Each member of the pilgrimage received a medal of Our Lady of the Workshop.

A HORSE is neither better nor worse for his trappings.

Ascension of Our Lord.—Rogation Days.

THE feast of the Ascension of our Lord will occur on the 14th of May, and as that feast is preceded by three Rogation Days, we append a brief article upon the meaning of those days, regarding which some Catholics possess very little information :

The word *Rogation* is of Latin origin and is derived from *Rogatio*, signifying in general every kind of prayer or supplication. It was, however, used since the earliest days of the Church to designate more particularly short prayers or litanies.

The custom of designating the three days preceding Ascension as Rogation days, is of very ancient origin, dating back to the fifth century, when they were established by Saint Mamert, the Bishop of Vienna, a city in the province of Dauphiny, France.

Between the years of 413 and 469, this city and the surrounding territory were visited by continual and terrible earthquakes, many of the buildings being shaken to the ground. The accompanying phenomena were so violent that the very beasts of the forest, it is related, were seen in the principal streets.

On the festival of Easter, 469, the people were gathered together in the large cathedral, when a shock, more violent than any that had yet been experienced, was felt, and the walls of one of the largest edifices in the city, cracked in several places. The people fled from the church in terror, but the holy Bishop St. Mamert remained praying before the altar. It was then he conceived the idea of establishing the Rogations, and made a vow to that effect. Immediately the shocks of earthquake ceased, and the people returned to the church to render thanks to God for his mercy. St. Mamert then explained to them the vows that he had made, and told them that prayer and fasting were the only means by which they could escape the terrible disasters which beset them. They willingly agreed to follow his advice, and accordingly he set apart the three days immediately preceding the approaching feast of the Ascension as a time of special prayer and penitence. A church situated a short distance from the city was appointed as the place where the religious services should be held, and there they proceeded in procession, chanting hymns and psalms.

The wonderful good resulting from these pious practices in the diocese of Vienna, led to their introduction into other parts of France. From that country they were carried to Spain in the sixth and Rome in the eighth centuries. Approved of by the sovereign pontiffs and several councils, they have become a part of the regular feasts of the Church, observed with more or less ceremony as circumstances would permit in different countries.

While in the United States we have no public procession, as in Catholic countries, on Rogation Days, all who can assist at Mass, offer it up especially for the triumph of truth over error and speedy victory of the Church in her battles against heresy and infidelity.

Seals and Seal-Bears.

DR. ST. GEORGE MIVART, F. R. S., recently read a paper in England, which appeared to excite considerable interest amongst the numerous audience then present. The paper was "On the Brain of the Carnivora," and concerned the patterns presented by the folds of brain substance, technically called "convolutions," in different groups of beasts of prey. The author spoke of the conditions observed by him in various brains not previously described, and then pointed out the distinctive brain characters of five groups of land carnivora and sundry dog-like animals; the cat tribe, the civets and their allies, the group of ichneumons and hyenas, and lastly those which group themselves about the bears—such as badgers, weasels raccoons, etc. It was in connection with this last-named group, that the main interest of the paper lay—an interest bearing on the doctrine of evolution. Dr. Mivart showed that in all bear-like animals, which he spoke of as "archtoids," there is a peculiarly marked patch of convolution on the upper surface of the brain, which he likened to an heraldic "escutcheon of pretence." It appears that a question long debated amongst evolutionists has been that concerning the origin of the seals and sea-bears—from what group of land animals, they must be supposed to have descended? The hypothesis promulgated has been that they are the descendants of creatures more or less like bears; but few solid reasons could be adduced to support, and none to prove, the truth of this hypothesis. The careful examination made by Dr. Mivart of brains freshly extracted for the purpose, appears, however, to show that this same archtoid "escutcheon of pretence" is also to be detected (though with difficulty, as it was said to be very much hidden) in the brain of the common seal, and more easily in that of the sea-bear. This fact was adduced by Dr. Mivart as a very strong argument in favor of the ursine origin of seals. Nor did his view meet with a dissentient voice amongst the naturalists then and there assembled.

A SECRET.—A committee from New York composed of leading citizens, went to see President Lincoln during the war between North and South, in reference to the conduct of it. After they had transacted their general business, and the committee were making their way to the door, one of the gentlemen who presumed on his acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln to ask particularly searching questions, stepped up to him, and in the lowest tone of voice said, "Mr. President, I would like to know where Burnside's fleet is going." Burnside had just sailed with the fleet, but the destination was unknown. "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, in a very low tone of voice, "would you very much like to know?" "Yes," he replied. "Well, now," said Mr. Lincoln, "if I were to tell you, perhaps you would tell some one else." "No," declared the gentleman, "I will not." Then Mr. Lincoln, putting up his face as if to whisper, said, loud enough for all to hear, "He's gone to sea!"

Dot Settin' Hen.

MINE GRACIOUS, DOT HEN VOSN'T SET YET TO DIS DIME OUD, I PED YOU.

MEESTER VERRIS — I see dot most efferpooty wrides someding for de shicken bapers now tays, and I tought praps meppe I can do dot too, so I wride all apout vat dook blace mit me lasht summer; you know—oder uf you dond know, den I dells you—dot Katrina (dot is mine vrow) and me ve keep some shickens for a long dime ago, und von tay she sait to me, "Sockery" (dot is my name), "vy dond you put some of de aigs under dot olt hen shickens? I dinks she vants to sate." "Vell," I sait, "meppe I guess I vill," so I bicked out some uf de best aigs and I dook um oud do de parn, fere de olt hen make her nesht in de side uf de hay-mow, pout five six feet up; now you see I never vas ferry pig up and down, but I vas pooty pig all de vay around in de mittle, so I koodn't reach up dill I vent und got a parrel to stand on; vell, I klimet me on de parrel, und ven my hed rise up by de nesht dot olt hen she give me such a bick dot my nose runs all ofer my face mit plood, und ven I todged back dot plasted old parrel he preak, und I vend town ker-slam: by chelly, I didn't dink I kood go inside a parrel before, put dere I vas, und I fit so dite dot I koon't get me oud effer way; my (fest) vest vas bushed vay up unter my armholes. Ven I fount I vas dite shtuck, I holler, "Katrina! Katrina!" und ven she koom und see me shtuck in de parrel up to my armholes, mit my face all plood und aigs, by golly, she shust lait town on de hay und laft und laft, till I got so mad I sait, "Vot you lay dere and laf like an olt fool, eh? Vy dond you koom bull me oud?" und she set up and sait, "Oh, vipe off your chin and pull your fest town," den she lait back und laft like she vood shblit herself more as ever. Mat as I vas I tought to myself, Katrina, as she sbeak English booty goot, but I only sait, mit my greatest dignitude. "Katrina, vill you bull me oud dis parrel!" and she sees I got pooty red, so she sait, "Of course I vill, Sockery." Den she lait me und de parrel town on our side, und I doyk holt de door-sill, and Katrina she pull on de parrel, und de first pull she mate I yellet, "Donner und blitzen! shtop dot, by golly; dere is nails in the parrel!" You see the nails bent town ven I vent in, but ven I koom oud dey schticks in me all de vay rount. Vell, to make a short shtory long, I told Katrina to go und dell napor Hansman to pring a saw and saw me dis parrel off; vell, he koom, und he like to shblit himself mit laf, too, but he roll me ofer und saw de parrel all de vay round off; und I get up mit half a parrel around me vaist; den Katrina she say: "Sockery, vait a little till I git a battren of dot new oferskirt you haf on;" but I didn't sait a vort. I shust got a nife und vittld de hoops off und shling dot confontet old parrel in de voot pile. Pimeby ven I koom into de house, Katrina she sait, so soft like, "Sockery, dond you going to but sume aigs unter dat old plue hen?" Den I sait, in my deepest voice, "Katrina, uf you effer say dot to me again, I'll git a pill from you, help me chimney cracious!" und I dell you, she didn't say any more. Vell, Mr. Verris, ven I step on a parrel now, I dond step on it, I get a box.

Pneumonia.

THE presence of this dread disease has been very great in many parts of the country lately, and in some of our large cities. Dr. J. W. Dowling, Professor of Diseases of the Heart and Lungs in the Homœopathic Medical College of New York, was interviewed the other day, and in answer to an inquiry from his interviewer replied: "There is beyond a doubt a great deal of pneumonia now prevalent. How much of it there is, cannot be definitely known, as physicians are not required to make report on this disease to the Board of Health. There are two distinct sorts of acute pneumonia," the doctor proceeded to state. "The one is due to an extension of bronchial catarrh from the air tubes to the lungs proper. This may come from a cold, and generally does. It attacks children, old persons, and people who are prone to pulmonary diseases. This is the broncho-pneumonia, and may be complicated with other troubles. This exists at all times, but is more prevalent in cold, damp, and changeable weather, and makes a shorter finish of people who are predisposed to pulmonary troubles, or who are on the road to the grave with consumption, etc. The other form of pneumonia is what is known as croupous pneumonia, and here the disease starts directly in the lungs, and the symptoms are a severe chill, followed by fever and bloody spittle. This form of pneumonia is infectious in so far as it is the result of a specific poison which produces pneumonia and nothing else. It is not contagious, but does sometimes appear to be epidemic. I should say that not over ten per cent of those who are attacked die of this complaint. This is a general estimate, and it includes all those who are stricken down in this city. "In our school of practice," says the doctor, "we have been very successful in treating this disease. Our treatment has been with aconite, phosphorus, and bryona, with flaxseed jackets and hot fomentations in some cases. We are careful in avoiding the morphine treatment and the administering of stimulants, which the old school believes in. Only this month I brought through an old lady seventy-six years of age who was attacked with croupous pneumonia involving the lower and middle lobes of the right lung. These poison germs which I spoke of may exist in your body now or in mine, and yet a good condition of bodily health may enable us to keep off the disease, and the germs have no chance to develop themselves. It may be that exposure to cold, or trouble, or over-exertion, or grief, or any one of a thousand ways in which the vital energy may be reduced, will cause the croupous form of pneumonia to show itself. Dissipated people are particularly subject to it. No, I would not say exactly dissipated people, but men who take their three or four glasses of whiskey a day and seem to be in the very best of health, and yet are very far from being so. They fall very quickly when the attack comes on. To a physician's eye, when he comes to look into the history of the case, the explanation is very simple. The sudden changes in the weather brings on those reductions of bodily vigor and energy which permit the germs to develop quickly in the

lining of the lungs and in the substance of those organs, and owing to lack of resisting power, the result of indiscretions, death soon follows. All persons should be very careful at this time in avoiding exposure to this changing atmosphere and these violent weather conditions, and to live carefully, and then, with proper care and timely application of remedies, this particular form of pneumonia is not very difficult of control. In cases where it seems to be contagious, the history of the subsequent cases will show this reduction of vital energy to which I have referred."

The Catholic Citizen.

THERE was a notable gathering at Delmonico's, New York, night of the 11th of February, it being the fourteenth anniversary dinner of the Xavier Union, and the after-dinner speeches by representative Catholics from all parts of the country were of more than common value. Morgan J. O'Brien, the president of the Xavier Union, was in the chair, and the regular toasts were responded to as follows: The United States, by Senator Randall L. Gibson, of Louisiana; the Catholic Church in the United States, by John Gilmary Shea, LL. D.; the City of New York, by Mayor Grace; the Catholic Citizen, by Daniel Dougherty; the Catholic Soldier, by General Rosecrans; the Catholic Scholar, by Monsignor Capel; the Catholic Woman, by F. R. Coudert; Our Sister States, by Governor Leon Abbett, of New Jersey, and the Xavier Union by the Rev. P. F. Dealy, S. J., the moderator. In Mr. Dougherty's eloquent address he said:

We Catholics, Roman Catholics, American Roman Catholics, in our every act in the varied walks of life prove we cherish for those who differ with us charity and kindly regard. They are our daily companions, our dearest friends, our nearest relatives, linked to us and we to them by indissoluble ties. We share alike their joys and sorrows. We vote for them, we pray for them and, if need be, would die for them.

Why should differences of belief engender discord? We Catholics have for three hundred years been oppressed wherever our English tongue is spoken. In the mother countries penal laws, diabolical in severity, punished us for fidelity to our faith. Here in colonial days we were the victims of harsh laws, ay, to-day in many communities we are proscribed and in almost all denied perfect equality. Yet we know, too, the days of prejudice are departing. The enlightened spirit of the age, liberal Protestants, clergy as well as laity, an independent press, are owning the injustice done us, and realizing that the best interests of our common humanity proclaim eternal brotherhood and the absolute and inviolable right of freedom to worship God.

Our country is doubly dear to us. She is our mother; we are her children. Beyond this our hearts beat high with love for the land where the old faith has fair play. Our temples where eight millions of

worshippers keep holy the Sabbath day, rise not from the revenues of unstable governments, but are the free offerings of the faithful. Our schools and colleges flourish second to none; they teach all that is taught in others and teach more — they teach the geography of the realm beyond the skies — that there is a God in Heaven to whom all are accountable. Our charities are ever open; our priests and religious never shrink from contagion, but are ready to die at the post of duty. Our citizens in peace are faithful to their trusts, and in war have bathed with their blood every battle-field of the Republic. If we are true to our God we cannot be false to our country. Our country repays our devotion by jealously guarding the rights of all her citizens. This is strikingly displayed in the event especially called to our attention.

While the kingdoms of Europe without protest submit to the spoilation of seminaries of religion and learning, almost a stroke of the pen from the President of the United States flashes a telegram through the waves to the kingly government of Rome, "Hold off your hands from the American College," and lo! the sacred edifice is untouched and perpetuated! And where is the American Catholic who is not to the very core of his heart proud of the identity of his faith with the land of his love?

The earliest history of America is the history of its Catholicity. Catholicity is indelibly stamped on the Western Hemisphere. The saintly names in the four corners of the continent tell that Catholics were its founders. Civilization within the confines of our Republic was planted at St. Augustine and Santa Fe fifty years before the Puritans saw the Rock of Plymouth. Catholic missionaries, Jesuits and Franciscans, for the conversion of the savage and the glory of God, did not loiter on the shores of the Atlantic, but traversed the lands lying along the northern lakes, followed the streams and rivers, explored the great valley, and, discovering the Mississippi, tracked its course from the Falls of St. Anthony and were the first to see the Father of Waters empty into the Southern gulf. "Not a cape was discovered nor a river entered but the Jesuits led the way." They penetrated into the primeval forest and carried the cross to the shores of the Pacific. The exploits of Cartier, Balboa, Melendez, De Soto, Ponce de Leon, Marquette, La Salle, Champlain and others can never be obliterated. They are moulded in enduring bronze on the massive gates of our Capitol.

Aye, more; proclaim it to the four winds of heaven, sound it to the remotest corners of earth, shape it in epigram, embalm it in song, engrave it on monument and boast of it everywhere — a monk first inspired Columbus with hope; Catholic sovereigns sent the first ships across the trackless main; the Catholic Columbus, with his Catholic crew, discovered the continent; a Catholic gave it the name of America; the new-found land was dedicated to the patronage of the Blessed Mother; the first strains of song ever heard along the western wave was the hymn to the Holy Virgin; the earliest worship of the true God was the holy sacrifice of the Mass; the first standard planted was the standard of the cross; the first, the only, martyr that ever here upon the soil of New York rose from the fires of sacrifice to heaven, was a Catholic;

the first institution of learning and the first institution of charity were Catholic. Catholic Maryland alone established religious liberty; Catholic France aided with an army our revolutionary struggle; and Catholic powers were the first to acknowledge the independence of the United States.

These are the sentiments, the proofs and pledges of the loyalty of the Catholic citizen, which he may exultingly give expression to on this festive, this exceptional occasion. My enduring hope is that the time may shortly come when as citizens all differences will be forgotten, and we will only vie with each other in devotion to the inestimable blessings which God in His mercy has given us.

How to Keep Husbands.

A CONTRIBUTOR who writes under the *nom de plume* of "Susan Snap" speaks thus: "The other day the following sentence in a newspaper attracted my attention: 'It is easy enough to win a husband, but a pretty difficult thing to keep him.' Well, I said to myself, that all depends. Some, may be, are not worth the winning, but if they are, they are certainly worth keeping. But they are only mortal, and dreadfully mortal at that, and we must take them just as they are, not as we want them to be; and the woman who understands them knows they like to be petted and soothed — that there is something in their great, rough, earnest natures, that is easier won by gentleness and pie than by scolding, cross looks, and what is vulgarly called the 'logic of a broom-handle.'

"They all have their weak points, even the best of them, and it will take some time to find them all out. But don't be discouraged; study them up and find a charm for every one. Perhaps he loves good dinners, etc.; then charm him with sweet bread, fragrant coffee, delicious puddings, and other good things, and 'reach his heart through his stomach.' Does he like to look nice, and is he proud of his looks? then let his shirts be faultless, the buttons always on, and don't forget to tell him how nice he looks when he goes with you to church or out to spend an evening, and be so entertaining generally that he will not wish to go away from home without you. Read aloud to him, while he rests in the easy chair or on the sofa; and if the mending basket is full invite him to read to you while you sew; then sing him the last new song. He will like it much better than 'dropping in at his club,' or going 'round the houses.' Is he brilliant? then be amused at his bright speeches, and praise them. Is he a disciple of Oscar Wilde, and does he pose, and is he too 'utterly utter' for anything? then I don't know what to tell you; but I guess he'll recover. (At any rate, I'd have him raise his own sun-flowers; the seeds will do to feed the chickens.)

"Is he of literary taste? then be literary enough to appreciate

him. But if you chance to know more about a subject than he does, don't say anything, but keep it to yourself, for men like to be big and great to their wives. That's why a helpless little woman, with bright eyes and a coaxing voice, could marry half a dozen times, while her strong, self-reliant sister walks through life in single blessedness. So cultivate bright eyes and helplessness.

"Is he naturally of a jealous disposition? then use all your power to teach him confidence. Does he like beauty? then look as pretty as you can, for it is every woman's duty to do that; and remember that to every man the woman he loves is 'well pleasing in his sight,' even though she may not be an acknowledged beauty.

"I hope he is not cross and fault-finding; but if he is, I have heard it hinted that it might be as well to give him a dose of his own medicine — that is if you could do it skilfully.

"At all events, don't be too tame, for men don't like to waste their ammunition on hens and common creatures; they like pursuing difficult game. Say something just a little capricious and uncertain. Don't let yourself become an 'old story,' but keep bright and alert, and well posted, and up with the times, and be careful not to be too good, for it might make you seem tiresome and monotonous.

"Cultivate a sweet, pleasant voice, look well to the household expenses, and always meet him with a smile, even when the baby is sick and your head is aching.

"It may seem hard to do all this sometimes, but then under the circumstances it seem needful if you wish to 'keep a husband.'"

The Vatican and the Irish National Party.

THE *Moniteur de Rome* is the organ of the Vatican, and not long since, particularly when Mr. Errington was a *persona grata* at the Holy See, its views on the Irish National question were more or less jaundiced. But in Rome, as elsewhere, the position and aims as well as the strength of the Irish National Party are now accurately estimated, and the *Moniteur de Rome* no longer believes that there is any marginal ground between that party and the Irish Hierarchy. Accordingly the Roman correspondent of the *Times*, and the *Times* itself, are sore distraught at a once powerful ally having gone over to the enemy. How the correspondent regards the matter there, is tolerably plain from the following extract, which shows the anger with which that gentleman and his clique in the Eternal City have seen the Papal Press at last wake up to the true state of things in Ireland, and fearlessly support the National Party in its movement for constitutional reform, while entirely dissociating it from sympathy with outrages and crime.—"The *Moniteur* certainly says that the explosions would excite a feeling of horror and indignation throughout the civilized world. It also says that Catholic Ireland will remain faithful to the voice of her priests and her bishops, and repudiate all connivance with the party of dynamite

and assassination. Exactly so; but the priests and bishops do not remain faithful to the voice of the Pope, or at any rate to the voice that spoke on the 11th of May, 1883, in the circular addressed by the Holy See to the Irish bishops. Apparently judging from the *Moniteur de Rome*, it is the Pontiff and not the Irish Episcopate that has submitted." With such a test we do not wonder that the editorial commentary of the *Times* is somewhat lively; and many of our readers will smile at the frank confession of failure coming from such a quarter.— "Our Roman correspondent remarks that the Pope's organ, the *Moniteur de Rome*, has for some time past been plainly inclining to the cause of Mr. Parnell. That is to say, the sole effect of the Irish bishop's journey to Rome, the journey of penance and discipline as those thought it, who believed in the sincerity of the Papal professions of May, 1883, has been to substitute in the Papal Councils the voice of Archbishop Croke for that of Cardinal M'Cabe." Thus moans the *Times* over the news that will gladden the heart of every Irish Catholic. Despite the efforts of a malignant enemy, despite dishonest diplomacy, misrepresentation, promises, and threats, the bond between the Irish people and the Holy See is to-day stronger than ever. The true state of Ireland, misunderstood in Westminster, is, we are proud to find, fully known and thoroughly appreciated in Rome.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

El Mahdi.

THE man who now confronts the British in the Soudan was made a Khouan, or brother preacher, of the order of Sid Abd-el-Kader about twenty years ago; five years ago he was elected by the council of the order to take command of the army in the South. He was thereupon proclaimed *Mahdime* (sublime), the "arm of the Almighty," and invested with absolute authority over the faithful, whom he promptly invited to join his forces under penalty of death. His name is Mohammed Ahmed. He was born in Dongola, Nubia, about 1840, and was educated at a religious school near Khartoum.

El Mahdi proclaimed his call to fulfill the prophecy touching the coming prophet of the South, and began to organize an army in 1881. The Governor-General of Khartoum commanded him to disavow his pretensions, and sent a small force against him to enforce the command. These the Mahdi soon defeated and dispersed. A second detachment met the same fate; then a column under Reschid Bey was destroyed to the last man. The following January he intercepted an Egyptian corps, on the way to Khartoum, and killed them all; in June, he annihilated another; and still another (under Yousef Pacha) in July. In every case the captured soldiers of the Khedive were given to the spears; native soldiers were absorbed into his own army, when it suited his purpose. The next year El Mahdi overcame the Egyptian garrisons at El Obeid, the capital of Kordofan, and killed them all,

with the European officers in command. As a rule, Christian and Egyptian civilians, with their women and children, shared the fate of the garrisons. From El Obied the Mahdi invaded Darfur, but returned to his capital to meet the Egyptian army which had been sent against him under General Hicks. The invaders to the number of 11,000 were surrounded, and mercilessly slaughtered. This in the fore part of November, 1883. Last year he wiped out the Egyptian garrisons along the Nile, above and below Khartoum, which stronghold was closely invested and at last captured, despite the heroic defense of General Gordan. With the fall of these fortified posts, particularly Khartoum, the Mahdi has come into possession of steamers, cannon, rifles, ammunition, and other military stores, in quantity sufficient for a severe and protracted campaign; and the failure and retreat of the British relief expeditions — if nothing worse than failure befalls them — completes the record of his military successes, and necessarily adds enormously to his prestige as prophet and warrior.

What the issue will be, time only can determine. False prophet or true prophet, El Mahdi commands the situation; and unless Great Britain is prepared to absorb Egypt and the Soudan, and undertake to establish an Ethiopian India in the heart of Africa, any attempt to punish him in Nubia or to dispute his pretensions in the Soudan will cost more than it will come to.

The Lætare Medal.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal: — The University of Notre Dame, Indiana, inaugurated three years ago the custom of giving a gold medal on Lætare Sunday to some distinguished Catholic. Notre Dame, not devoting itself to bricks and mortar, finds opportunity to show its appreciation of Catholic American progress in the finer arts. The medal was bestowed, the first year, on Dr. John Gilmary Shea; the second on Mr. Keely, the architect of so many churches. This, the third year, it is given to a lady whose name is well known to our readers, Miss Eliza Allen Starr.

"She, Mary's artist, poet of Our Lord,
Her best is laid down at their royal feet."

In appreciation of Miss Starr's "Pilgrims and Shrines," the *Freeman's Journal* has not been reserved. That volume is unique in the English language. It has completed all that was lacking in the books of Mrs. Jameson and Mrs. Clements. The shrines of the Blessed Virgin are painted, with word and pen, with all the fervor of love and the skill of art. To quote the phrase of a Protestant critic: "One is made to see Christian Rome and its wonders without having been at Rome."

Miss Starr is a native of Deerfield, Mass. She is at present living in St. Joseph's Cottage, Chicago, one of the quaintest and most artistic dwellings in the United States. Her influence in that city is making

Catholic art and literature respected and studied. Her lectures are listened to by the most cultivated ladies there. And Miss Starr's conferences run the risk of becoming too fashionable. Of late — only of late — has she received that appreciation from the Catholics of Chicago which she had long received from the Protestants.

The University of Notre Dame has done many gracious and worthy things; but there is none which shows a truer Catholic spirit than these acts of homage to genius and disinterested work, of which the bestowal of the Lætare medal on Miss Eliza Allen Starr is one. We congratulate the Very Rev. Father Sorin and the faculty of Notre Dame on this admirable and graceful tribute and example.

Where Do the Jesuits Get All Their Money?

THIS rather pertinent question was once made to Rev. Father Kerkhove, S. J., a very popular, as well as saintly preacher, who died in Belgium some years ago. The following Sunday he ascended the pulpit, and after giving his sermon, told the audience of the question proposed to him, and added that if each person present would bring another with him the following Sunday he would publicly answer it. As might be expected, on the appointed day not only was the church filled to overflowing, but a large crowd stood at the door; all were anxious to hear the answer to the great question. When the hour arrived, Father Kerkhove ascended the pulpit and delivered one of his soul-stirring sermons that lasted over an hour, and which was listened to with the greatest attention. He closed his discourse, gave his blessing and prepared to leave the pulpit, seemingly forgetting the all-important subject that had brought together so large an audience; when suddenly turning, he said: "Oh! I had almost forgotten my promise. You want to know *Where the Jesuits get all their money*, that they always build such fine churches and never want anything? Now, as I did not know myself, I went to my superior and said, 'Father Superior, where do the Jesuits get all their money?' Shall I tell you what answer he gave me? Here it is." At this moment the most perfect stillness reigned in the church, the people holding their very breath, expecting some great disclosure. "He said: 'Father Kerkhove, that is *none of your business*.' Now, *if it is none of my business*, I, who am an old man, belonging to the 'Society' for so many years, then my dear brethern, it *surely can be none of yours*.'" In the Name of the Father, &c.

BE not solicitous for the goods of this world, lest thou forfeit the eternal blessings in heaven promised by Jesus Christ to those who are in his friendship.—*A Kempis*.

Mistress and Maid.

How often do we hear the trite remark made, that "Servants are not what they used to be," answered by the still more trite observation that "Neither are mistresses" the hard-working, patient, "knowledgeable" women they were in those much overrated days of long ago? But that the remarks are trite does not make them any less true, and the very truth of both statements has compelled us to take up our pen in order to champion, in as much as in us lies, both of these much-maligned individuals, and to set forth how best to alter both our mistresses and our servants to suit an age which is nothing if not one of progression and unrest.

The ordinary mistress is a long way from the top of a tree; still, at present, she occupies a higher sphere than the one where her servant dwells, and is looked up to much as we look up to some one whom we have idealized and made a hero of, and in whom it is a severe shock to us to find the inevitable flaw that points out as human the object of our veneration. That this looking-up-to does not last very long, is as much the fault of the servant as the mistress; but the existence of it has never been sufficiently acknowledged or sufficiently thought of by the object of this veneration.

Of course, this remark applies only to that turning-point in all young girls' lives — their first place; the second is looked at suspiciously; the third sceptically; while the possession of a fourth or fifth place does away with everything save and except that odious feeling of class prejudice that has been at the bottom of the present unhappy state of things.

To ensure good servants, it is imperative that we should make real friends of those who live under our roof. We may be deceived once now and then; we may even be tricked and cheated, and be tempted to say in our haste that "the poor in a loomp is bad;" but we must take courage and go on again, being quite sure that sooner or later we shall be rewarded by the love and care of one, if not more, of those who, while dwelling in our midst, too often are quite strangers to us, and are no more to us than the chairs on which we sit and the tables at which we write.

How often, for example, do we understand the feelings with which a servant enters a new place? Do we recollect that she comes a stranger to strangers; that we have no idea of the hopes and fears, the thoughts and dreads, with which she enters our portals; that she is wondering whether we shall be distrustful or unkind, or fairly sympathetic; and that she may spend her first night in tears by the side of a girl who was a complete stranger to her a few hours before, but with whom she will be obliged to spend most of her days and nights, whether she be nice or nasty, clean, or the reverse?

We may not be able to save our new maid from this, but we can help her over a very "tight place," if, when she arrives, we are at home to welcome her, to point out her place in the domestic routine, and

give her a few hints about those with whom she will have to live for the future.

If we had a guest coming among us on equal terms, free of all our pleasures and amusements, would not this be done? Much more, then, should we hold out a welcoming hand to those on whom so very much of pleasure and comfort depends.

To know how much this is, we must, once now and then, be left without one of our staff — which is, of course, not a very extensive one, or those remarks would not apply. In an extensive staff the relations between mistress and maid are only represented by a housekeeper, who has all on her shoulders, and who must replace the missing maid in the household or do the necessary work herself.

Looking back over a long stretch of life covered by fifteen years of domestic duties, and calmly and dispassionately thinking over the mistakes — how many! — and the successes that have characterised it, we freely confess that when we have failed with our servants (and thankful are we to chronicle only two failures, and one of these has since been redeemed by an early marriage), it has been entirely our own fault. A keener insight into character than we possess would have prevented our engaging a girl, spoiled for our use by a too careless mistress and a wicked master; and more judicious watchfulness would have saved a false step that, as it happened, was discovered in time, but not before the consequences were too apparent to be passed over, and which said false step was entirely due to the evil influence of a fellow servant, from which we, of course, should have shielded her. We may accept it as an axiom that we cannot have nice, good servants unless we take the trouble of either training them ourselves, or get them from a mistress who has had an eye over the well-being of her maidens. It is impossible to obtain nice service from those who have never been taught how to serve, who come to us from careless or bad mistresses, and of whom we know no more than they do of us and our likes and dislikes. If we, when requiring a servant, take the first, or even the second, that applies to us, not heeding where she was born, what her parents were, and knowing still less of her disposition, how can we expect success? We may be lucky enough to hit upon a good servant like this, but we very much doubt that it is likely we should. If mistresses have a large acquaintance it is possible to have a continual supply of good servants, without applying to the registry offices; but they themselves must have as good a character as the required domestic, or else they will not be easily suited.

We are no advocate for spoiling servants any more than we should for spoiling children, yet we are anxious that they should be happy; and that they may be happy, it is necessary that we have a set of rules that must be kept, and that they should gradually learn that we wish to stand in the same relation to them while they are in our house as their parents would were they still in their care.

Rule the first is, that no young servant should be out alone after dark, giving reasons for this rule that are easily understood. Rule the second, that no one comes to the back door after a certain hour, because their friends are quite welcome to come to the front door; and

once it is dark, bad characters are about, and young girls are easily frightened; and rule the third, in which all the rest are comprehended, is, that they must learn that we are always ready to hear all their hopes and fears, to help them choose their hats and dresses, to assist them in every way they wish and to give them sympathy and kindness, which we will take from them in our turn should we be ill or in trouble.

How much more cheerfully will the cook help you to retrench, if, instead of scolding about the waste, you ask her to help you to save what would otherwise be given or thrown away. And much more pleasantly will your housemaids help you when "company comes," if you tell them to look out for this or that celebrity, to listen if Miss Smith sings, or if Mr. Brown plays; and how much they will do should you leave one or two of the pleasanter parts of preparing in their hands, preferring rather an ill-arranged flower vase than the idea that all the rough and none of the smooth falls to their share of the work. It will not hurt us to do a little dusting for once, or even to wash the china, and indeed it will do us good, for it will teach us how monotonous and wearisome is the work by which our "maidens" (as is the dear old Dorset expression for our servants) earn their daily bread, but that ceases to have half its monotony and irksomeness should we help occasionally when work is pressing and there is more than usual to do. To have good and loving servants, then, it is necessary to have them tolerably young, to be firm, kind, and above all sympathetic; to know as much about their home life as is possible; and without telling them much, yet, when it is advisable, to take them into our confidence, secure in our turn of receiving sympathy, which is always precious, no matter from whom it is received.

Sympathy is the bond that binds men together — sympathy is the bond that should unite mistress and maid: on the lowest ground it is politic, on the highest it is ordained in a circle of life given to all.

J. E. PANTON, in *Lady's Pictorial*.

Cocaine: the "Divine Plant."

SINCE the invention of vaccination and the discovery of general anæsthesia as a consequence of the inhalation of chloroform and ether, no more wonderful and simple secret has been filched from nature's healing stores than that revealed through the recent discovery of the local anæsthetic cocaine, by Dr. Carl Koller, of Vienna. In the course of chemical experiments, Dr. Koller accidentally noticed that an application of a two per cent. solution of the muriate of cocaine to the eye rendered it insensible to contact with the finger. He was quick to realize the scientific importance of his discovery, which has since been fully established by numberless experiments both in Europe and in this country.

Cocaine is an alkaloid extracted from the leaves of the *Erythroxylon coca*, belonging to the same class of chemicals as quinine, strychnine,

nine, and atropine. The *Erythroxylon coca*, a small tree, six or eight feet in height, the leaves of which, when green, are said to resemble those of the tea-plant, grows wild, and is also cultivated, in South America, chiefly in Peru and Bolivia. Its wonderfully stimulating properties had been recognized by the natives long before medical men had any knowledge of them. By chewing the leaves together with a little vegetable ashes containing some alkali, the natives of these countries are enabled to bear with ease the toils of long journeys in the heat of a tropical summer. In such high esteem was it held amongst these people that they called it the "Divine Plant." Its leaves, made into amulets, were secreted about the persons of the young and old as a talisman against evil spirits and disease. In 1569 the first medical treatise upon the plant was written by a physician of Seville, and in 1749 it was first brought to Europe. Since the latter date it has steadily found favor with the scientific world, until in the fall of 1884 scientific research culminated in discovering its anæsthetic properties when applied locally upon any of the mucous membranes of the human body. As the alkaloid itself, cocaine, is not freely soluble in water, its soluble salt, the muriate of cocaine, has been used, and is found to possess all the properties of the alkaloid.

The local anæsthetic effect of the drug has proved itself of incalculable value in enabling surgeons to perform the most delicate and otherwise torturing operations on the eye without infliction of pain. All the operations performed upon the eye, save those upon the lids, can now be done painlessly, without the necessity of the patient's undergoing the general insensibility produced by ether or chloroform. Thus the operation for cross-eyes, so often necessary in the case of young children, can now be performed without pain or risks.

In many inflammatory diseases of the eye the effect of the drug is equally beneficent. In those affections in which there is a dread of light, and in which tears flow continuously over the cheeks, a few drops of a watery solution of the muriate instilled into the eyes will give almost instantaneous relief, and enable the child to face the light without discomfort. In catarrh of the nose, so often seen in scrofulous children, in which the infant cannot take the breast on account of the congestion and swelling of the nasal mucous membrane and consequent difficulty in breathing through the nose, a few drops of the solution instilled into the nostrils will contract the mucous membrane, and, by giving free entrance to the air, enable the child to take its food in the natural way. In many diseases peculiar to women requiring surgical interference, operations have likewise been performed by the aid of cocaine without pain to the patient. In many of these cases the child is indirectly benefited; for since neither chloroform nor ether is circulating in the mother's blood, it need not be even temporarily weaned. Both mother and child, therefore, directly and indirectly profit by the "Divine Plant." Truly the virtues of the plant justify its appellation.

The stimulating qualities of cocaine have led physicians both in this country and abroad to prescribe its use against the alcohol and opium habits, and in this respect, too, the results have been beneficent.

No disagreeable sensations whatever attend the instillation of the fluid. A few drops of the solution are generally administered at intervals of several minutes, two or three applications being in most cases sufficient to produce complete insensibility of the part anæsthetized. Until the surgical operation is performed the patient is generally unaware that the organ under treatment has been deprived of sensation; although in some cases especially where the fluid was introduced into the nasal cavity, patients have spoken of a certain numbness of the particular part, such as is produced by extreme cold. The return of sensibility sometimes manifests itself by a slight sensation of pain.

So far as known, no deleterious consequences have followed the use of cocaine. There is, however, an objection to its general use in its excessive cost, which probably cannot be much diminished. But for operative purposes its cost does not much, if at all, exceed that of other anæsthetics. Cocaine muriate costs about fifty cents per grain. Two or four per cent solutions, obtainable at some of the leading retail drug-stores, are generally administered. The amount necessary for an eye operation is usually not more than half a grain — often considerably less. A pound of good ether costs a dollar, and as the patient must be thoroughly anæsthetized for an eye operation, we presume a quarter of a pound would hardly be an excessive amount to use. Hence the cost is not very different in the two cases. But the relief from apprehension on the part of the patient and from the bodily disturbance — including nausea and vomiting — which attends general anæsthesia, is a boon appreciated alike by patients and by those who have frequent operations to perform.

J. HERBERT CLAIBORNE, JR., M. D. in *Babyland*.

Christian Manhood and Its Duties.

“Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s, and to God the things that are God’s.”—ST. MATTHEW XXII. 21.

THE Pharisees were the bitter, unrelenting enemies of our Blessed Saviour. Perceiving that, notwithstanding all their malicious efforts, the divine mission of Christ was becoming more and more recognized, more and more sincerely acknowledged by the Jewish people, on account of the wonderful miracles which He performed and the more than human wisdom that inspired His discourses, they were determined upon ensnaring Him in his speech. To carry out their design, they prompted the Herodians to ask Him a question of such a nature as would render it difficult for Him to answer without incurring the ill-will of either of the parties into which the audience was divided. Hence, with all hypocrisy imaginable, they say to him: “Master, we know that Thou art a true speaker, and teachest the way of God in truth: neither carest thou for any man, for thou dost not regard the person of men. Tell us, therefore, what dost Thou think,—is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar, or not?”

But He, who stood before them, could penetrate with His all-seeing eye their inmost hearts and read their most secret thoughts. Knowing their wickedness, he said: "Why tempt me, ye hypocrites?" The Pharisees were well aware that if Christ answered that tribute should be paid to Cæsar, He would thereby incur the hatred of the Jewish people, who felt degraded in being subject to a foreign power and under the yoke of the Roman Empire.

On the other hand, if he declared that tribute should not be paid, then He would be denounced to the Roman Governor and declared guilty of treason to Cæsar. The Pharisees therefore showed wonderful astuteness in proposing such a subtle question, but never was hypocrisy more completely unveiled, human smartness more quickly confounded, or a grave difficulty more successfully solved, than by that most admirable response of our Divine Master: "Give unto Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar and unto God what belongs to God."

In these few solemn, strikingly impressive words, we find the sum total of all our duties towards God and man, all our duties, social, political, moral and religious. This sacred utterance of our Saviour was not merely intended for the confusion of his inveterate enemies, or for the instruction of the Jewish people of His time, but as a rule of life and grand principle of action for all generations to come. Herein we find clearly expressed, and authoritatively declared, our obligations as members of the great human family, as citizens of the commonwealth and believers in Christianity — our duties to God and country, family and religion.

"Give unto Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar." We should be obedient to the laws of the country, respect the administrators of justice, the protectors of order and the representatives of government. We should really love our country — the country to which we owe allegiance, take a deep interest in its welfare and that of our fellow citizens, and give our moral as well as material support to all its just and beneficent undertakings. This we are bound to do in any country and under any legitimate form of government; but this holds good more especially in a great Republic like this, where we have still stronger reasons for being faithful.

Even were we to lay aside for a moment the idea of obligation or of strict duty, gratitude alone ought to cause us to be law-abiding citizens, for here every man, without distinction of race, color or creed, is free and independent and is able — humanly speaking — to carve his own destiny. Every citizen is, in a certain sense, a sovereign, since he has part in the making of the laws by which he himself is governed. What a great, fearful responsibility then must rest upon the citizens of this glorious Republic, and how many, alas! prove recreant to that responsibility.

It is the saddest sight in the whole world to see a magnificent nation like this — the grandest, noblest and freest that human eyes were ever permitted to behold — becoming gradually undermined by those who should love it most. Ah, my brethren, if this great Republic should fail, the hopes of millions yet unborn shall perish with it. The welfare, the liberty, the happiness of succeeding generations de-

depends on how we do our duty and on the fidelity with which we guard, protect and defend the sacred trusts confided to our care. You have no right to charge your rulers with corruption, if you yourselves be corrupt. If you, as voters, do your duty as you should, nobly and conscientiously, your rulers will be worthy of you and the country they represent. Any man who sells his vote is a traitor to his country and deserves to be disfranchised.

It is not the duty of priests to tell you for whom you should vote, but it is their duty to tell you to vote honestly, fearlessly, conscientiously, for those that will, in your calm, unbiassed judgment, best subserve the interests of the nation. Do your duty as faithful, unpurchaseable citizens and you will thus be rendering "to Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar."

We should, moreover, look upon ourselves as belonging to the universal brotherhood of humanity, as all are the descendants of the same primitive parents, having been created by the same Lord and Master of the universe, endowed with the same nature and redeemed by the infinitely precious blood of Jesus Christ. We should consider all human beings as our brethren, harboring no ill-will, envy or jealousy, injuring no one in person, property or character, dealing not unjustly, using no deception, no overreaching; in one word, we should do unto others what we might reasonably expect they should do unto us in like circumstances.

"Render to Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar" by paying just debts and by repairing, to the fullest extent possible, any injury we may have done to our neighbors in goods or reputation.

How many there are (and the number is known only to God) who jeopardize their eternal interests, and, in fact, place themselves out of the way of salvation, by failing to fulfil their duty in this respect. For salvation cannot be attained unless reparation be made for whatever damage we may have done to our neighbor, where such reparation can be possibly effected. Hence arises the strict obligation of restitution, without which we cannot expect forgiveness from God.

If you approach the holy tribunal of penance with the most proper dispositions — sincere sorrow for the past and a firm purpose of amendment for the future — you will be freed, by the power of God and priestly absolution, from all censures of the Church and be cleansed from all your iniquities; yet there is one thing no priest, not even the Pope himself, can do, that is, dispense any man from the obligation of restitution, as long as it is at all possible.

These various and grave obligations arise from that great principle laid down by our Saviour: "Give to Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar." How frequently is this lost sight of in this our busy world. Selfishness seems to reign supreme. The vast majority of the human race seek their happiness in the miserable goods of this life, striving to hoard up riches no matter how they may be acquired — by fraud, deceit, theft and rascality. It is sometimes quite easy to become rich by such dishonorable means, but by no means so easy to make restitution, and unless it be made, no hope of pardon exists.

Ill-gotten goods must be restored, injured reputations must be

repaired, all damages must be made good, if we desire to obtain the forgiveness of God. No sacraments howsoever holy or productive of grace can supply the place of restitution, which is one of the most essential conditions for the worthy reception of these same sacraments. No position in the world, no station howsoever elevated, no desire of maintaining family aggrandizement can exempt any person from the obligation. "Render," therefore, "to Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar, and to God what belongs to God."

This comprises all our religious duties, by far the most necessary and important, and which consequently should take precedence of all others. We owe to God—our Creator, Preserver and Redeemer—the worship and service of our whole being, our bodies with all their powers, our minds with all their faculties, our hearts with all their affections. We should submit our body to His holy rules, keep it under constant subjection, conquer its passions, overcome its vicious inclinations and bend it to the yoke of Christ. Our intellect as well as our will should take part in the worship of God: the intellect, by cheerfully accepting the truths He has revealed, without presuming to subject them to the judgment of our limited understanding; and the will, by obeying his commandments. All the affections of our soul should centre in, and be entirely absorbed with, God Himself and His love divine, His uncreated beauty, His boundless power, His infinite goodness and absolute perfections. Body and soul should join in His worship. We should praise Him not only with our lips but also with our hearts, giving Him full possession thereof and begging of Him to reign therein as absolute Master, by the operations of His grace.

This should be the great aim of our lives, this the great object to be always held most prominently in view, so that whilst cheerfully and readily giving unto Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar, we should never lose sight of the still graver obligation of giving to God what belongs to God, by leading good, honest, conscientious, edifying, Christian lives before God and men.

Let us never be unmindful of this great principle and golden rule of our Lord. Let us exemplify it in all our words and actions which we should always direct to the greater glory of God, our country's welfare and our soul's salvation. Were this the guiding rule for all who profess to be Christians, what a different aspect this world would present! How much peace and happiness would then exist, and how many evils would be thus averted from the human family. Let us then cherish this loving command of our dear Saviour in our inmost hearts, and by so doing, we shall faithfully fulfil all the duties devolving on us here and be blessed with an abundant and everlasting reward hereafter.

Syracuse, N. Y.

REV. JAMES J. MORIARTY, A. M.

ALL knowledge, all possessions avail nothing, unless by our prayers we win God's favor. — *A Kempis.*

OUR YOUNG FOLK.

THE RAINBOW.

"WHERE are you going, my little maid?"

"After the rainbow, sir," she said;

"After the rainbow, yellow, blue, red,
After the rainbow, sir," she said.

"Where shall you find it, my little maid?"

"Over the hill, there, sir," she said;

"It touches the ground with its blue and red,
Over the hill there, sir," she said.

"What do you want with it, my little maid?"

"The crock that it points to, sir," she said.

"A crock of gold pieces, yellow and red;
The crock that it points to, sir," she said.

"What will you do with it, my little maid?"

"Buy a great wax doll, sir," she said;

"With eyes so blue, and with cheeks so red;
I'll buy a great wax doll, sir," she said.

"You'll never find it, my little maid."

"Oh, yes, I shall, good sir," she said.

"Just where the ground is yellow and red,
Where the rainbow touches the ground," she said.

Over the hill went the little maid,

After the rainbow, yellow and red;

But she never found it, I'm afraid;

No, she never found it, so people said.

A LITTLE lad was having a first inspection of his new baby brother.

"Mamma," said he, looking down the dim vista of future years, "he'll always be younger than me, won't he?"

"Of course he will, Tommy," replied his mother. "Why do you ask?"

"Because it will be so jolly. I shall always be able to punch his head, shan't I?"

THE WALKING TREES.

CHAPTER V.

LEO IS SHOT ACROSS THE SKY.

LEO sank away down through the heap of clouds, quite powerless to hold himself up any longer. He thought he was going to be smothered, but instead of that he found himself very comfortable in the middle of the cloud. There was a dew in it which oozed into his eyes and cured them both. This was very delightful, but it was not so pleasant when the cloud began to part and float off in pieces just as the other clouds had done, and as it seemed all clouds must keep on doing, no matter how steady they looked. This time the heap divided suddenly down the middle, and Leo rolled off and was just falling sheer down into nowhere, when he struck against a third Hour, another beautiful creature who was hovering in the air right beneath the cloud. She had white draperies hanging around her and bright hair spread over her shoulders, and was swinging a golden censer full of fire. Leo nearly fell head foremost into the censer, which would have been worse than dropping down nowhere, but the beautiful creature caught him by the curls on the top of his head and held him upright in the air.

"Oh, thank you!" cried Leo, "though it does hurt a little. It is better than slipping down through the air, and falling on a church steeple or something. I suppose you are another Hour?"

"Yes, I belong to the morning," said the beautiful creature; "and you had a narrow escape, I can tell. What am I to do with you now, I wonder?"

"Oh!" said Leo, "you know the kind of thing I am, I see. I had to explain myself to the hours of the night and to the cloudman. They did not know anything about boys."

"That is because it is always dark when they are about; I belong to the day and can see down on the earth. I have often seen boys, and I know that it is very dangerous for them to be tumbling about in the sky where nothing is solid enough for them to walk upon. My advice to you is to get down again to the earth as fast as you can."

"I'd rather see a little more as I am here," said Leo; "besides, I don't know how it could be done. You couldn't fly down with me, I suppose?"

"No," said the Hour, "I couldn't indeed; any more than you can walk on the air. I have no wings and I cannot leave the spot where I am placed. I am hung here like a lamp, and when I am finished I go out."

"And if you were to drop me now, what would happen to me," asked Leo.

"You would be rubbed into powder by passing through the air," said the Hour. "Not a scrap of you would remain even to light on a church steeple. Perhaps you would be blown away in dust over the

deserts ; that is if the winds got hold of you. But why cannot you get down by the way you came up ? ”

“ The ash-trees carried me to the top of a mountain,” said Leo, “ and I crept up, but I have lost the place altogether, and I don’t know where to look for it. I must shift for myself as well as I can until I find it again.”

“ Well,” said the Hour, “ there is only one thing I can do for you,” and she turned her censer right upside down, so that all the fire fell out of it. “ I will try and get you over to that opposite bank of clouds, and when you are there you must make the best of your time before they move. Get in here quickly,” and she put Leo into the censer, doubled up like a ball. “ Now I am going to throw you across like a stone out of a sling. Are you afraid ? ”

“ Not at all,” said Leo ; “ but what will you do for your fire ? Somebody will be angry with you, perhaps, for throwing it away.”

“ Don’t be uneasy about that,” said the Hour. “ I have only to fling the censer over at the sun and it will come back again full of fire. Are you ready now, for my arms are tired ? One — two — three — and away ! ”

She gave the censer a tremendous swing, and then let it suddenly loose on its long chains, and Leo was tilted out of it with great violence and sent spinning across the sky quite to the other side of the horizon, where he lit on a great soft bed of cloud, and lay panting and winking, with his heart beating so that he could hardly breathe.

He came with such a shock upon the clouds that they heaved under him, and he feared that they were about to split right down, as the others had done. A deep groan came from beneath him, and Leo rolled over, saying, “ Oh, dear me, I hope I am not hurting anything ! ”

“ You have wakened me,” said a voice, which Leo recognized as that of the cloudman.

“ Oh ! ” cried Leo, “ you are here, are you ? ”

“ I might say *you* are here, are you ? ” said the voice.

“ I thought you went to attend on the sun,” said Leo. “ I wish you would come out and let me see what shape you are in at present.”

“ I did attend on the sun,” said the voice ; “ and that is why I am so tired and need a little rest.”

“ You are always taking little rests,” said Leo. “ Clouds must be very lazy things, I think. And pray what were you like when you followed the sun ? I saw the procession, and I dare say I was looking at you.”

“ I was a wild horse,” said the cloudman’s voice. “ I had to fly along very fast, and I kicked a great deal, and so it is no wonder I am lazy now.”

“ You had a gold mane and scarlet hoofs,” said Leo. “ You were a very grand fellow. And what became of the little cherub with the wings who was leading you all by a silver thread ? ”

“ How do I know where he is or what he is ? ” said the voice. “ But pray, where were you, and how have you kept yourself alive here so long ? ”

“ The Hours have been very good to me,” said Leo. “ A great

deal more civil than you. One of them flung me over here out of her censer, or I should have been rubbed into powder through the air long ago."

"Oh! is that what would have happened to you?" said the voice. "I have been wondering since I saw you what was the worst that you had to fear. As you are not a cloud, you know, I could not imagine. And where were you while the procession was going on?"

"On a cloud at the other side of the sky," said Leo. "Does this wonderful procession take place every morning?"

"Of course it does," said the cloud voice. "The sun must be properly attended."

"He is a very strange-looking old fellow," said Leo. "I never knew before that he had legs and arms. We don't know anything about that down on the earth. People think he is a world. They have a very little idea that he can grin the way he does. I have often watched him out of our nursery window coming out from behind the clouds in the mornings, but I never knew he walked. I could not have believed that there was such a crowd of beautiful people, and horses, and oxen, and waggons, and flowers, and fruit, and all kinds of fine things really waiting in the sky to receive him. I sometimes have thought I saw pictures in the clouds a little like these things, but I did not think it was reality."

"I told you once before that you don't know much," said the cloud voice. "If you stay up here a little longer, you shall see still queerer things than you have dreamed of yet."

"Shall I, indeed?" said Leo; "then I hope I may be able to hold myself up. I am fond of seeing queer things. I wish you would come out now and let me see you again. What do you intend to be next?"

"I don't know," said the cloud voice; "and it is better for you that I am inclined to stay where I am. If I came out of this heap, the whole would be split up, as you have seen us do pretty often, and you would be in as bad a plight as ever. I wonder you don't learn a little sense by experience."

"I wonder I don't," said Leo; "I might have remembered; but I am very much obliged to you for thinking of me."

"Hold your tongue, then," said the cloud voice, "and let me go to sleep." And Leo said no more, but began to gaze curiously around the sky.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SUMMER-CLOUD CHILDREN.

THE sky was now like the most exquisite blue sea, with golden islands scattered about in it, and Leo shaded his eyes with his hands to gaze across at these islands, which were covered with woods and villages, and seemed to have people moving about on them. The houses were thatched with gold, he thought, and the walls were white, tinged with pink. The trees glittered as if made of gold, and there seemed to be animals among them, and birds and flowers. Leo spent a long time studying these islands, with his shaded eyes intently fixed on them, and he became convinced at last that he saw children at play.

"How I wish I were over there," thought Leo. "It would be much better fun than lying here in these sleepy clouds. I see one of the islands like a village, with a long street and gardens, and a castle with three towers, and a church, and a whole fleet of little boats in the blue bay by the golden shore. I am sure I see little children running in and out of the houses, and strange, large animals walking about in the fields. Oh, dear, how I wish I had even a telescope!"

Just as Leo spoke, a great shoal of little cloud things came drifting along in the blue sky-sea beside his hand. There were little fishes and fern-leaves, and slippers and fans and long grasses, and a great many other odds and ends made of bits of gold cloud, which looked as if they had just been swept out of the door of some genii of the sky who had been tidying up his house and garden. Among these things were a pair of little wings — beautiful feathery white wings all tinged and tipped with gold, and Leo said to himself, as he saw them coming towards him :

"Oh, now, if these were only real wings that I could fly with!" and he stretched out his hands as they went past and caught them. Strange to say they did not melt away from him, as the other cloud things always did, but seemed to turn into real wings while he looked at them. Finding this, he tried to fasten them on his shoulders, and was astonished to feel them fastening themselves on and remaining as if they had grown there.

"Good gracious!" said Leo; "perhaps I could fly!" and he made a little movement upwards, just to try if it were possible. The next moment he found himself hovering in the air with his wings spread, exactly as if he had been changed into a bird. He flew up and he flew down, and flapped his wings, and could scarcely believe his senses for delight.

He flew through the beautiful blue air, and tried to see the earth, and his father's house and the trees and gardens, but it was all such a long way off that he could distinguish nothing. He heard a loud sound of singing coming nearer to him every moment, and saw a lark soaring towards him so very fast that it struck against his breast before it had time to see him.

"I beg your pardon," cried Leo; "but I have only just got on wings for the first time, and I am rather awkward with them. I could not get out of your way in time."

"What kind of bird are you?" asked the lark, when he had recovered from the shaking he had got. "I never met you before."

"I am not a bird," said Leo; "I am a boy."

"That is ridiculous," said the lark. "I know boys very well, for I build my nest in the grass. Indeed, I know them to my cost, for they robbed me and my wife of a fine family of eggs the other day. You certainly are *like* a boy, but boys do not fly about in the air."

"I ought to know best," said Leo, rather insulted.

"I know a bird when I see him," said the lark, "and I can tell you, you are a bird. You are probably some new species, and have not yet got accustomed to yourself. I often hear men talking in the fields and I know there are a great many discoveries going on nowadays.

You are one of them, I daresay, and that is why neither I nor yourself know you."

"Perhaps it is," said Leo, who was beginning to get bewildered.

"I dare say they will call you 'the boy-bird,'" said the lark, "from your likeness to a boy. Of course, you can sing."

"Oh, yes!" said Leo; "I can sing nursery rhymes."

"What kind of a note is that?" asked the lark. "Let me hear you," and Leo began to sing with all his might —

"Where are you going, Old Woman? says I,
Where are you going, you're going so high?
To sweep the cobwebs off the sky,
And I'll be with you by-and-by."

"Very good," said the lark. "Yours is a peculiar voice for a bird. The boy likeness shows itself there also. But who was the old woman?"

"I don't know, really," said Leo; "I never thought of that before. I wonder who she was."

"I know," said the lark, after a moment's reflection. "She was the moon."

"But the moon is a world!" said Leo: "a beautiful silver world."

"You're wrong," said the lark. "Look at her well the next time you see her, and you'll find she's an old woman. People down on the earth spy up through telescopes, and think they see a great deal, but if they flew as high as a lark they would know more about things."

"I wish it was night," said Leo; "and I'd fly right up to her and find out for myself."

"By the way, where do you intend to build your nest?" asked the lark. "As you are a new species, I am curious to know."

"I think I shall make it in one of those golden islands," replied Leo. "At all events I shall fly over and see what they are like."

"Good-by, then," said the lark. "We may meet again; and I shall be glad to introduce you to the other birds. I am going to tell every one I meet about you."

And then the lark suddenly broke out into a perfect rage of singing and flew away.

"That is all nonsense about my being a bird, I am sure," said Leo, as he went flying across the sky; "however, I shall know better after a while."

Just then he lit upon the largest and most magnificent of the islands, the one on which he had seen the village with the long street, the gardens, the castle with the three towers, and the church. He perched upon a lovely gold strand round which the blue sky-sea flowed, and when he found that he could stand on his feet for the present, he took off his wings, feeling rather anxious to assure himself that he really was not a bird after all. He folded up the wings very tightly, and squeezed them together and tried to put them in his pocket; but to his great surprise and vexation they melted away between his fingers into something like smoke—and they were gone.

"That is very provoking," said Leo. "I wish I had kept them

on. However, perhaps, some other way of getting along will turn up for me by the time I want to leave this place. It seems pretty solid under foot for the present."

He had hardly gone a few steps towards the street, with the gold-thatched houses and the gardens, when he saw a whole troop of little soft, fluffy-looking children, made of white cloud, coming running very fast down through the cloud fields to meet him. They crowded round Leo and pushed him about and rubbed themselves against him, and when they pressed on him very hard he found to his amazement that he broke them in pieces and passed through them. But they joined their pieces together again on the other side of him and came back as if nothing had happened.

"What *can* you be made of?" said a little cloud girl, hovering off from Leo and looking at him wonderingly. "You are so hard and stiff. Do you never melt at all?"

"Never," said Leo; "I should be very sorry if I did."

"How strange!" said all the children.

"And what do you play at?" asked the little cloud girl; "for that makes half our fun."

"Why, I play at ball and tops, and I am learning cricket," said Leo.

"We never heard of those games," said the little girl; "but come along with us now, and we will show you what we play at."

They began to run up the field, and Leo ran after them, and they all went through a gate, which melted away to let them pass and built itself up again afterwards. Then they were in the village street, and Leo was quite astonished to see how very small the houses were although they showed so plainly in the distance.

"How in the world do you get into these houses?" asked Leo. "You are taller than they are, and the doors are so small."

"That is part of our fun," said the little cloud girl. "Come in and have some breakfast."

"They all stooped their heads and went in as easily as possible; but when it came to be Leo's turn, he looked at the door in dismay, and cried:—

"Oh, please, don't ask me to go in. You don't know how difficult it would be to me. Besides, I am so hard I should break down the house. I shall just sit on the doorstep, and you can hand something out to me."

"That will not do at all," said the cloud children from within. "Come in! come in! and never mind about the house. What is the good of a house unless you can break it as often as you please?"

After this invitation Leo did not hesitate any longer. He put his foot on the threshold and walked boldly forward, carrying away the whole upper wall of the house on his head. He went into a parlor where all the cloud children were sitting at a long table, with their heads in the upper story, the ceiling out of the way for the time. When Leo sat down, his head stayed upstairs like the others, and by-and-by the fragments that remained of the ceiling retreated up to the roof and allowed the children to see each other. The eatables on the

table were, of course, made of cloud, and they melted down the children's throats as fast as they were raised to their lips. Leo found them very unsatisfying, indeed, for he never felt as if he had got a mouthful of anything. He was very glad when the breakfast was over and the children proposed to take him all over the house. Then they went running about, pushing aside cloud walls, and rolling away cloud staircases, which seemed to be the only way they had of going over the house. They broke it all to pieces and trod on it, and then they floated off laughing, and left the house to build itself up again as soon as it pleased.

The children next danced into the garden, and began to play a most curious game, with the flowers changing themselves into rose-bushes and clumps of lilies, and then back again into children. "This is the way we amuse ourselves," said the little cloud girl, "and you may look on at us, as you don't know how to melt. How awfully stupid it must be to be always the same thing!"

While Leo was watching them, he saw also people of all kinds going up and down the street, old people and young people in every kind of strange dress, and they had every one the same rolling or floating manner of walking, and he noticed that when two met full in the face they did not step aside and pass as other people would do, but they rolled right into one another, and sometimes they never got disentangled again. A man and woman would stumble against each other, melt into one another, and become an elephant or a camel; then the camel or the elephant would roll on, and without going much further would swallow a few men, and perhaps before he got to the end of the street he would meet a waggon, which would tumble through him and break him up into a couple of asses, or dogs, or a flock of pigeons.

It happened that, just as Leo stared at all these things, a lumbering cloud-waggon came rolling along, and the mischief-loving cloud children hustled Leo into it, drawing the cloud-curtains round him, and shoving the waggon on its way. Leo was quite in the dark now, and could not see anything, only felt himself tumbling about in soft, fluffy darkness, while the silvery laughter of the summer-cloud children rang like musical bells in his ears.

By-and-by the laughter ceased, and Leo saw and heard nothing more. He was floating, floating away somewhere, till his head became dizzy; and then, all at once, the wrappings parted from about him, and he perceived that the children, and the village, and the fields and gardens had all completely disappeared.

He was sitting on a desert island of cloud, all alone.

ONE OF GRANDFATHER'S STORIES.

WHEN I was a baby and that's a good many years ago, there used to be lots of trading vessels call at the little seaport town where my father lived, and it was the custom of the farmers' wives and daughters to go down to the quay to sell to the captains and sailors, butter and eggs, and any farm produce they could make money of. Well, I often

heard it said the handsomest women in Ireland were to be found in this very little town; but the most beautiful of them all, was John Griffin's wife. Straight as a rush, with the finest hair and complexion you'd find in a day's walk, no wonder what happened her. One fine day poor Mary went down to the beach to sell some chickens, and for twenty years not a sight was ever seen of her. When her husband came home from his work and asked his mother for his wife, he was told she had not yet returned from town where she had gone to sell some fowl. Anxiously the poor man waited until after midnight, but still no sign of her appearance. He then started in search of her. Almost crazed, he reached the town, and called upon every one he knew; but the answer was always the same,—they had seen her yesterday, but not since. One woman told him she saw her talking to a sea captain and afterwards going on board; but here all trace of her was lost. He rushed to the beach, but no vessel was there. Like a crazy man he went back to his home, and people said he never smiled again. Day after day he would return and watch around the quay; but no vessel returned with his lost wife. At length, worn out with his trouble and suspense, worse even than death, he sold his title on his little farm, and leaving his two children with his mother, he started off for America, as they say in the old country. In those days it took months to cross the Atlantic. After a stormy voyage poor John Griffin landed in New York. Weary and sick in body, and sore in heart, he started afresh his search in the new world. He got employment at the docks loading and unloading vessels, and ah! how eagerly he scanned each woman's face that passed, in the vain hope of seeing some one who resembled his wife; but no! always doomed to disappointment.

For years he worked and no one knew of the trouble that was eating his life away. Sometimes he thought to himself, she is surely dead, or she would find some way of letting me know what became of her. At length his trouble told so much upon him that he could settle himself no longer to work upon land; so, collecting all his little savings, he engaged with the captain of the vessel trading between New Orleans and New York. After a few trips back and forward, he made up his mind he would like to stay in New Orleans for a while, and the captain owning a beautiful place took him there to work in his garden. When at home in Ireland nothing could be kept in neater order than his own little piece of ground, and for awhile the novelty of everything around him, and the familiar work, eased his mind a little; but again the restless spirit was taking possession of him, and he had just about made up his mind to start off again; "but man proposes, and God disposes," and little he knew how near he was to the aim of his life.

A beautiful place was his new home, and John was the only white person who worked there, all the others being negroes. One day the lady of the house came out to look at the work of the new gardner, and appeared to be delighted with it, so much so, that she paid him a visit every day. One day she asked him what was his trouble, and he, with a breaking heart told her, and said she, after she heard it all, "Are you still determined to go on a wild-goose chase after you leave here?"

"If I lived for a thousand years, and had to walk barefooted, and beg my bread from door to door, I'll never give up, till I find what became of my darling wife."

In a moment the grand lady has thrown her arms around his neck and is sobbing like a child, crying, "John, John, don't you know me, your long-lost Mary?" My story now is nearly told, said grandfather, for I saw John and herself afterwards, and sure, a handsomer, nor a happier couple wasn't coming into the church; and I often heard her tell how she was stolen away when she went down to the quay to sell her chickens, and how this villain of a sea captain told her to come on board to get her money, and when she did, how he locked her in his cabin and sailed away, and how for days she cried, and begged for God's sake to take her back home, and how he laughed at her prayers and tears, till at length they arrived in New Orleans; and as she could neither read nor write, nor make herself understood, as every one around the place spoke French; but she never gave up hope, but prayed to God and His blessed mother in her good old Irish language, not to forsake her, and to restore her to her husband and children, and after twenty years, sure they did. She said she knew John from the first, but wanted to test his love; but, sure, I'm ahead of my story, said grandfather, for I came near forgetting to tell you that herself and himself eloped away from the captain when he went on the next voyage.

When they came back home again, the people came for miles to see them, as if they had returned from the grave, and they bought their old place, and may be they didn't put the finest house in the place on it, and lived happy there till they died. So you see, children, said grandfather, those who put their trust in God will never be disappointed, although to try their faith and patience, they may have to wait awhile; but it will all come right in the end.

HELEN COURTNEY.

A FEATHER FROM AN ANGEL'S WING.

SHE was just the sweetest darlinest, little creature you ever knew. She walked right into your heart, and do what you might, persisted in staying there and taking up a large amount of space.

She was a little May blossom; opened her eyes first on the sweet violets and the trailing arbutus, that we go on long journeys to get; altogether, she was a dear little flower, just an outgrowth of the sweet spring time, and so they called her May.

She lived in a great big city, and knew nothing of the green fields and the lanes that the cows lazily trod over on their way to the green wood.

When she was four, wee four, a lovelier little rose-bud you could not find. She would greet you with a look from those wondrous hazel eyes of hers, and ask you in her most bewitching tones, "Are you going to be my sweet-heart?" If you would pledge yourself to play that role, a more loyal lover you would not find. She was sweet-heart

herself, and as exacting towards her lovers as could be. No matter who you were, 'twas all the same to little May. From those who were not affectionate, and who wore an every-day reality look, she shrunk a little; but ere long they, too, bowed before her shrine.

They wondered where she got her sweet phrases, and from where all the poetry she uttered came. But no one could divine. We could not but believe that she learned it all before she stepped out of Paradise; that some of the songs she sang were lullabies with which the angels had lulled her to sleep.

But I must tell you of how the blossom went on. When she was five her sweet mamma died, and left the little creature to the care of her papa,—such care as he could bestow. She was, I had meant to say, self-willed. When her dear mamma lived she reasoned with her little daughter; but with no one to guide her footsteps, the poor child soon grew like a sweet wild flower. No one to watch over her growth, she went down the by-ways of her own inclinations, and at last papa was told that his little daughter must be disciplined. This he could not and would not do. So it was decided that Miss May should go far away to a boarding-school.

It almost broke the little missie's heart, for she had not ceased to grieve for her dear mamma, and really liked her good, kind papa, and those who had charge of her. Young as she was, she realized how hard it was to part from her indulgent friends, and to go among people who would not be so kind to her.

In the September after she was six, with many tears and sobs, the little blossom, accompanied by nurse and papa, boarded the train that was to take her far from her beloved home. The queer-looking vehicles startled the miss, and when the whistle on the great engine blew, it frightened her so much that she screamed and begged to be taken home. But this soon passed. The train moved on, and its motion gave the little creature no end of pleasure. At last the station where they were to alight was reached, and all three got out, May crying to ride more. A carriage from the school awaited them, and ere long stopped before the large brick building to be May's home for some time in the future. The parting was very hard, and various manœuvres were resorted to, to effect a separation. Papa's eyes filled with tears; but by stratagem the nurse and he got away and left the poor little maiden.

Now, the school to which our little heroine had been taken, was a convent. How many little readers know what a convent is?

The little being fretted for awhile; but soon the gentle ways and sweet faces of the Sisters, won her heart. They were her devoted slaves, and loved her as seldom we love. She was the life of the convent, and when vacation time came, both teachers and pupils begged papa not to take her away,—the little angel.

And things went on thus for two or three years. The baby had grown to the bewitching little girl, who captivated every one,—who won your heart and kept it. She would have you do just as she chose. If, in a sudden fit of love, she should wish to gather some sweet purple violets, you must go to the woods with her. If they were for Sister

Melda, her own especial pet, you must get the largest and finest. Thus it was ever.

One spring, when May was ten years old, she fell sick, no one knew of what. She grew paler and paler. The faint pink died out of her cheeks; her great eyes grew more strangely brilliant. The doctors could not tell what was the matter with the darling. She was waited on, watched, petted, indulged in every whim, and yet all seemed to be of no avail. Her Sister Melda, as she called her, never left her bedside. She grew delirious at times, and sang the songs she used to know. She spoke of her mamma, and at times would mistake Sister Melda for her.

She grew weaker and weaker. The doctor said she was fading, dying, going with her sweet violets, for it was now June. He pronounced it slow fever, brought on by unnatural activity of brain and body.

We watched her die, our blossom, our lovely flower; cut off in her beauty and heavenly loveliness. We thought every day how much more like the angels she grew, and we thought, too, had she ever been other? Her strange individuality but showed how different from other mortals she was. But we loved her, ah! how dearly! and the love she gave in return was pure as herself. The world had not yet had a chance to mar the beautiful innocence of that soul. She loved "because she loved to" love, and she was leaving us just as she came, — a pure flower; going back to a land not too pure to hold her gentle spirit.

She gave us all a last embrace and a sweet smile; to her favorites, of whom I was one, an extra kiss. We were all in tears. Her head was pillowed on the breast of Sister Melda. She seemed a part of heaven and yet on earth.

Her papa came; she sprang with eagerness towards him, and burst into tears. This outburst soon passed, and she looked the same sweet angel until she sighed a sigh for heaven.

In the twilight of a soft June day she breathed her last.

We buried her down at the end of the large orchard in a shady nook where the violets grew. She had often gathered them there, and requested that that be her resting-place.

The broken hearts, ah me! The harp-strings shattered when our darling departed. The void made in the lives of many who never recovered from the blow.

It happened long ago, — this sad little episode. None have forgotten her; but only in the hearts of a few, is her image ever present. A sad, sad memory is all that is left. A vision of what she might have been, sweet, brilliant; a vision only exceeded in its loveliness by what she is. Will she meet us beyond the river? Shall we greet her when we, too, reach the *Fatherland*?

"RISSA-BELL."

A STORY OF ANTS. — "Mamma, do you know what is the largest species of ants? You shake your head. Well, I can tell you — elephants!"

WHAT MAMIE DID.

MAMIE did not eat her orange when we all did, and we watched her at recreation time, and she did not eat it then, so we guessed she was just keeping it for evening, when walking home, and we did not think it strange.

Mamie was very thirsty that day, so were we all, for we had run and pranced and shouted a great deal, and we felt tired and hardly able to get home that evening.

We all watched Mamie anxiously during our homeward walk, and we noticed that she looked white and thin.

She had some of her books in her hands, and we knew the reason. It was that she would not bruise or crush the large luscious orange which lay within her school basket.

But we reached home and we knew that Mamie's orange still lay safe enough among her books.

Joe Harris had had gastric fever, and for weeks he had lain so still that people said he was dying; but one day he had been worse than usual, he lay gasping and parched, and there was no one near to hand him a drink, for his mother was poor, and she had to leave Joe and carry her plain sewing to the village drapers, or they might both go hungry, and Mrs. Harris had not a drink for Joe until she would return.

Joe surely thought himself dying that day. His mouth was parched, his lips swollen, hot, and black, and at last the poor fellow moaned out,—

"Oh, I am dying for a drink, for something that would cool my burning tongue," and he wept. And Mamie was passing, and she went in, and she peeled the orange and gave it to Joe, and he said afterwards that he thought Mamie was his angel guardian, when she appeared so suddenly in the doorway, and when Joe was quite well he always said that Mamie's orange had cured him.

But Mamie herself fell ill, and every one feared for her life, and we children prayed very hard that she might be spared, who had been so compassionate to Joe.

And she was, and Joe Harris had tears in his eyes when I went to tell him that Mamie was out of danger, "for you see, Nell," he said, shouting after me as I went, "if I live to be a hundred I shall never forget what Mamie did."

THE story is told of an archbishop who, in an examination of children, asked a boy, "Is the Sacrament of Confirmation necessary to salvation?" "No, your Grace," responded the lad, "but when there is an opportunity of receiving it, we should not lose it." "Well said," replied the prelate. Then turning to a girl, he asked if the Sacrament of Matrimony was necessary to salvation. "It is not," was the quaint reply; "but when the occasion arises it should not be lost."

Useful Knowledge.

FRUIT AT BREAKFAST.—Custom sanctions the use of fruit at breakfast, and physicians recommend green apple sauce, as being cooling and laxative. However this may be, any one who has followed the custom of having fresh fruit at breakfast, will speak heartily of its excellent effects. If oranges are served in the morning, cut them into very small pieces and scatter sugar over them. This way will be appreciated by every one, for the most graceful woman may appear awkward when eating an orange, or when attempting to cut it with a teaspoon.

DISINFECTANTS.—In a recent lecture on the germs of disease, Dr. Sternberg said that the strips of flannel saturated with carbolic acid hung up in the sick room, and the chlorine saucer placed under the bed, are wholly valueless in arresting the progress of pestilence. Such methods do harm, he thinks, by leading people to neglect the far more important measure of admitting an abundance of fresh air, which sweeps away the germs. Many antiseptics and deodorizers are valueless for the destruction of germs. For this purpose he recommends the liquor of the chlorinate of soda.

GIVE WATER TO INFANTS.—A physician of the New York Nursery and Child's Hospital believes, from his practice, that infants generally, whether brought up at the breast or artificially, are not supplied with sufficient water, the fluid portion of their food being quickly taken up, and leaving too thick to be easily digested. In warm, dry weather, healthy babies will take water every hour with advantage, and their frequent fretfulness and rise of temperature is often directly due to their not having it. A free supply of water, and restricting the frequency of nursing has been found at the nursery to be a most effectual check in cases of incipient fever, a diminished rate of mortality and marked reduction in the number of gastric and intestinal complaints being attributed to this cause. In teeth cutting, water soothes the gums and frequently stops the fretting and restlessness universal in children at this period.

THE SUN CHOLERA MIXTURE.—Even when no cholera is anticipated it is an excellent thing for the ordinary summer complaints, colic, diarrhoea, dysentery, etc., and we have no hesitation in recommending it. Here it is: Take equal parts of tincture of cayenne, tincture of opium, tincture of rhubarb, essence of peppermint and spirits of camphor. Mix well. Dose, fifteen to thirty drops in a wine-glass of water, according to age and violence of the attack. Repeat every fifteen or twenty minutes until relief is obtained.

An excellent way to cook potatoes for breakfast, is to take some cold boiled ones, mash them until entirely free from lumps; add enough milk to moisten thoroughly, about one cup for a small dish, and one egg, with salt and a little butter. Mix enough flour with this to enable you to roll out on a kneading-board, just as you would cooky dough; cut out in the form of round cakes, and fry, until brown, in butter. These are sometimes baked in one large cake, and it is sent to the table very hot, to be cut into pieces, and eaten while another is being fried. If properly made—that is without too much flour and kneading—they will be light and tender, no soda or baking-powder being required, or in fact allowed.

BUSINESS LAWS.—It is not legally necessary to say on a note "for value received." A note drawn on Sunday is void. A note obtained by fraud, or from a person in a state of intoxication, cannot be collected. If a note be lost or stolen, it does not release the maker, he must pay it. A note given by a minor is void. Notes bear interest only when so stated. Principals are responsible for the acts of their agents. Each individual in a partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debts of a firm. Ignorance of the law excuses no one. The law compels no one to do impossibilities. It is a fraud to conceal a fraud. An agreement without consideration is void. Signatures made with a lead pencil are good in law. A receipt for money paid is not legally conclusive. The acts of one partner bind all the others. Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced. A contract made with a minor is void. A contract made with a lunatic is void.

The Humorist.

A STRONG-MINDED young lady said to a dressmaker the other day, "If women are ever allowed to vote, what do you suppose will be the fashion for voting dresses?"

A QUAKERESS said to a friend, in reference to the Quaker formula of marriage, "It is true, I did not promise to obey when I was married, but I might as well have done so, for I had to do it."

SHOEMAKER'S APPRENTICE: "What do you think, Frau Schultze, yesterday my master fell down stairs with five bottles of beer, and didn't break a single one of 'em." Frau Schultze: "How is that possible?" Apprentice: "He had got 'em *inside*."

A LITTLE boy of six years and a little girl of eight, were looking at the clouds one beautiful summer evening, watching their fantastic shapes, when the boy exclaimed — "Oh, Mamie, I see a dog in the clouds." "Well, Willie," replied the sister, "it must be a sky terrier."

HER father loved him not, oft invited him to keep away, but he would hang around, for he was a very fresh young man. One day he approached the old man and boldly demanded his daughter's hand. "What have you to offer in exchange?" asked the stern parent. "My heart," said the gusher; then he added with a dash of facetiousness, "and I'll throw myself in." "I understand," replied the old man; "something to boot." And then he booted him clear through the front gate.

Two lawyers, when a knotty case was o'er, Shook hands, and were as friendly as before,

"Zooks!" said the client; "I would fain know how

You can be friends, who were such foes : just now?"

"Thou fool!" said one, "we lawyers, though so keen,

Like shears, ne'er cut ourselves, but what's between."

"My good Karl," said one German student to another in profound admiration of his friend's capacity for beer-drinking, "how do you manage to stow away so many pints?" "You see, my

dear fellow," responded Karl, "I'm making up for lost time. For a whole year I drank nothing but milk." "You drank nothing but milk for twelve months! In what year, pray, was that?" "In my first year of existence," answered Karl. The explanation was satisfactory.

"It's a powerful hard matter for me to keep my religion," said a church member to his minister. "Every time I think I've got an everlasting holt on it, something turns up to make me cuss, so I am kept on the trot between the world and the mourner's bench. This morning I lost all the religion I had trying to shoot Tom Green. The gun wouldn't go off, and I had to cuss."

A HEAVY pounding on the floor above caused young Mr. Staylate to inquire of the girl on whom he was calling, "Are your folks tacking down carpets this evening?" "Oh, no," she replied, "it's only papa putting on his heaviest boots, and——" "Good evening," interrupted the youth, as he dashed out of the door like a circus-clown through a hoop.

THE following epitaph is to be seen on a tomb-stone in an Essex churchyard:—

Here lies the man Richard,

And Mary his wife;

Their surname was Pritchard,

They lived without strife;

And the reason was plain —

They abounded in riches,

They had no care or pain,

And the wife wore the breeches.

EPITAPHS ON WIVES. — Dryden is said to have written as his wife's epitaph:—

"Here lies my wife, here let her lie;

She's now at rest, and so am I."

The same idea is expressed on a grave at Ilfracombe:—

"He died in peace. His wife died first."

A happy contrast to these is the following, in the Portsea cemetery:—

"What was she?

What every good woman ought to be —

That was she."

This also, in the Tiverton churchyard:

"Hoe! hoe! who lies here?

I, the poor Erle of Devonshire,

With Maud, my wife, to me ful dere;

We lived together fifty-fve yere."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, MAY, 1885.

Notes on Current Topics.

THE *Catholic Standard* advocates the establishment of a home, such as Father Roche's, in Philadelphia. It is surprising that the wealthy Catholics of the Quaker City have not had such a home long since. It is not the first time that Boston has taken the lead in looking after the homeless.

AMONG late items of Irish news, is one that there is some intention to move for the repeal of the clause in the Emancipation Act, which prevents a Catholic from being Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. This would open a way for some Lord Ripon, observes the *Catholic Telegraph*.

REV. CHAS. O'REILLY, treasurer of the Irish-American Land League, announces that since the opening of the Parliamentary Fund, for Ireland, there has been received, deducting a small expense for cablegrams, the sum of \$9,738.46. He has, accordingly, transmitted to Mr. Parnell £2,000 sterling.

DRINK IN ENGLAND.—In the course of his speech Father Vaughan said:—Do not say I am speaking as a special pleader, for I am speaking by the book. I am dealing with the inexorable logic of statistics and facts. What says the logic of figures? How much money do we annually fling into the till of the publican in exchange for the drink which makes us slaves? Nearly twice as much as we spend on bread, nearly four times as much as we spend on milk, nearly seven times as much as we give for tea and coffee; in other words, more than £136,000,000. Ladies and gentlemen, is not this slightly too extravagant a price to pay for degradation and disgrace? But this is not all. As if not satisfied with being ourselves

branded with infamy, as if to hand to posterity the stigma cast upon us we have had to erect at enormous expense, colossal structures in the shape of workhouses, hospitals, gaols, and asylums, where two-thirds of the inmates are reaping what they or their fathers have sown—the bitter fruits of intemperance. And thus we help them at a yearly cost of £100,000,000.

THE bill prohibiting the holding and acquisition of public lands by foreigners, was reported upon favorably, but, unfortunately, did not become a law in the recent Congress.

ON the 24th of March, Rt. Rev. Lawrence S. McMahon, bishop of the diocese of Hartford, Conn., celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. About seventy-five priests of the diocese, and some from neighboring ones, were present to assist in the ceremonies, and to congratulate the bishop. The bishop is fifty years of age, and was born in New Brunswick.

THE GREAT LINGUIST.—Many years after the death, in 1849, of Cardinal Mezzofanti, celebrated for the extraordinary facility with which he spoke various languages and dialects, so that whoever talked with him believed him to be a countryman, a committee was formed to erect a monument in his honor. This monument is now ready, and will be placed in Rome near that of Tasso. It is by Bonola, and is adorned with a bas-relief, representing Mezzofanti receiving the homage of mankind, expressed by a group of women, allegorical of the four quarters of the globe. The Cardinal stands on the steps of a throne, on the

arm of which he leans one hand, while he stretches forth the other to receive the group which is escorted by the Genius of Languages. First comes Europe, crowned and robed in Grecian garments as a sign of Hellenic cultivation, Asia follows in Eastern dress; then Africa, her foot resting on the base of an Egyptian obelisk, to the hieroglyphics of which she is pointing; and the group is completed by America, dressed in a short tunic and plumed cap, and holding in her hands a papyrus and a hunter's bow.

NO MORE CLERICAL PAUPERISM.—The recent Council has decided that priests who lose their health in the discharge of their religious duties shall be entitled to a proper and decent support. This is a step in advance. Heretofore an infirm priest has been an object of charity. The bishops are allowed perfect liberty in devising means for the support of such priests; but the right is established and enforceable, and clerical pauperism is forever abolished. The wearing of the Roman collar is made imperative. Suing a clergyman by a clergyman before a civil magistrate is forbidden except with the permission of the bishop, and the priest who sues a bishop before a civil magistrate incurs major excommunication reserved to the Pope. Hereafter religious orders will not be allowed to hold parishes except by the consent of the Holy See. Those who now hold parishes will be obliged to render an account of their temporalities as secular priests. The property which they have acquired in furtherance of the interest of the parish shall belong to the diocese.

A FIRE occurred at St. Joseph's Academy, the mother-house of the Sisters of Charity in the United States, on the 20th of March, destroying a portion of the buildings. The fire broke out in the kitchen, spreading rapidly, and destroyed the two buildings, causing a damage of about \$50,000, which amount is partly covered by insurance. It was fortunate that the fire took place during the day, as, if it had occurred at night, the whole buildings would have been destroyed, and, undoubtedly, lives would have been lost. As it was, no one was injured. There are in the academy 200 professed sisters, 50 novices and over 100 pupils.

DUELLING.—The *Irish Ecclesiastica*^l Record gives the answers of the Sacred

Congregation to certain questions on duelling proposed by the Bishop of Poitiers, from which it appears that a physician is not allowed to assist at a duel even for the purpose of inducing the duellists to desist, or of attending professionally to either party if wounded. He is not even allowed to resort to a neighboring house (though not actually present at the scene of the duel), with a view of being close at hand to dress the wounds of the injured duellist. He even incurs excommunication in these circumstances. The same is true of a confessor who attends to give spiritual help, if needed.

CONSECRATED BISHOP.—Rev. Father Durien, of the Church of the Annunciation, and for twenty years connected with the Catholic priesthood of New Orleans, was consecrated Bishop of Natchitoches, in the St. Louis Cathedral, in that city on the 20th of March, in presence of an enormous audience, including all the Catholic clergy, and Bishops Gallagher of Galveston, Fitzgerald of Little Rock, Manucy of Corpus Christi, and Neray of San Antonio, and Mgr. Capel. The new bishop is a native of Lyons, France. He completed his studies at the college of St. Mary's of the West in Cincinnati, whence he came to this city.

LORD GARMOYLE, who is now in Canada, recently thrilled the ladies at Government House with the following account of his experiences in India: He was asleep in his bed, when he was awaken by feeling something very clammy sticking to his great toe. It was a cobra. Putting his hand beneath the pillow, he drew out his revolver, took aim, fired, and shot off the toe with the snake attached to it. The toe was subsequently examined by an experienced surgeon, who discovered that it was impregnated with poison. Had it not, therefore, been for his lordship's presence of mind, our country would have lost in its future councils the matured wisdom of one of our hereditary legislators.

CONNACHT.—The *Chicago Citizen*: We are rather astonished and somewhat disappointed because none of our Irish exchanges has thought well to adopt the proper spelling of the province of Connacht. The thing is a trifle, of course, but "trifles light as air" very often point out, in an unmistakable manner, the bent of

national ideas. The spelling, *Connaught*, is an English corruption, caused by England and English influences; but that goes for nothing with the men who edit most of the Irish papers. They are not only too lazy and too snobbish to study the language of their country, but they haven't energy or thought enough to find out how the name of one of Ireland's most historic provinces should be spelled. *Budh bheannacht mhor i do h-Eirinn da m-beidheadh moran diobh ag beathugh' muc a n-ait do chur a n-eagair paipear.*

AN INCIDENT OF THE FUNERAL OF DR. CAHILL IN DUBLIN.—A tiny boy was late in bringing fresh eggs from his mother's cottage to a house where they were expected. He was nine years old, small and hungry-looking, in a patched jacket, with bare feet, and big black eyes, round with wonder and intelligence. In the most artless and matter-of-fact manner, he made his apology to the servant; he had been to Dr. Cahill's funeral, and had been up in a tree to hear what the priest would say about this great dead priest, who couldn't lie in his grave in America, and had to come home. All that the boy up in the tree seemed to have gathered was, that Dr. Cahill's last words when dying were, *God save Ireland*; also that the priest's last words in the funeral sermon were, *God save Ireland*; and, evidently, as the child scampered along the road, late for his errand, the words, *God save Ireland*, were written before his eyes all across the steel-cold spring sky, and traced in the shamrocks in the roadside fields, and piped by the few hardy birds that hopped about the yet bare boughs of the budded trees. And he went home quite happy after making his apology, with the mystical words, *God save Ireland*, ringing in his small, keen, frost-bitten ears, and the seeds of the Irishman's inveterate love of country lying warm at the bottom of his bit of a heart.

CHURCH MUSIC.—The Bishop of Shrewsbury, in the course of his Lenten Pastoral, says:—"We would remind you of the remarks we addressed to you this time last year on the subject of Music in our Churches, namely, that it is ordered to be 'grave and simple; the words intelligible and free from repetition; that it is not to be prolonged so as to interrupt the Mass; and that it must accord with the Ecclesiastical Season or Feast.' A due

attention to these prescriptions of the law will make our Church Music what it is intended to be, the devout and articulate expression of sacred things; not a mere display of vocal power or skill, distracting our attention, as it sometimes does, from the very thoughts it is meant to convey to mind and heart."

A FOX HUNT.—An Irish paper says that a curious incident occurred with the Queen's county hounds last week. The meet was at Derryford, and they got a fox and ran him into the county Kilkenny, and so on to Crut. Here the people, men and women, turned out to stop the huntsmen with pitchforks and other implements, but the followers of the chase forced their way through, the first to take the fence being a lady. Some distance further on reynard went to ground in a sewer, and the hunting party had to run for their lives as the people again came up, and dragging out the fox, they killed him.

"DEATH-LIKE" DAMSELS are not really pretty to look at, though they may imagine themselves that they are, observes the *London Universe*. It is not pleasant to see powder sprinkled on the nose of what might be a good-looking girl, or to see waists screwed up to almost nothing, and heels three or four inches high. This is not pretty. It is not natural. Where are the rosy-cheeked English damsels of hundreds of years ago? Dead, we suppose; but where are their representatives in the times we live? Alas! they have passed away. When again shall we see the rosy-faced young girls with powderless noses and flat boots who were once the joy and pride of "Merry England?" Times and manners have indeed, changed, and, notwithstanding health and other exhibitions, young ladies still make ridiculous objects of themselves, and, as Mr. Malcolm Morris in his lecture the other day said, "There is nothing more charming in the world than a beautiful English girl; but from these death-like damsels every sensible young man will pray to be delivered." This country is full of the "death-likes" as well as old England.

A PLUCKY GIRL.—In spite of the most careful efforts, religious discussions and prejudices will occasionally crop out in the public schools. An incident of this sort happened in Fall River, Mass., when

a girl named Frank was called upon by Mr. Benson, principal of the Morgan-Street School, to read a selection entitled "Voices of the Dead," in which occurred the sentence, "The accents of Martin Luther ring through all the churches in Christendom." Miss Frank, whose parents are members of St. Mary's Church, refused to read the objectionable phrase, claiming that its ideas were repugnant to the teachings of her Church. The principal failed to perceive anything obnoxious in the sentence and insisted upon its being read. The pupil firmly, but politely, refused to comply with the request and was thereupon suspended. Her father laid the facts before the superintendent, who revoked the order of suspension. Miss Frank returned to the school and was not asked to read the selection to which she objected.

THE LATE CARDINAL MCCABE was born Feb. 14, 1816, and died Feb. 11, 1885, so that he wanted three days to complete his sixty-ninth year. He had just finished his Lenten Pastoral. It was dated the day before his sudden death, and read in all the churches the following Sunday, while his remains still lay unburied. It is said to be the ablest and most vigorous production that ever came from his pen. The funeral was one of the most remarkable ever seen in Dublin. The cardinal had expressed a wish that his grave might be made among the green lawns of Glasnevin Cemetery. Some time ago, when walking in the beautiful City of the Dead with his chaplain, accompanied by the secretary of the cemeteries committee, he said, looking round the open garden-like space surrounding the new chapel, "This is where I could wish to be buried. I like the clay." On another occasion he expressed horror of the idea of interments in churches, and his belief that burial-vaults were a mistake from a sanitary as well as a sentimental point of view. These expressions have been remembered and respected, and, on the Cardinal's death, the cemeteries committee allotted a large piece of ground (worth a hundred and fifty pounds) right in front of the chapel, for his last resting-place. On Sunday, Mass was said in the beautiful chapel of the cemetery, and the grave was solemnly consecrated. The funeral train of Tuesday included all the members of the various sodalities and confraternities, who walked each in a separate

body, and many houses of business gave a half-holiday in order to permit their employes to take their places as sodalists in the procession. The students of Clonliffe and Holy Cross Colleges also walked *en masse*, also the students of the Royal University in cap and gown. All the hierarchy of Ireland and vast numbers of the clergy, gentry, professional and business men of town and country, besides the Lord Mayor and members of the City Corporation, swelled the train, as well as the children of various schools and charitable institutions, as, for instance, the boys of the Artane Industrial Schools. It is said that the leaders of the procession had arrived at the gate of the cemetery before the last carriage had left the cathedral from which the funeral started. The route of the procession was along Eden Quay and up Sackville Street towards the country. Blinds were drawn down all along the way, and the crowd that followed the procession, meeting it at all points, was orderly and decorous in a high degree. As snow had fallen heavily during the night, it was feared that some difficulty might arise from the complete blocking of all the highways; but such efforts were made during the morning as removed all inconvenience from the snow drift, and the route of the procession had been thoroughly cleared before the hour for starting arrived.

THE remains of Rev. Dr. Cahill arrived in Dublin, on Sunday the 8th of March, and on the following Monday were deposited in Glasnevin. The procession was large and imposing.

THE SIGNATURE OF THE CROSS.—A correspondent gives the reason why the mark, which persons who are unable to write are required to make instead of their signatures, is in the form of a cross. This practice, having formerly been followed by kings and nobles, is constantly referred to as an instance of the deplorable ignorance of ancient times. This signature is not, however, invariably a proof of such ignorance. Anciently the use of the mark was not confined to illiterate persons, for among the Saxons the mark of the cross is an attestation of the good faith of the persons signing. It was required to be attached to the signature of those who could write, as well as to stand in the place of the signature of those who could not. In those times if a

man could write or read, his knowledge was considered proof presumptive that he was in Holy Orders. The clericus or clerk was synonymous with penman; and the laity, or people who were not clerks, did not feel any urgent necessity for the use of letters. The ancient use of the cross was, therefore, universal alike by those who could, and those who could not write. It was, indeed, the symbol of an oath, from its sacred associations, as well as the mark generally adopted. Hence, the origin of the expression, "God save the mark," as a form of ejaculation approaching the character of an oath.

MONSIGNOR O'BRIEN, whose decease we recorded in our April issue, was not only a distinguished preacher and a prominent politician, but he was an active man of letters. In America, he conducted two journals in succession, the *Halifax Register* and the *Cross*. In Ireland, he edited *Duffy's Magazine*. He also contributed to the *London Star*, and other English papers. He wrote "Notes on Genesis," "Life of Mother McAulay," and three novels, "Jack Hazlitt," "Aily Moore," and the "Daltons of Crag." Besides Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, he was thoroughly conversant with German, French, Italian and Irish, which he had learned during his business days in Limerick; and nothing gave him greater pleasure in America, than to be able to hear the confessions of Irish-speaking people in their native tongue.

It is stated that a number of Sisters of Charity in England, have, with the assent of their Superiors, volunteered to proceed to Egypt with the object of devoting themselves to the sick and wounded of the British Army. The present offer of the Sisters is said to be under the consideration of her Majesty's Government.

NAVIES OF THE GREAT POWERS.—A very important article has appeared in the chief German military organ, the *Deutsche Heereszeitung*. Comparing the relative strength of the ironclad navies of the great powers, it gives the following interesting details: England possesses at present twenty-five modern ironclads, answering fully all present requirements, and fourteen of the same more or less out of date; further, nine modern and six old-fashioned coasting ironclads, and three

ironclad cruisers. Next comes France, with sixteen modern and nine old-fashioned ironclad men-of-war, and seven modern and eight old-fashioned coasting ironclads. The third place is taken by Germany with nine modern and three old-fashioned men-of-war, eleven modern and one old-fashioned coasters. Austria has three modern and seven old-fashioned men-of-war. Italy disposes of two modern and eleven old-fashioned men-of-war. Next comes Russia with only one modern man-of-war and seven old-fashioned ones, two modern and sixteen old-fashioned coasting ironclads, and four ironclad cruisers. Denmark has two of each class, both as regards men-of-war and coasting vessels. Last comes Holland with one modern man-of-war and seventeen modern coasting ironclads. Thus, at present, indeed, England holds by a long way the first place as a sea power. In three or four years, however, things will be in a very different condition. For France has at present building no less than fourteen of the most powerful modern men-of-war and eight coasters of similar strength, whilst England is building only seven and five of each kind respectively. Very soon, therefore, France will have thirty powerful men-of-war, of which twelve will be of the first class, and though England will have thirty-two only, one of them will be of equal strength with the great French ships. Italy, Russia, Germany, Austria and Denmark have all got powerful vessels building, and as things are at present, by 1887 or 1888 England will find herself decidedly outstripped by France, all the more so as England is always obliged to keep a considerable part of her naval force in the Mediterranean and on distant stations.

THE autobiography of the Abbé Liszt has long been expected. Out of the six volumes four are already completed, and will soon be published. The book contains not only details of Liszt's life, but reminiscences of nearly all the progressive musicians of the past half century.

EIGHT HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—A few days ago, an interesting celebration took place at the Grande Chartreuse, near Grenoble. The eight-hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Order of St. Bruno was kept with great solemnity, and attracted a large concourse of the mountaineer population. Just as eight hundred years ago, each monk lives in his own hut,

where, apart from all the world, he lives, prays, works, takes his recreation, and his meals. Twice a day and once in the night the brethren meet to sing their office; and only on the great feast days do they take a meal in common, but that also in silence. For eight centuries not the slightest change or modification has ever taken place in the rigidity and severity of their rule, which apparently is an excellent preservative of sound health; for it is recorded that on one occasion, when they sent a deputation to Rome to convince the Holy Father of the little need they had of any relaxation, they took care to choose no monk under eighty years of age for the long, and in those days, fatiguing journey.

MARY JANE, widow of the celebrated Colonel Michael Doheny, died at Cashel lately in the seventy-first year of her age. The career of her gallant husband is too well known to need more than a passing allusion. Her two sons, Morgan and Michael, have, we believe, preceded her to the grave.

SPEARING INFANTS.—The English press (observes *The Irish American*) profess to be very much disgusted with Mr. Gladstone, because, as they say, he was at a theatre, in London, enjoying himself, and laughing immoderately at the humorous hits in Mr. Justin H. McCarthy's comedy of "The Candidate," while the dispatches were being received that told how Khartoum had fallen, how General Gordon had been killed, and how, in the general sack and pillage of the town, "Khartoum babes" had been impaled on Arab spears. No doubt, it was very inappropriate for England's Prime Minister to be enjoying himself at a theatre when news of a disaster to his country's arms, that had occurred a week previously, was being received. But might not these severe critics have made allowance for the fact that the English Government had made such stringent arrangements for the suppression of unfavorable news from the Soudan, that even Mr. Gladstone himself was in ignorance of the state of affairs before he went to the theatre. And, then, the impaling of "babes" on spears and bayonets is not an exclusively Arab sport. History tells us that it was a favorite pastime of the English troops in Ireland, even down to 1798; and there are still living eye-witnesses who have seen "Irish

babes" sacrificed in that manner. The English official reports tell that the Egyptians, at Tel-el-Kebir, were massacred without quarter, by Lord Wolseley's orders. It is a little too late for our "Anglo-Saxon" friends to squeal, now, when a dose of their own medicine is administered to them by a people whom they choose to call barbarians,—whom they have undertaken to invade, kill, and subjugate without right or reason.

THE CIVILIZATION OF EUROPE.—Few persons not minutely familiar with early mediæval history have any idea of the immense activity of the Irish as missionaries and civilizers among the people of the continent of Europe, in that period when Ireland was still free. The present Protestant Bishop of Lincoln, England, Dr. Wordsworth, in an address to his clergy, said: "Ireland was formerly called the Island of Saints. Fourteen hundred years ago she was the burning and the shining light of western Christendom. In sacred and other learning she was in advance of England. The sons of our nobles and gentry were sent to Ireland for education. A great part of England owed its Christianity to Irish missionaries from the school of St. Columba in Iona." St. Bernard, in the eleventh century, wrote: "Swarms of holy men were sent forth by Ireland throughout the entire of Europe to preach the gospel of peace and bring salvation to all. They were true soldiers of the Cross, who bore, on faith's bright flag unfurled, Erin's name throughout the world." Italy possesses thirteen places whose patron saints are Irish; Belgium, thirty; Scotland, seventy-six; England, forty-four; France, forty-seven; Iceland, nine; the Isle of Man, six; and Germany, one hundred and fifty-two.

FOR PENITENTS.—Prayer books usually have a catalogue of sins, says the *Antagonist Aurora*, edited by a priest, intended to aid the memory in preparing for confession. We think the compilers of prayer books should add something like this: "Have I defrauded any newspaper publisher by refusing to pay, or by unreasonable delay in paying the subscription price?" We really think that very many have no idea that it is a sin to commit such acts; but it is.

WEALTHY IRISHMEN.—The idea that Irishmen, and especially Irish Catholics,

have no standing in the commercial world, is a common but erroneous one. The fact is, that on the Pacific slope there are ten Irishmen who own between them \$418,000,000. Their names are as follows:—J. W. Mackey, \$150,000,000; Jas. C. Flood, \$68,000,000; J. C. Fair, \$50,000,000; L. Coleman, (successor to O'Brien), \$50,000,000; Peter Donahoe, \$25,000,000; Hugh McGuire, \$20,000,000; C. E. Crocker, \$20,000,000; Luke Cavanagh, \$15,000,000; Gerald Malone, \$12,000,000; W. J. O'Reilly, \$8,000,000: Total, \$418,000,000. All these men with the single exception of C. E. Crocker are Roman Catholics, and there are no ten men of any nationality who can show such an amount of wealth as these ten Irishmen.

A FATAL PRACTICAL JOKE.—A strange occurrence occurred on Sunday at Woolwich Arsenal, which illustrates the anomalous relations of our civil and military law. A young sentry near the Gun Cotton Magazine saw, at about three o'clock in the morning, a man running towards him. He challenged him, as he was bound to do, and received no answer. He then cried "halt" three times, according to the rule in such cases, and then, as the man did not halt but continued to run towards him, he brought his bayonet to the charge, and the man ran upon it. Alarmed, the sentry turned out the guard, and the wounded man, whom he was supporting in his arms, turned out to be a comrade who had attempted, it seems, to play a foolish practical joke upon the sentry.

A THIEF IN A COFFIN.—A remarkable attempt at robbery was made recently at the Soledad De Santa Cruz Church, in the city of Mexico. It is not unusual in that climate to bury people at very early hours in the morning, so the priest did not think it strange when a certain funeral was set down at 4 a. m., and permission asked to place the corpse in the church the night before. The coffin was taken in and placed before the altar, and the church locked up. During the night the dogs of the sacristan made a great noise; and on that individual going into the church he saw a man jumping off the altar. He called assistance, but no trace could be found of the intruder. At length they looked in the coffin and found a living thief in place of a corpse, and in his possession all the most valuable jewels of the church.

DOGS WORTH HAVING.—St. Bernard dogs are religiously trained. At meal time they sit in a row, each with a tin dish before him containing his repast. Grace is said by one of the monks, the dogs sitting motionless with bowed heads. Not one of them stirs until the "amen" is spoken. If a frisky puppy attempts to sample his meal before grace is over, one of the older dogs growls and gently tugs his ear.

GIRL GRADUATES.—At the Royal university of Ireland, out of the six scholarships lately awarded, the ladies have carried off three—an astonishing achievement, if we remember how little public assistance has ever been given to promote the cause of female higher education. Indeed, what strikes us chiefly in the results of the late examination is, that success has been mainly in the inverse ratio to the amount of public assistance enjoyed. Not one of the Colleges in which the Fellowships of the University are held has succeeded in winning a scholarship, while Blackrock College, in the person of Gerald Fitzmaurice, carries off the most coveted prize of all, the First Classical Scholarship. We are informed that for the Classical Scholarships there was not a single candidate from any of the Queen's Colleges. The success of Blackrock is the more remarkable, as it is the third time a student of that College has gained the First Scholarship since 1882, when they were first offered for competition.

ORANGE GROWING has so developed in Italy that there is now an over-production of the fruit. To utilize this super-abundance, an attempt is now being made to produce orange wine. The process has been perfected by Professor Frojo, a great authority on wine culture. The wine keeps very well, and is all the better for lying. The invention is not altogether new, as orange wine has long been made in Spain, where it sells at from two or three francs a bottle.

Rev. DR. CAHILL was thirty-two or thirty-three years old, at the time of Catholic Emancipation. He was not the man to remain idle after getting that moiety of relief. In the Parliamentary representation of the County Clare there then occurred a vacancy; but, so dispirited and heartless was the country, that no

man of the people dare run the risk of standing for that vacancy. Every patriotic man in the South of Ireland, looked for some man that could voice the hopes of the people to stand for that constituency. At last one man stood up and said, "If nobody else will come forward, I will come forward." That man was Daniel O'Connell. Had it been a thunderbolt or an earthquake, the ascendancy could not have been more astonished than that a mere Romanist should dare to aspire to a seat in Parliament. But the Romanist did dare, and, what was more, he was elected. He could not, however, occupy a seat unless he foreswore his faith, as there was an oath, which members of Parliament were then obliged to take, which forced them to deny their religion. This oath was presented to Daniel O'Connell, when he went into the House of Commons, with his certificate of election in his hand. He heard the oath read, and he asked to have it read a second time, so that he could get a firm grip of its contents. Then he said:—"This oath contains two propositions, one of which I believe to be untrue, the other I know to be false. I will not take that oath." The seat was at once declared vacant; but O'Connell went down to Clare, and he was elected a second time. He was not stopped then, for the obnoxious oath had been repealed by a special act passed in the meantime. Dr. Cahill lived in the presence of these things.

THREE important changes in postal rates will go into effect July 1. The postage on letters after that date will be two cents an ounce instead of two cents a half-ounce as at present. The postage on newspapers sent to regular subscribers, and on sample copies sent out by publishers, will be reduced one-half. All cities having more than 4,000 inhabitants will be authorized to establish a special ten-cent stamp delivery service, by which letters will be hastened to their destination.

A GEORGIA MONASTERY.—There is a Benedictine monastery on Skidaway Island, Georgia, in the diocese of Savannah. The buildings forming the monastery are situated on a large tract of land on the northeast portion of the island, and command a full view of Warsaw River and Warsaw Sound as far as the ocean. The plantation was for some

time after the war occupied by a few negro tenants, who cultivated small fields, raising corn, sweet potatoes, watermelons and a little Sea Island cotton. The plantation was known as the "Bishop's place," but it was not until Bishop Gross took charge of the diocese that it became the seat of active labor as an auxiliary in the instruction of the people of the island in the faith of the Church. The Benedictine monks have been the direct instruments in this mission since 1877. Previous to that, they first located temporarily at the Isle of Hope for a year or two, and taught a school for colored children until suitable buildings were erected on Skidaway, where they have since resided. They have exerted a good influence upon the colored people, not only giving them religious instruction, but assisting and directing them in their fields, so that the place is now greatly improved, and the product of the land more than sustains the monastery and the mission it undertook.

THE villa on the island of Elba, which was occupied by the first Napoleon, after his abdication, in 1814, was recently purchased by the Jesuits, who intend to convert it into a college.

THE Rev. Thomas Livius, C. SS. R., of Bishop Eton, Liverpool, has an article in the current number of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* entitled "Can a Priest say Mass privately for a deceased Protestant?" In a paper giving evidence of industrious research, he answers the question in the affirmative.

BEWARE OF THE WEED.—William Casey, a well-to-do Irishman, who had lived in New Orleans for forty-eight years, died there on March 8. The cause of his death was a cancer in the mouth, caused, the doctors certify, by smoking Havana cigars. The disease afflicted him for several months, and he was a great sufferer. He was for years an incessant cigar smoker, always using the best imported brands. He was advised some time ago to smoke domestic cigars of a certain brand in place of the high-priced Cuban article, the former being made by young girls, while it was known that in Havana some of the most expert cigar-makers were unclean Chinese. The doctors, who attended Mr. Casey, declare there was nothing poisonous in the to-

bacco in itself, and that his system must have been inoculated with disease transmitted by the cigarmaker. This case is analogous to that of the late Senator Hill of Georgia.

THE Jesuit Fathers have the largest and most complete observatory in the far East. It is situated at Sihawei, near Shanghai, China, where they have a flourishing college.

CRIME IN THE UNITED STATES.—A New York paper of Dec. 26th, publishes the following statistics of crime in the United States during 1884:

"Since the beginning of the year 3,377 persons have met their deaths at the hands of their fellow-men, against 1,494 in 1883. Two hundred and fifteen of these were mysteriously murdered. Out of the 3,377 who became murderers during the year, sixty-four committed suicide. Since Jan 1st, 111 persons have expiated their crimes by death at the hands of the law, against 105 last year." Upon the above, our able contemporary, the *Catholic Progress*, remarks: "This is truly an alarming increase in the records of crime, and serves the moralist with deep food for reflection. And when we consider that only one hundred and eleven criminals paid the penalty, and the remaining murderers yet walk abroad in haunts of men, to continue their record of crime for the ensuing year, there is a strong suspicion that our courts of justice have become a feeble vindication of the lives of citizens. We doubt if any country on the globe produces a more terrible array of unpunished crimes than ours, and those hardened criminals, steeped neck deep in depravity, are allowed to undergo a mockery of justice called a trial. No wonder, indeed, that we frequently hear of enraged people taking the law into their own hands, and meeting out the severity of justice, which our courts so frequently fail to do."

SENATOR M. C. MURPHY, of New York, has introduced in the Senate, at Albany, a well-designed bill prohibiting, under heavy penalties, the proprietors of skating rinks from admitting children under fourteen years of age, during school hours, unless accompanied by their parents or guardians, and prohibiting females under fourteen years from remaining after nine o'clock p. m. This is a much-needed re-

form, and we trust will be followed by a strict license enactment for such crazy resorts, which have already become a nuisance all over the country.

THE IRISH BISHOPS.—His Grace the Primate, and many of the other Bishops of Ireland, allude in their Lenten Pastorals to their approaching visit to Rome. The Most Rev. Dr. M'Gettigan says: "The Irish prelates who are summoned to Rome will be obliged to leave for the Eternal City on the Monday after Low Sunday." The Bishop of Ross writes:—"We feel it our duty to acquaint you that, by the invitation of the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, we shall be starting for Rome soon after Easter to join those other venerable prelates who will be then on their way to the Eternal City. With that solicitude which the Father of the Faithful never ceases to extend to all the Churches, he has been pleased to call together some of the Irish prelates to confer with him on matters affecting the interests and welfare of our National Church. Only a short time ago many of the American Bishops were summoned for a similar purpose, and for all we know the Episcopacy of other countries may also, in the future, be invited to discuss questions affecting ecclesiastical interests in the regions in which their ministry is cast."

MAINE AHEAD!—While the bigots in New York are wrangling over the Freedom of Worship Bill, down in Maine, where we would expect something different, they are amicably settling the no less vexed school question. On March 15, at Lewiston, the School Committee voted to take St. Joseph's Catholic Parochial School in charge, and pay the teachers. The school has 350 scholars, all girls, and is taught by eight Sisters, who will be retained as teachers by the city.

AN ENGLISH INDORSATION.—The action of the Dublin corporation in refusing passage to a motion to present the Prince of Wales with an address on the occasion of his visit to Dublin, has received an indorsation from an unexpected source. Commenting on the corporation's vote, the *London Echo*, owned and edited by a Liberal member of Parliament, said in its issue of St. Patrick's day: "To us it seems that the Dublin corporation has taken the only manly and dignified

course open to it. Better far it should take no active part in the coming festivities than assist in deceiving the future ruler of Ireland by hollow professions of loyalty. Ireland is not loyal. Give the Irish a fair chance of success, and they would be in rebellion to-morrow. We hold Ireland, as we hold Egypt and India — by the terror of our arms. Let England be in conflict with some great power, and one great defeat would be followed by an Irish rising." This is said to be the first time any English paper has indulged in any such plain talk about Irish affairs, and the *Echo's* editorial naturally caused a great sensation in the lobby of the House of Commons last Tuesday evening.

CARNEY HOSPITAL.—The Annual Report of the Carney Hospital, South Boston, has been issued, and contains the gratifying information that the debt on the building and grounds has been paid. In addition to the direct work of the Hospital, the Sisters have visited and assisted 280 patients at their own homes in South Boston during the past year. Including the 10 persons in the hospital Jan. 1, 1884, 972 patients have been admitted, 630 of whom were residents of Boston; the number of out-patients, 2,434; total number treated, 3,406. Of the 972 inmates, 419 were males and 553 females, the most numerous class being female domestics. The increase in the whole number treated, inmates and out-patients, over last year, is 851; 567 cases were treated gratuitously. The report of the surgical department shows that more incurable cases have been cared for proportionately, than in any other hospital in Boston, as the Carney Hospital receives such cases, to which the Massachusetts General and City Hospitals are compelled to refuse admission. The total number of in and out-patients treated has been 647, an increase of 190. The number of patients treated for diseases of the eye was 544. The financial report is as follows:—Receipts, \$30,283.57; expenditures, \$26,501.02; cash on hand, \$3,782.55. Cash donations for the year have been \$3,567.93.

THE NOSE.—An Eastern exchange says: "The gradual decline of the human nose is the result of the introduction and general use of handkerchiefs. The Romans never used handkerchiefs, and their noses, as we all know, were of the largest and finest type. Moreover, they were less

liable to colds in the head than are people of the present time, and their noses enjoyed almost a sinecure. As civilization advanced northward from Italy, the inhabitants of the cold and variable climate of northern Europe found that their noses were constantly called into activity, and, as a consequence, the average European nose fell below the Roman standard. Within modern times the handkerchief was invented, and a new and potent factor in the reduction of noses thus came into existence. Constant friction will wear away the hardest stone, much more the soft and cartilaginous nose. Under the friction of handkerchiefs, the noses of the present century have steadily diminished, until small noses are worn almost as much as spectacles."

ONE effect of the business depression is shown in the decreased number of immigrants landing at Castle Garden. The decline this year amounts to 35 per cent. as compared with the same period last year.

A WONDERFUL CURE.—Among the several cures that recently took place at Lourdes, one is particularly interesting, as it displays a touching example of conjugal affection. An honest blacksmith of Bethune, a small town in Pas-de-Calais, had his wife quite crippled with paralysis for the space of eighteen months. Her husband put her in a small vehicle of wicker-work and dragged her himself through the whole length of France to the sanctuary of Lourdes. On the way, they lived on bread and water only, according to the vow they had made, and this painful journey lasted twenty-eight days. They reached Lourdes a little before the Feast of Our Lady of Mercy and the day of the Spiritual Pilgrimage, and on that day, at her third immersion in the fountain, the poor woman emerged totally and suddenly cured. Their Lordships, the Bishop of Tarbes and Mendes, who saw her before and after her cure, congratulated the happy couple, blessed them, and shook hands warmly with the affectionate husband that had been so good to his wife. — *Indo-European Correspondence.*

THE MONTH OF MARS.—The month of March seems to exercise a remarkable influence on English relations with Russia. The difficulties that preceded and

led to the Crimean War first assumed a serious shape in March, 1853, when Prince Menschikoff began writing his famous "Notes." It was on the 10th of March in the following year, 1854, that the Emperor Nicholas "did not judge it suitable" to give an answer to the ultimatum of England and France sent to St. Petersburg on the 27th of February. On the 23rd and 24th of March, the Russians, under Prince Gortschakoff, passed the Danube and occupied the Dobruja, and a few days later war was declared by France and England. On the 2d of March, 1855, the Emperor Nicholas died, being succeeded by the late ill-fated Emperor Alexander; and on the 30th of March, 1856, the treaty of peace was concluded in Paris. We now find ourselves again at the beginning of the month of March, almost within measurable distance of another war with Russia. And where we shall find ourselves at the end of it would puzzle the most sagacious politician to guess. March of the present year has certainly "come in like a lion;" but whether it intends, in accordance with its proverbial character, to "go out like a lamb" remains to be seen.

THE HOUSE OF PEERS.—The "*New York Evening Post*," considering the attack by John Bright and Mr. Chamberlain on the House of Peers, says that there are very few peers who "are not the spawn of the blunders, the wars and corruption of the dark ages of English history." Few go back beyond 1640. Of the twenty-one dukedoms, only two—Norfolk and Somerset—date beyond the commonwealth. Only one marquise out of seventeen, and twenty-one earldoms out of 117, go back beyond the eighteenth century. Indeed, it says, the House of Lords is quite a modern body, and the origin of most of the peers is respectable. The trouble comes from the hereditary privilege. The descendants of eminent men are apt to degenerate. In most cases, the best part of the noble family, like the potato plant, is under ground. The *Post* says: "If we took the bishops, the law lords, and a few others, say a dozen, out of the House of Lords, as good a legislature could be got up by collecting a lot of men from the trotting courses, lawn tennis grounds, yacht clubs, and pigeon shooting matches and cocking pits in this country, on a crowded day."

BREAD.—Well-baked wheaten bread contains in every hundred pounds the

proportion of forty-five pounds water, six pounds gluten, and forty-nine pounds starch, sugar, and gum. The bread, upon which European races have thriven for ages and from which they have probably acquired much of the energy for which they are superior to nations otherwise circumstanced, is and has been *fermented* bread.

The First Day.

WHEN Phœbus first in orient lands
Flung out her glories far,
Upon her radiant crown of light,
God placed his morning star.

Back flew the crimson car of morn,
Uprose the heavenly towers,
And down to earth in rosy train
There came the laughing Hours.

A purple robe the river wore,
And stately moved along,
The fairest green that ever rose,
At sound of matin song.

The sea, that erst with darkness wed,
Now oped its waiting eyes,
And with her yellow, floating hair,
It touched the amber skies.

The sun uprose, and darkness sped!
Each Season heard his call;
Glad Summer with her skies and streams
And Winter with his pall.

The green Spring with her grassy meads,
When new-born Nature grieves:
Fair Autumn, with her golden bowers,
Her fruits and new-made sheaves.

Each Season waiting, waiting there!
To send a blessing far,
When heaven should give to land and
clime
A sun, and moon, and star.

Mattapan.

JAMES RILEY.

GEORGIA MARBLE.—The *Atlanta Constitution* says the North Georgia marble is the finest in the world. A local quarryman has just cut a counter for the Kimball House sixteen feet in length and four feet broad, out of one solid block. He says: "We could supply a flawless marble column eighty feet long and five feet in diameter. A hundred years from today the quarries will have been barely touched. The supply of marble of surpassing quality and of every shade of color is exhaustless."

Personal.

DR. G. F. GAVIN, brother of Drs. M. F. and P. F. Gavin, the well-known physicians of South Boston, has taken the degree of M. D. at the Bellevue Medical College, New York City.

RT. REV. BISHOP DWENGER sailed from New York, March 4th, on the steamer *Aurania*, of the Cunard Line, for Rome, to defend, explain, etc., the decrees of the late Council, before the College of Cardinals, who will ratify these decrees.

CARDINAL JACOBINI, papal secretary of state, gave a grand banquet, night of Feb. 7, in honor of the 75th birthday of Pope Leo XIII., which occurred on the 2d of Feb., and of the seventh anniversary of his coronation as Pope, which occurred on the 3d of February.

CARDINAL NEWMAN entered upon his eighty-fifth year on the 21st of February, having been born on the 21st of February, 1801. As the feast of St. Valentine is always observed by the Fathers of the Oratory on the Cardinal's birthday, his Eminence celebrated the Holy Sacrifice at seven o'clock in the morning at the altar in the Oratory Church where the relics of the saints—which were presented to Cardinal Newman by Pius IX.—are kept. His Eminence received many letters of congratulation, as well as several visitors, including the Right Rev. Dr. Ilsley, who were rejoiced to find him in excellent health.

THE LATE LADY FULLERTON.—Her manners were ever of the sweetest, and they were not the result so much of a studied politeness as of natural goodness of heart and fastidiousness of taste. It was told of her that she once took the place of a woman who swept a London crossing, so that the woman might go to Mass, and that nobody noticed the difference. Yet she was equally at ease in the appointed place at her husband's table, groaning under its weight of gold plate.

CONVERSION.—Lord Charles Douglas Hamilton has been received into the Catholic Church at Nice. Lord Charles is the younger and only brother of the Duke of Hamilton, and presumptive heir to the title. Lord Charles is thirty-eight years of age, and having entered the 11th

Hussars was aide-de-camp to Lord Napier of Magdala, during the Abyssinian war. His mother was a cousin of Napoleon III., and his only sister, who is now thirty-five years of age, was married four years ago to Count Festetics of Hungary, her previous marriage with the Prince Hereditary of Monaco, in 1869, having been annulled in 1880. Lord Charles was received into the Church on the 2d of this month, was confirmed on the next day, and subsequently started for Lourdes, to offer at the shrine gifts from his relatives and from visitors at Nice.

HIS EMINENCE, CARDINAL McCLOSKEY, was 75 years old March 20. He arose at 6 o'clock in the morning, in his usual health. At 7 o'clock he attended Mass. His eminence, during the morning received callers who desired to extend their congratulations on the recurrence of his birthday. There was little display over the celebration, but the Catholic clergymen of the archdiocese called to renew their allegiance, tender their congratulations, wish him length of years, and salute him in the formula used in the consecration of bishops. "Ad multos annos." On the 15th of July, 1875, Archbishop McCloskey was created Cardinal by Pope Pius IX. This high dignity, unprecedented in the Western world, was given largely as a testimony to the personal merits of his eminence.

FIFTY-FIVE YEARS A PRIEST.—Rev. Father Peter Havermans, of St. Mary's Church, Troy, N. Y., who has just celebrated his 80th birthday, is the oldest priest in the United States. When he came to America in 1830 there were only 200 priests in this country. Now there are more than 7,000. Father Havermans has been in Troy forty-three years. For eighteen months he was pastor of St. Peter's Church, and then he built St. Mary's Church. The income from the latter church then was only \$400 a year and the church could not pay the pastor. Now the income is \$8,000. When Father Havermans came to Troy there were only 2,000 Catholics here, now there are 40,000. June 6 will be the fifty-fifth anniversary of Rev. Father Haverman's elevation to the priesthood, and the event will be duly celebrated.

Political Chit-Chat.

ON March 19, President Cleveland was 48 years old.

ARTHUR is the son of a Baptist clergyman, and Cleveland the son of a Presbyterian clergyman. They both believe in the doctrine of election.—*State Journal*.

N. Y. Nation:—President Cleveland reviewed the St. Patrick's Day procession in Washington and wore a bunch of shamrocks in his button-hole. It was much easier to do this than put a representative Irish-American in the Cabinet.

Catholic Columbian:—We are actually living under a Democratic administration and yet the government has not gone to the eternal bow-wows. We do not know but that the other party would like to have such a calamity to occur.

THEY have "made their election sure," but not in the meaning and intent of the Apostles of the Gentiles. Guiteau and Burchard, we believe, to have been the means of making their "election" sure. So all around the ministers seem to have had much to do with directing the destinies of the government.—*Catholic Columbian*, Columbus, Ohio.

JOHN KELLY'S FAREWELL.—John Kelly, the New York politician, has left for Florida. Mr. Kelly's health is badly broken by insomnia. To a friend he said: "I am out of politics for good, never to re-enter. I am worn out." Mr. Kelly did not call at the White House to pay his respects to the President.

THERE are some coincidences that ought to make Mr. Cleveland feel kindly towards the Irish-American element. He was nominated Mayor of Buffalo at "Muldoon's picnic," as the convention was termed, because James C. Muldoon of that city "controlled" it. John Kelly gave him the nomination as Governor of New York by going over to him with the full Tammany strength on the fourth ballot. Daniel Manning, another Irish-American, managed his campaign for the Presidential nomination at Chicago, and Senator Gorman of Maryland, conducted the national contest which resulted in his election.—*Catholic Citizen*.

CONGRESSMAN COLLINS.—*The Citizen*, Chicago, Ill.:—It is the deliberate opinion of Mr. Finerty that Mr. Collins would have been, if appointed, one of the ablest cabinet officers that ever served the American republic. If he had not been an Irishman, and an Irish Nationalist at that, he would undoubtedly have been recognized. It is pretty well known in Washington that President Cleveland personally desired to appoint Mr. Collins Secretary of War; but he was overruled by the blue-nosed New England alleged Democrats, who, while pretending to mourn the exclusiveness of their Republican countrymen, are themselves infinitely more jealous and proscriptive than the class against whose spirit of "Know-nothingism" it has been their habit to rail. This accounts for the non-appointment of Mr. Collins. In any case, Mr. Collins is a young man, and can afford to wait. He has before him a brilliant legislative career, as he has left behind him, in Massachusetts, a record in and out of politics which embalms him in honor.

The Citizen, Chicago, Ill.:—The *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, complacently says: "It seems that our countrymen in America are sufficiently powerful and spirited to challenge the appointment of a Cabinet Minister." If the *Freeman* were better "posted" on American affairs it would know that the Irish people cannot secure one Irishman who sympathizes with his race in the Cabinet of the first Democratic President who has occupied the White House for a quarter of a century. Any man not of Irish race and sympathies and of equal ability who had rendered the same service to President Cleveland as Congressman Patrick A. Collins of Boston, would have been unhesitatingly placed in the Cabinet. But Collins is Irish, and "digs with the right foot."

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has very long business hours. He is in his office ready to see people at 8.45. He is there with the exception of his going to lunch, until 6 o'clock, when he dines. His dinner is not a long affair, not three or four hours like the Arthur dinners. By 7.30 the President is back in his office and remains there until nearly midnight.

Notices of Recent Publications.

T. B. Noonan & Co., Boston.

THE LITTLE WANDERER; or, CAST AWAY IN A GREAT CITY, AND OTHER STORIES FOR BOYS.

Besides this story there are the "Modern Crusaders," "The Cousins," and the "Prophecy of the Silver Florin."

WONDER TALES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

There are fourteen tales in this book; they are additions to the "Golden Crown Library."

STORIES FOR STORMY SUNDAYS.

A collection of tales for young folks, reprinted from the *Ave Maria*. There are eighteen of these tales.

THE YOUNG EXPLORERS, AND OTHER STORIES. A book for girls.

The two latter are additions to the "Snowdrop Library."

The above books are tastefully bound, and just the reading for children. Even adults will find them interesting. For prices send for a catalogue.

Benziger Bros, N. Y., Cin., and St. Louis.

THE THEATRE AND CHRISTIAN PARENTS. By Maurice Francis Egan, Associate Editor of the New York *Freeman's Journal*. Paper, 15 cents.

This article attracted so much attention when it appeared originally in the *Freeman's Journal*, that it was thought well to present it in a permanent form.

ANTHONY RAVALLI, S. J. Forty years a missionary in the Rocky Mountains. Memoir by Rev. L. B. Palladino, S. J. Sold for the benefit of the Indian Schools in Montana. Paper, 25 cents.

If this memoir were not so full of beauty, simplicity, holiness, and interest, the opportunity of helping souls to a knowledge of the Faith would be worth a thousand times the price of the pamphlet. Father Ravalli's life was one of intense sacrifice. He gave up all for human souls. When asked if he had not felt some desire to go back to his native country, he said: "Yes, and I could have had that pleasure, but then the sacrifice would not have been complete." Then he burst into tears, and sobbed like a child.

University Press, Notre Dame, Ia.

THE RECOGNITION. A DRAMA OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY. (For male characters only). By A. L. With stage directions, cast of characters, relative positions, costumes, synopsis of scenery, etc. Edited and published by Joseph A. Lyons, A. M.

Thorndike, Nourse & Co., Detroit.

THE WORKS OF ORESTES A. BROWNSON, collected and arranged by Henry F. Brownson. Vol. xvii. contains the third part of the Political Writings.

The series instead of being complete in seventeen volumes, will extend to nineteen,—with an index, if one should be added,—to twenty volumes.

ALL of the above books can be obtained of Messrs. Noonan & Co., as well as of the publishers.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Our Jack's Come Home Today," Song and Chorus, by W. J. Devens. "I'm Waiting, My Love, for Thee," arranged by Wm. Gooch. "Love is King," Edward by Fisher. "The Children's Kingdom," by Blumenthal. "The Bivouac" by A. Adam. "Japanese Love Song," words by W. Yardly, music by Cotsford Dick. "Oft at Evening," Quartette by Koschat. "The School Master," by Maurice Wellfare. "The Two Roses," Quartette, by Werner. "I Will Lay me Down in Peace," by C. P. Morrison. "Dear Evelina," by E. F. Brown. "Lord Deliver My Soul," from Verdi's "Requiem."

Instrumental: "Don't Laugh Waltz" by Gilia Giovannini. "The Elf's Waltzes," by Geo. Fox. "Charming" Grand Waltz by Julius E. Muller. "Sweetest Hour Polka," by C. D. Blake. "Summer Evening" Waltz, by O. Waldteufel. "Parlor Elegance," Waltz by G. R. Lampard. "The Rustic Fountain" Polka, by Ed. Hoffman. "Juanita Waltzes," by Edw. Strauss. "Rain of flowers," by Franz Behr. "Les Mousquetaires" Polka, by C. Marriott. "Songs of a Wandering Minstrel," for Piano by Lichner. "Toilet of Spring" Valse, by Dessaux. "Two Mexican Dances," by Jose Aviles. "Lulu's Own Polka," by Louis Maas. Potpourri "Nanon," by C. D. Blake. "Andante" and "Allegro" by Haydn.

Books: Haydn's 12th Mass "White, Smith & Co's edition, handsomely issued.

MAY.—The Month of Mary. "All generations shall call her blessed."

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

DEATH OF AN ABBOT.—We deeply regret to record the death on the 7th of March of the Right Rev. Richard Placid Burchall, D. D., Abbot of Westminster, and the holder for many years of the most distinguished and responsible post held in connection with the Benedictine Order in England. Having spent fourteen years as prior in his monastery, he had to leave the solitude he loved so well, for he had been elected president of the whole congregation in 1854. For thirty years, by renewed election quadrennially, he continued in this office, a thing unprecedented in the annals of any religious Order. During this period men had come and gone, and of the 250 English Benedictines now living, three-fourths of the number had been received into the Order with his sanction and approval. Of course, he had troubles and difficulties to encounter; but the promise had been kept, and in reward for his meekness and humility, the yoke had been sweet, the burden light. At the age of seventy-four he ended a life of usefulness, and we might confidently hope found rest for his soul.

THE REV. PATRICK W. BRENNAN died of pneumonia on March 18 at the parochial residence attached to St. Gabriel's Church, New York, of which he was assistant pastor. He was thirty-five years old, and was ordained at St. Bonaventure's College, Alleghany, N. Y., in 1878.

REV. PATRICK POWER, pastor of Congleton, Cheshire, England, a native of Ireland and a relative of the Bishop of Waterford, is dead.

SISTER.

SISTER FRANCESCA died in St. Mary's Hospital, Jersey City, of consumption. She was twenty-six years old and had served in the hospital for three years.

LAY PEOPLE.

MRS. ELIZA BLAINE WALKER, wife of Major Walker of Helena, Montana, and only surviving sister of Hon. James Gillespie Blaine, died in Baltimore, March 5. She had been suffering from poor health for nearly a year, and was spending the winter in Baltimore under special medical treatment. A month ago her daughter, a Sister of Mercy, died in the convent of Wilksbarre, Pa., and the sorrow of this bereavement intensified her malady, and hastened her own demise. She died fortified with all the spiritual blessings of the church. After the funeral of Mrs. Walker, James G. Blaine met Father Clarke, S. J., and their meeting, though for the first time, was very cordial. During the war, Major Walker's family, of which Mr. Blaine's mother was a member, lived in Baltimore, and Father Clarke was their spiritual adviser, and he had spoken to them of the baptism and confirmation of Mr. Blaine. Holding Mr. Blaine by the hand, after some conversation, Father Clarke said:—"Your sister had a strong belief that you would one day return to the fold of the Catholic Church, the one universal apostolic church. Stranger things have happened. A few months ago you looked forward, no doubt, to a very different scene from that from which you have just come. But, my dear Mr. Blaine, we have Holy Writ for the saying, that 'it is better for a man to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feast and merriment.'"

A REGRETTED DEATH.—The death is announced of Mr. Edmond Rice, father of the Rev. W. Rice, P. P., Ballymacoda, the Rev. Thomas Rice, P. P., Ballyhea, and Coroner Rice, Fermoy Co., Cork, Ireland. A Solemn Mass of Requiem was offered up for the repose of his soul at Kilworth Chapel. The local gentry and magistracy, members of the legal profession, the farmers within a radius of many miles around, and the priests from the remotest corners of the diocese, all attended to pay the last tribute of respect to one who had given to the Church two ministers, and to the legal profession an able member.

AFRICAN MISSIONARIES.

NEW YORK, Dec., 1884. *Dear Friend:*

The difficult but necessary task that has been imposed on us, to come and solicit alms from the generous people of this country in favor of the Society of the African Mission (Lyons), has decided us to offer to the public the translation from the French of the magnificent work on "Fetichism and Fetish Worshipers," published this year by an African Missionary, Rev. R. P. Baudin, who has had an experience of twelve years among these wretched tribes. It also contains a full account of the Missions confided to the care of the above Society. This is a most interesting study of the worship of countless blacks who inhabit Equatorial Africa. Their various rites and ceremonies, including human sacrifices, even now prevailing, are here fully described, and show the reader how human nature is degraded, by placing before him a striking contrast between Materialism and the worship of God. No more interesting or instructive book can be placed in the hands of a Christian, for it not only treats of the inhabitants and their customs, but also speaks of the trials and triumphs of the church on that distant shore, where the European Missionary finds a grave in the short space of four or five years and very often less. Moreover, this remarkable work has already attracted the attention of the French clergy, because of its connection with the doctrine of the existence of God, in which respect it may be considered as a corollary of the study of Theology. Its value is still further enhanced by a series of thirteen faithfully executed illustrations, showing the different divinities, their temples, adorers, human sacrifices, etc. It is offered to the public as a means of aiding these poor Missions, and many spiritual advantages are promised to subscribers. Christian charity requiring us to share with our fellow-man the goods which the liberality of God has bestowed upon us, we trust that the prayers and alms of the readers will come to our assistance, and by procuring at least one copy, enable us to carry on the work so nobly commenced by our saintly founder, Mons. Marion de Bresillac, whose portrait adorns the frontispiece of the book.

This work, neatly bound, is sold at \$1.00, and will be forwarded to any person by enclosing this amount, and addressing

REV. F. MERLINI, or REV. W. J. CONNAUGHTON, *House of the Immaculate Virgin*. Care of REV. FATHER DRUMGOOLE, LAFAYETTE PLACE, NEW YORK.

ST. JOSEPH HELP US!

St. Joseph's Church for the Colored People of Richmond, Va.

In Richmond there are 30,000 colored people, of whom about 50 are Catholics. What a grand field for Catholic charity! How the Sacred Heart of Jesus yearns for these poor souls!

To accomplish His work among them, it is necessary to build a church and school for their use. For this purpose an eligible plot, containing about 9,000 square feet, has been secured. A two-story brick house is now on it.

But a church—which will be of brick, in a plain and neat style—and a school-house must be built. As the colored public schools in this city are entirely too small, many hundreds of colored children being without schoolroom, there is every hope of a good school. Means are needed however, to carry out these plans. Now, as this will be the first church for the colored race, dedicated to the Almighty under the patronage of St. Joseph, an appeal is made to all his devout clients for aid.

To lighten the burden, as well as to enable every one, old and young to contribute, the following table shows how much and in what way, every one, man, woman or child may give:

\$100 will pay for an altar; \$50, for a vestment or sacred vessel; \$25, for a window; \$10, for a pew; \$5, for a door or school desk; \$2, for a kneeler; \$1, for a joist; 50 cts., for a square foot of ground; 25 cts., for a board; 10 cts., for a brick in the wall; 5 cts., for a nail in the floor.

On every day during St. Joseph's month (March), and on every St. Joseph's day (every Wednesday), till the dedication of the church, the Holy Sacrifice will be offered up in a spirit of gratitude for the intentions of all who contribute.

May St. Joseph bless all who help in saving the souls of the 6,000,000 colored people in our country, of whom about 300 daily die and meet their Maker!

Donations will be gratefully acknowledged. REV. JOHN R. SLATTERY, 804 East Grace Street, Richmond, Va.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 6.

"THE future of the Irish race in this country, will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Visions Within Visions.

THE Philosopher of the "Breakfast Table" once remarked to his attentive circle, "There are about as many twins in the birth of thought as of children. It is as if an idea passes into space and is bounded back as an echo from the blank wall that shuts in the world of thought." With his usual sagacity, the Philosopher has so aptly voiced our experience that, as Molière said when accused of plagiarism, "We simply take our own wherever we find it, by carrying out the thought." One of the ideas reechoing in speculative minds concerns the condition of the world in future times. One writer after another has tried to cut his little loophole in the wall that surrounds the present, in order that we may catch a glimpse of what awaits our fortunate posterity. So brilliant a prospect is that opened to our imagination, that, after revelling in it, the work-a-day world seems "common-place as life after dinner," and we return to it with as great a distaste as if after spending a night with Scheheragade. Indeed the Oriental grandeur of some of these dreams of futurity might well answer for the thousand-and-second tale. Various points of view have been selected from which to hold up small mirrors to reflect the great world of the future, and its history has been reviewed from many different epochs of coming time. Sometimes the insignificant period of twenty, fifty, or a hundred years has been chosen, while we have a complete picture of "Three Hundred Years Hence," and one writer audaciously dates his tale from "Thirty-Seven Hundred and Fifty-Eight." The last opens with a scene at the excavation of a ruined village of our day; and the wonder of the beholders at the curiosities discovered by the excavators is, of course, as great as our interest in the evidences unearthed at Pompeii of the life of a long perished people. Their ignorance of the race formerly existing in the land is almost complete, and, as one of the spectators remarks: "We know more of the ancient Greeks than

of the Yankees." Little of a nature to enlighten them as to our manner of living is found in the buried town, and even its name is unknown, until a panel bearing the inscription, "Hartford Fire Insurance," convinces them that they have discovered the complete title. The houses having been mostly of wood are, of course, decayed, and only smaller, more durable articles of household use or ornament have stood the lapse of centuries. The marble top of a table, the wood of which has perished, puzzles the archæologists, and the use to which a wire fender had been put, is a matter of an hour's controversy to a number of students.

But the most complete picture of the future is taken *—"Three Hundred Years Hence," and is a detailed history of the mighty steps in the march of progress taken by the world during that time. As we are told in the Phonographer's Preface, it is a series of conversations by the professor of English Antiquities in the city of Londonova, begun in December, 2180. One of the first differences mentioned between then and now which interests us is, of course, that of population, which from 1,438,000,000, the number in 1880, has increased in 2180, to about 130,000,000,000, an increase far beyond that of previous ages; but which has been made possible by the improved conditions of life. How they settled the question of over-population, which has been since Malthus so great a problem, the Professor will enlighten us a little later; he will explain how the world will support a number which, according to present ideas, is so far beyond its capacity. In the first place, there will be no unfertile lands, even the deserts will, indeed, "blossom like a rose," and the great waste of Sahara will have disappeared beneath the waters of the Mediterranean. The highest mountains whose tops are in our day buried in eternal snows, and which now raise themselves above the power of man, will be cut down sufficiently to be of use to him. Animal life will also be entirely destroyed, even the domestic animals disappearing as useless to man, the only exception being birds and fishes.

Poor England is by all acknowledged to have had her day, her glory soon to become a thing of the past. Each historian of the future gives some new reason why her end should be nearly approaching, some endeavoring to trace the revolution to her conduct of Irish affairs, and its influence on the people of Britain; the first great cause the land question in both Ireland and England. First forced by the United States to entertain certain proposals in regard to Ireland, the people are at last aided by the States to set up a Republic. America and Australia soon became the great powers of the world, and by their

* "Three Hundred Years Hence." W. D. Hay. Newman & Co., London.

interference during the period of the final wars in Europe restored peace. Socialism, from being, as in our time, a mass of theoretical and impracticable ideas, developed into a sensible, well-digested code of laws, and at the end of the universal wars, which overthrew the thrones of Europe, this great power stepped forward in the name of "Freedom, Brotherhood and Progress," and arranged the future government of the world. All became one great country, called the "United States of Humanity," subject to the same regulations, cultivating the same customs, and speaking the same language. Our national pride will, of course, be gratified, by learning that America, as the superior power, will make English the universal tongue. In the course of time, the white man, as the superior, will survive and outnumber the inferior races, with the exception of the Chinese, Japanese and negroes, who, although outwardly adopting the rules of civilization, still retained a love for their original barbarism, and seemed incapable of fusion with the white man. Such a drawback were they to the universal progress, that, at the end of the XXth century, measures were discussed in the Universal Congress to put an end to them. An opportune insurrection of the Chinese and Japanese, and their secession from the Union of Humanity, gave the required excuse, and California took the lead in a war declared by the world, that State having since the XIXth century entertained the most bitter hatred of the Chinese. The entire people were exterminated, and their country given up to more worthy nations. The negroes of Africa were destroyed under almost the same deplorable and deplored circumstances, thus carrying out the enlightened doctrine of "survival of the fittest."

These exterminations were easily brought about by the use of wonderful engines of war, invented by the ingenious Yankees during the preceding years of the century; notably among them, the subterranean torpedo and the "Chicago bullet," so called from the city in which it was invented. The first of these was projected under ground and worked its way in the earth until, at a given distance, it exploded with the effect of an earthquake, having sufficient power to crumble mountains. The "Chicago bullet" on coming into contact with the aimed-at object, set free a current of electricity, producing an atmospheric explosion sufficiently forcible to kill all animal life within the radius of a mile. With these inventions, of course, war was no longer possible, as such resources meant simply the annihilation of the contending parties.

We are next informed of the great Terrane Exodus, when mankind will gradually take up their residence in cities built over the different bodies of water, leaving the land free for purposes of production.

The substance employed in constructing the foundations of these cities on the water, will be a building material now unknown, which will supersede all others, containing sand, chalk and clay, and known as koralla. It will be elastic, indestructable, imperishable, possessing opacity, luminosity, translucency and an endless variety of color, and could be described as glass, porcelain, stone, metal and other substances known in our own day. The columns built from the bottom of the sea to support the town, will form vaults, a sort of basement story to the city, in which will be situated all the factories, the neighborhood of which would not be tolerated by a more refined generation, although, owing to the abandonment of steam and smoke, they will be less offensive than the best of ours. Here, also, we notice the ideal of sewerage, another of the perfections these fortunate people of the future will possess. The submarine sewerage works will draw down the refuse of the city through koralla pipes into reservoirs, where it will be solidified under basilico-magnetic pressure. In this state, innocuous and odorless, it will be brought up to fertilize the land. Our only sympathy is with the doctors of the coming time, if doctors there will be in these happy ages. But to explain the term used above, the basilic force or basilicity, which is a new force of nature yet to be discovered, rather indescribable in its idea, but which "will link the highest vitality of organic life with the inert principles of matter."

After covering the sea with cities, the next scheme of man will be to descend below the surface of the water, and make the submarine world his own. Here, more than Jules Verne's wildest dreams will be realized, and man will live as in his native element. The submarine towns, three hundred miles from upper air, with electric light, magnetic heat, and manufactured air, will mark man's dominion at the bottom of the sea. One of these regions is described to us, with its beautiful houses of pinky-white koralla, covered with carvings and gold and silver metal work, its exquisite gardens, with submarine vegetation, all making life in the depths of the ocean a poetic dream. These watery worlds will be reached by submarine ships.

The idea of making the interior of the earth available for habitation and for the production of food, is the next step in this series of marvels. Man will cut his way through the earth itself, and make his home in its depths. We are led to a city of the interior world, where the buildings are constructed of thousand-tinted metals, silver being less costly in this fairyland than houses of brick, stone or wood. Gold, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, opals and precious stones, whose existence we yet do not know, gleam all around us, and we imagine ourselves Aladdin's being led among the riches of the under world. The result

of a greater knowledge of the interior of the earth, will, of course, bring to light many metals now unknown. Certain mineral compounds, possessing the property of absorbing light and becoming luminous, such as calcium, will be used as luminous tablets to give light in houses, as luminous draperies, furniture and dresses. In the workings of metals, however, it is acknowledged that there can be little improvement, and a barber of this or that period will cut beards with equally keen blades.

A hundred years hence, the great question of the weather will be decided once and forever ; mankind will suffer no more on its account, and as a staple topic of conversation it will exist no longer. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," and if we suffer on account of its changes, it also has its consolations. But the life then will be one long summer, the earth always "in time," nothing but perfect days. Nature will be man's servant, and not his mistress as now, and he will not be at the mercy of every wind that blows. The superabundant heat of the summer will be stored up to moderate the cold of the winter, and the rain gauge and the thermometer will be governed by the zodiacists. Of course, this control over the elements, together with other causes, will transform agriculture ; and we can imagine ourselves viewing a farm of A. D. 2180, in the once bleak moors of Scotland, now covered with groves of banana trees, sugar canes and cotton ; under the broad leaves of the banana, pumpkins, potatoes, etc., growing plentifully, the light artificially supplied to them by electricity. The wheat itself is scarcely recognizable, the ear beginning close to the ground, and extending throughout the entire length of the straw, thus multiplying the quantity a hundred-fold. The process of harvesting will also be perfected, and corn cut in Scotland in the morning can be sent by swift spiralomotors to a food factory, made into bread and delivered in some distant country to be eaten the same night. The process of melting rocks by chemical means, and converting them into rich, black earth, is prophesied to be the work of only a few years. Rapid transit will also be soon accomplished by aërial navigation, when railroads will disappear, and the world will be circled in thirty days.

The servant question will also be almost a thing of the past in this happy time, and the queen of the kitchen be obliged to abdicate in favor of machinery which will then be capable of domestic uses, coal becoming a forgotten article of use, and heat supplied by the magnetic machine. The internal fires of the world will also be called upon to convey heat to the surface, the earth being tapped at the island of Tenariff, as it is there the volcanic fires approach nearest the crust.

All the historians of the future are rather silent as to the religion of the world, if we except Macauley, who predicted the continued existence of the Catholic Church, at the advent of his famous New Zealander. However, at the excavation of a church in the buried village mentioned in the beginning, we find them puzzled, as they well might be, at the lack of symbolism in the religion of our times, as they discovered nothing to show the spirit or manner of worship.

Among the slighter improvements mentioned, we learn that photography will be altered from its present confinement to black and white. Then the sunbeams will be analyzed to give the tints of the living object.

As to man himself, the creator of all the marvellous transformations we have seen, we are curious to learn what changes time and circumstances have brought to him, whether weak human nature will still be the same, or whether he will have raised himself nearer to the angels. But we can learn little of the moral man. As to the physical man we are told he will be of a higher type, far more perfect than any with which we are acquainted.

We may be sure that woman is not neglected in these surveys of the future; indeed, she is given more than her share of attention, and we are favored with various studies of her condition. As to her dress, a matter of interest to us all, she is to combine the highest art with the greatest utility, and we have a tempting picture of a future belle in her luminous draperies, which cast a glow over her perfected beauty. We have, besides, a criticism, of a man of the far ages to come, on the dress of a woman of our day as seen by him in a remaining photograph. It is pronounced too close fitting at the waist, too elaborately ornamented, the lines of adornment not following the natural folds of the material. The cumbersome drapery around the lower limbs, impeding their free action, led him to conclude that the dress was worn only on ceremonious occasions, or else that the wearer must have necessarily lived shut up in the house to aid in the domestic duties performed by slaves.

In a novel, "The Revolt of Man," we have an elaborate following out of the "woman's rights" principle, and an amusingly exaggerated picture of the point to which it will reach. The scene is one hundred years hence, at a time when the spheres of man and woman will be reversed, and mind will be exalted above mere strength. The heroine, a girl of twenty, is the Home Secretary of England, and one of the principal characters is a lady professor of history, in the University of Cambridge. We are told how the ladies' Parliament consists in one year of beauties, in another of talents; and of the noisy quarrels and

personal abuse which enlivened its sessions ; how science is destroyed by women, ignorant of the use of tools formerly invented, and incapable of understanding them ; how woman cannot create ; no woman, the author goes on to say, with small regard for fact, having ever enriched the world with a new truth, an invention, or a discovery ; how the legislation of women failed, from the fact of their looking too much to the means to be employed in the attainment of an object, and not, like men resolving to gain it at any cost of the life and suffering of thousands. The pretence of the complete transference of the qualities of the sexes, is well kept up throughout the book, and we encounter such incidental expressions as "manly modesty," "womanly courage and independence," etc. We walk in the Park and see "young men riding with their mother, their sisters, or perhaps an attendant, girls taking their morning canter before the beginning of the official day, elder ladies sitting on benches talking politics." We go to the academy and see the ladies receiving with half concealed contempt, or with the deferential smiles due to politeness, the feeble criticism of the pretty young men they escort. We read in a newspaper of women being punished for ill-treating their husbands. However, the book ends happily by a revolt of men against the tyranny of woman, regaining their original power, proving that "might makes right," and reducing woman to her proper sphere of obedience, content with simple household duties. In another outlook with woman's future, we find her attaining to her highest dignity as Queen of Society, possessing no actual power, "as her sway is gained by appealing to the sentiments and not to the intellect of mankind." It takes, however, three hundred years for her to attain this proud height.

After these great victories of man's intellect, there only remains for him to conquer other worlds, worlds in which, at the date of which we have been speaking, we had already discerned life, and, by means of the photophone, had heard the sound of voices. We leave scientists engaged in the attempt to interchange speech with these far-distant worlds ; and conclude that in spite of the vivid imagination displayed in these glimpses of the future, Lowell was right in saying, "a man cannot escape in thought any more than in language from the past or the present ; and all must agree with Mme. Swetchine that "in looking into the future, we see only the past."

ANNA McLAUGHLIN.

LEARN to overcome thyself in all things, and thou shalt have interior rest. — *A Kempis.*

Musings Among Foreign Poets.

FATA MORGANA.

From the German.

BEHOLD, a wondrous vision
Upriseth to the view —
A glorious city mirrored
In depths of ocean blue.

On rocky islets builded,
It shines within the deep,
With palaces and cloisters
And many a castled steep.

The ocean mist is cloven
In twain by Morning's ray,
Ere upward soars the sea-gull —
The vision fades away!

And where the blissful Thule,
With turret, spire and dome,
Hung poised, is wildly heaving
A barren waste of foam.

So, too, with Life's illusions,
Our dream of bliss draws nigh —
A moment gleams before us,
Then fades as suddenly.

Where lies this radiant Thule,
This city of the blest,
Each heart hath seen in vision,
But never yet possessed?

Alas! its shadows only
On earth before us rise
The City Everlasting
Beyond Life's ocean lies!

J. C.

THE CRUCIFIX.

From the French.

O CRUCIFIX, that from a mother's lips
Wast ta'en in her last hour, twice-holy sign!
Her last kiss hallowed thee in death's eclipse —
Thou symbol of a love divine!

What tears I've shed since thou didst find a place
Within these trembling hands in years gone by !
When I received thee humid with the trace
Of my dear mother's last death-sigh.

The tapers shed a feeble gleam around,
The priest his pleadings murmured soft and mild,
Those prayers that like a mother's murmurs sound
Hushing to sleep her darling child.

A halo lingered still upon her brow —
The parting gleam of her victorious faith —
To suffering's tender grace was added now
The awful majesty of death.

The breeze that 'mid her loosened tresses played,
Glimpses revealed by turns of light or gloom
On that pale face, like cypress' wav'ring shade
On the white marble of a tomb.

One arm suspended hung the couch beside,
Upon her breast the other lay as tho'
To raise the Image of the Crucified,
And one last kiss on it bestow.

Her lips were lightly parted, but the breath
Of life had fled in that one kiss divine —
Like as a flame consumes, ere mingling with
The perfumed incense of a shrine.

No more life's pulse within her bosom heaves,
Those lips the frost of death hath now congealed,
The wearied lid rests motionless and leaves
The rayless eye half unconcealed.

I came not near the couch on which was laid
The dead — but stood apart in mute affright —
Nor dared approach — death's consecration made
The relics sacred in my sight.

I dared not — but the priest my thoughts had read,
And loosed the cross from that ice-cold embrace :
"Take thou this pledge of hope, my son," he said,
"And give it near thy heart a place."

Sad heritage! still do I call thee mine:
Full seven times the tree hath blossomed forth
I planted o'er her grave— O Sacred Sign !
Thou art to me of priceless worth.

Yes, thou hast had beside my heart a place,
Hast kept undimmed by time her memory,
And drop by drop mine eyes have left their trace
Upon the glistening ivory.

Her last communings only thou hast heard ;
Come, rest upon my heart, speak, tell to me,
What she did say when that her failing word
Reached thro' death's mist alone to thee ;

In that dark hour of struggle when the soul,
Shrinking behind the filmy curtain spread
Athwart our sense, and nearing now her goal,
Beyond the last farewells hath sped ;

When midway hovering twixt life and death,
Like fruit that earthward falls in ripened bloom,
Our soul hangs poised, and trembles at each breath,
Above the dark night of the tomb ;

When wakes the soul no more to prayers and sighs,
Whose softened voices round her interblend,
To lips close pressed in dying agonies,
As to their sole remaining friend ;

Divine Consoler ! say, what whisperest thou,
Whose image in that fateful hour we kiss,
That lifts our eyes to God and crowns the brow
With light of other worlds than this ?

Thou hast known death, wast haunted by its fears,
That night of woe when Thou didst pray in vain,
Bathing the while the olive-trees with tears
Of blood that trickled down like rain.

Thine eye death's mysteries sounded on the Cross,
You saw your Mother stand in tears beneath,
Your friends you left on earth, and mourned their loss,
Your body left to shrouds of death.

Unto my feeble prayer, thine ear incline.
Receive upon thy breast my latest sigh ;
And when mine hour is come, remember thine,
O thou, who know'st what 'tis to die !

And I will seek the spot on which she sighed
Forth at thy feet the final farewell word ;
Her soul will come my erring soul to guide
Into the arms of God the Lord.

J. C.

THE GS. — To the list of contemporary names rendered famous by extraordinary deeds or exalted position, and all beginning with a G such as Garibaldi, Gambetta, Grant, Garfield, Guiteau, Gladstone, Giers and Gortschakoff — must now be added — Gordon,

Southern Sketches.

X.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Continued.

IF St. Augustine looked queer and lovely by day, when the sun shone on it, it appeared quaintest though not less beautiful at night when the moon and stars bathed it with their soft, clear beams. As we moved through the garden, the shadows of the trees fell on the grass and the neat shell walks, and the old house and verandas were strongly reflected in the deep, still light. Crossing St. George's Street, we entered Treasury and soon reached Charlotte, on which the three-storied house of Mrs. Hernandez fronted. Passing under a large piazza we met the proprietress, a robust, frank and middle-aged lady of Minorcan descent. She possessed the dark hair and eyes, and features peculiar to that race. Being an excellent Catholic, she was very glad to have a priest among her guests. After a few minutes' stay in a large, airy, well-furnished parlor, I was shown to my room. From its window I could see the gardens and roofs of neighboring houses, and the tower of the old cathedral, all flooded with the moonlight. On retiring for the night I could not help noticing how still it was; though not yet nine o'clock, all around was as silent as a hermit's cave in the midst of the mountains. People generally went to bed early in this simple, peaceful place, and allowed themselves to be put to sleep by the lullaby of the ocean. After a refreshing night's rest came the morning with the golden light of the sun streaming in through my window. Sparrows were chirping down in the garden, and mocking birds were whistling sweetly and merrily in the hall, while the voice of our landlady was distinctly heard, clearly and musically ringing out, "Marcellino — Marcellino." I thought at first that these exclamations were directed to some bird; but I afterwards found out that they were addressed to a Cuban Chinaman, who acted as a sort of cook and waiter in the establishment. The clock of the Cathedral sharply rang out the hour of six, and scarcely had the last sound died away when the hard, metallic tones of the old bells filled the morning air with the sound of the Angelus. I arose quickly, dressed rapidly and hurried down stairs to proceed to Mass. On reaching the ground floor, I was highly edified to find that the hostess had gone before me to church. A goodly number of persons were present at the early Mass in the Cathedral, and several very respectable negro men and women were among the congregation. On my return to the house I was introduced by Mrs. Hernandez to five or six of her children, who were very intelligent and agreeable-looking. Among the boarders, whose acquaintance I formed, was Mr. Max Bloomfield of St. Augustine. He is a ripe smart person, exceedingly polite, and quite successful as a business man. The store he occupied, is the property of the church. It is situated near the post-office, and is second to none in the place for the beauty and solidity of its architec-

ture. He does the most extensive trade in the village in newspapers, books, cigars, and fancy goods, and his polite and agreeable disposition may be considered the great cause of his success.

Mrs. Hernandez keeps a good house at the reasonable rate of from ten to fifteen dollars a week, according to the size and location of the rooms. Mocking birds, pigeons, and cats, sing, coo, and purr amid the flowers, pomegranates, figs, Japan plums, and orange trees of the garden, and a piano played by one of the children keeps up an almost constant flow of music in the parlor. Mrs. Hernandez has a daughter living in the convent, and as far as I could see, she spares no efforts to bring up her children piously and morally. The only trouble seemed to be with Marcellino whose yellow Chinese face, under coal black hair and eyebrows, seemed constantly swelling with fits of ill-humor. His hasty disposition, and capacity for breaking dishes, have since been the cause of his discharge. As the morning was fine I resolved to run over to the light house in a sail-boat. A stout and cheerful-looking negro volunteered to carry me across from the sea-wall for a dollar ; so I jumped on board, the snow-white sails were fixed to the mast and off we went, propelled by gentle tropical breezes. Gliding towards the north, we made a gentle sweep around a newly arrived schooner, whose varied cargo was being borne off at the wharf by crowds of drays, mules and negroes. The whitewashed walls and dark roofs of the houses relieved by the green foliage of the trees looked beautiful from the boat. After sailing for some distance parallel with the sea-wall, we came in front of the dark, big fort, then we made direct for the channel. The waters became clearer and deeper as we advanced, and hundreds of fish were jumping on every side of us. Porpoises sported in the warm sunny waters. The air was sometimes so calm that a ripple could not be seen on the bay, yet our boat moved on as swiftly and smoothly as a beautiful bird. The lovely old city looked enchantingly bright as we receded from its stores. Thousands of birds, such as sea gulls, cormorants, herons and fish hawks, flew screaming through the air as we neared the little sandy islands on which they rested. The sense of repose and delight acquired by this sail would have been perfect were it not for the sand flies that swarmed around the boat. A pinch from one of those venomous little creatures seemed worse than the sting of a nettle, yet I sought to keep them away with my handkerchief, and I was so enraptured with the loveliness of these Southern waters, over which the old Spanish Cavaliers floated long ago, that I did not mind them. The sea birds were whistling on the sandy dunes, and as we neared the ocean we saw the great white breakers rising like foamy walls and then falling in curling wavelets as their music died on the glistening shores. We soon drew up to the beach at the north end of Anastasia Island. Here I jumped ashore and directed the boatman to await my return from the light-house.

The walk along the hard, dry beach was delightful. I trod on thousands of rare and handsome shells and sea grasses as I advanced, and I noticed with interest several coquina deposits. The greater part of the island was covered with bushes, and now and then I looked around very cautiously, fearing to encounter a monstrous snake. But

there was no need of alarm, as the only animals I met on my way were a hungry black hog and a staggering mule. I stood on a great heap of coquina blocks, which were lashed by the waves. These were the ruins of the old light-house, and convenient to them, was a foot-path which led to the new one. Hurrying by scrub palmettoes, jumping lizzards, thorny cactus plants, and fluttering birds, I soon reached the modern light-house. The keeper, a very polite person, met me at his house, which was a neat and commodious one. He cheerfully led me to the top of the tower and showed me the great revolving lights which are amongst the first in the country. The view from the top was superb. Old ocean lay hundreds of feet beneath us, swaying to and fro with majestic motion. The shrubbery of the island, formed one sheet of verdure, and the "ancient city," with its background of tropical forests, looked perfectly beautiful. Leaving the keeper, who would accept nothing but thanks for his trouble, I returned to the boat carrying with me numerous pretty shells gathered on the beach. After reaching home, I partook of dinner, and then sauntered out to take a good look at the fort. Fortunately, I encountered on my way the old sergeant who has charge of it. Sergeant McGuire is a tall, stately, venerable-looking soldier, with great, bushy side whiskers, and a military moustache. His uniform consisted of a blue jacket, with gilt buttons, blue pants with yellow stripe, red collar and cuffs, and a military cap. On our way, he informed me that the fort was the oldest in the United States, its erection being begun in 1620, and completed by the labor of Indians and Mexican convicts in 1756. "This fortification, reverend sir," said the sergeant, standing and facing me with an air of imperial dignity, "was first called San Juan de Pinos and afterwards entitled St Marco; but when the United States got a hold of it, it obtained its present cognomen, 'Marion.' The Indians had to work at it for over sixty years. Though it may not be called impregnable at present, still it was an irresistible defense in its day." On reaching the sergeant's pretty cottage, which stands on a hill near the fort, he left me for a few moments to get the key of the structure; on rejoining me he continued his observations. "This fortification, sir," remarked he, "occupies an acre of ground. It is built of coquina, which took many years to quarry on the island beyond, and has full capacity for one thousand guns and a hundred men. As you may observe, the walls, twenty-one feet high, possess four bastioned angles at the corners, each of which is surmounted with sentry boxes and look-out towers. The castellated battlements and parapets are still in a fine state of preservation."

We passed by the outward entrance without any opposition from armed sentinels. The humming of the bees, the tread of the lizzards, and the sound of the grasshoppers, on the grassy nooks, succeeded the echo of the cannon's roar. All was peaceful. The barbican looked desolate, the portcullis worn, the moat dry, and the drawbridge half consumed with age. On arriving at the ponderous door of the fort, the sergeant assuming a dramatic position, exclaimed with a majestic sweep of the right hand, "Behold this coat of arms over the entrance, sir. It is essentially Spanish, and was put up in 1756 by the governor,

Don Alonzo Fernandez Herrera. As you may observe, it is surmounted by a globe and a cross, while you can perceive that it has beneath, the figure of a lamb." The great lock of the mighty door was opened, it turned on its hinges, and in we went through a solid, gloomy archway, from which we could see the courtyard of the structure, with its heaps of cannon balls and dismounted guns. The old soldier pointed out several gloomy vaults and chambers, all empty and falling into decay. Among them was the room from which the Indian chief, Wild Cat, escaped. The old chapel on the northern end still retained its altar and holy water font. After unlocking a huge rotting door, we entered a cavern-like chamber which was full of castaway artillery stores. The sergeant took a torch from this place, and then led me through another passageway, to some horrible dungeons, which were recently discovered, and which had the foul, rank smell of the tomb. "Terrible stories are told of the skeletons of dead women and men being found here," said the soldier; "but no one is bound to credit them, as the narrators may be deceived in regard to their statements." How frightful to a prisoner must be those dens in their natural state of loneliness and darkness, when even, for a few minutes, with the light of the torch, and the company of the soldiers, they seemed to me so horrible and dreary. It was with a feeling of relief that I crept on all fours under the narrow entrance, and came out again to breathe the pure air of heaven. As we ascended the steps to the ramparts, the sunny breeze from the sea caressed us lovingly, and from the top of the fort the view of the city and bay looked perfectly grand where it lay, "La Siempre fiel ciudad de St. Augustin," (the ever-faithful city of St. Augustine), called by the great Spanish warrior Menendez, who founded it in 1565, after the dear and illustrious saint, whose name it bears. Through how many vicissitudes has it not passed! Built on the site of the Indian town of Telvy, it gradually grew in population and wealth till the jealousy of nations and the avarice of adventurers caused it to be visited with fire and sword. In 1586, Sir Francis Drake landed in the place, then plundered and burned it. The Apalachee Indians attacked it in 1638, but met with a terrible repulse, and were forced to build the fort. Captain Davis and his fiery buccaneers made a raid upon the town in 1665. In 1712, owing to the failure of the usual supply vessels from Spain, the people of the city were obliged to eat horses, cats and dogs. In 1792 Governor Moore, of South Carolina, invaded and burned the town, but had to return home in disgrace. In 1727 Colonel Palmer, with three hundred Carolina militia, marched to the gates, but retired without making any attack. In 1740 General Ogelthorp, governor of Georgia, bombarded the fort from the opposite island; but though the marks of his cannon balls can still be seen on the walls of the building, yet he was compelled to go home, after losing considerable money and men. St. Augustine was ceded, with the rest of Florida, to England in 1763. Then several Minorcans were brought across by Dr. Turnbull, and their descendants constitute the majority of its citizens to-day. In 1784 England gave it back to Spain, taking the Bahamas in exchange for Florida, and in 1819 it was sold to the United States. On the 10th

of July, 1821, the Spanish flag which had floated over the city for two hundred and fifty-six years gave way to the stars and stripes of our great Republic. Though St. Augustine has seen many trials and troubles, still it has out-lived all of them. Its real growth has been going on since the war. Numerous wealthy Northerners, attracted by its healthy climate, have built for themselves charming homes, which greet the eye of the traveller from Yankee land with tender joy. Though the old natives are somewhat jealous of their architecture, and are hostile to innovations in building, yet they find out that such introductions serve, rather than injure, the place. Hence they are becoming gradually reconciled to the additions; but they cherish a hope, with all lovers of antiquity, that the dear old-fashioned charms of St. Augustine will remain always the same.

After quitting the fort, and bidding a substantial farewell to the sergeant, I visited the bishop's house, had a pleasant conversation with the clerical gentlemen, and a glorious view from the lofty verandas. The convent and schools, which I saw during my stay in the city, were in capital working order. The Sisters in their large, handsome house, with its charming garden, teach the pupils many accomplishments, and give them such a capital religious and secular education, that I found it almost impossible to puzzle them in any branch. Numerous darky children from "nigger town," an interesting suburb in the south-west end, were in a separate apartment, and I saw that the good Sister who taught them was the very quintessence of patience. The lace and other ornamental work done in the convent, is remarkable for its beauty, and various specimens can be purchased by strangers at a reasonable cost. Bishop Moore is daily adorning the church property in his possession, and gradually opening up new missions in his diocese.

While in St. Augustine I formed the acquaintance of some very respectable and elegant families. Captain Vogel, commander of the *St. John's*, keeps a very pretty residence in St. George's Street below the convent, and his domestic life is rendered very happy in the possession of a wife and children who are very religious and intelligent. Mr. Duffy and myself spent some very pleasant hours in their society. The Smiths, De Medices, Oliveros, and Genovars, are generally considered very interesting, kind people.

During my stay in St. Augustine I had the pleasure of saying Mass in the Cathedral; also, in the beautiful chapel of the convent, where splendid vestments, a lovely altar, and solemn, grand surroundings can be seen. It was with mingled feelings of regret and hope that I left this sweet old city — regret at quitting such dear friends and charming scenes, and hope at the prospect of seeing in a week or so Dr. Sabal of Jacksonville, who, I trusted, would greatly benefit me. I started, therefore, on a lovely morning about the end of October, by the Astor railroad *en route* for the town of Valatka, from whence I intended to proceed up the famous Ocklawaha river.

WITH patience and silence comes an increase of peace. The wise man is truly patient. — *A Kempis*.

Dr. Orestes A. Brownson.

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

THE edition of the works of the late Dr. Brownson, now in course of publication under the editorship of Mr. Henry F. Brownson, revives in a special manner the memory of that great philosopher and essayist, and renders opportune a review of his vast writings, religious, social and political. To be intelligent and satisfactory, however, a review of Dr. Brownson should combine the study of his works, with the consideration of the salient points of his life and character. For, though, as a rule, the personality and character of an author are reflected in his published volumes, it is true, in Dr. Brownson's case, that the mere perusal of his works will produce in the reader's mind the most contrary and misleading impressions of the Doctor's worth as a thinker and essayist. Studied in connection with the history of his life, the numerous literary productions of Dr. Brownson, though unique in the annals of literature and psychology, will be found of the highest value in the departments of religious, social and political writing.

The early life of Orestes Augustus Brownson gave no indication of future renown. He was born at Stockbridge, Vt., in September, 1803, amid surroundings alien to intellectual advancement, and though devoted from his most tender years to the acquirement of learning, his native town afforded only the most meagre resources of education and knowledge. From childhood Brownson evinced a meditative, pious disposition, and while adhering to no definite religion, his aspirations, from the first, were towards the ministry. At the age of fourteen the sturdy lad entered upon life's weary struggle, with nothing to help him to influence or position save an honest heart and frank character, which he preserved through the whole of his subsequent career. As the mind of Brownson led him, even in boyhood, to look beyond the outward fact of man's earthly existence to the destiny which awaited him after life, he now sought a religion whose faith and practices he could accept and follow with a view to assure his eternal happiness. Here, he was confronted with an endless number of sects, each of which, emanating from the common stand-point of human reason, was diametrically opposed in faith and discipline to all the rest. Questioning the validity of human reason which led to such radical differences in the religions founded upon it, he cast about for a faith in which reason was held subordinate to revelation and church authority. To the Presbyterians, who avowed these principles, Brownson attached himself in his nineteenth year, thus inaugurating the series of vicissitudes in faith and practice which marked his early manhood.

He soon discovered that he had erred in adopting the Presbyterian faith. As he tells us minutely in "The Convert," he was subjected to all the disadvantages of church authority without any of its benefits. In fact, once he had become a proselyte, the elders disclaimed authority altogether, yet they continued to exercise the right of discipline over his every thought and action. Disappointed and rebellious, he passed

from Presbyterianism to Universalism, of which denomination he became a minister in 1825 at the age of twenty-two. As time went on, the young man again realized that he was in error. He had embraced religion in the first place in order to put it to practical use in the regulation and conduct of his life. Now, as the Universalists proclaimed the predestined salvation of all men, the adherence of the practical young preacher to their faith would invalidate his innate and irrefragable convictions of the necessity of effort and merit for future salvation. He turned once more in search of his ideal. It was now that Catholicity should have arrested the mind of the truth-seeker. In its fold, he would have found his long-sought Ecclesiastical Authority; and the practical application of truth and doctrine which the church makes to the perfection of man's life and future destiny, would have satisfied his convictions and prevented his many years of doubt and speculation. But as yet he knew nothing of the Catholic Church except by name, or as he had heard her misrepresented by the votaries of Protestantism. So he turned from religion altogether, inconsistent and contradictory as he had found it, and abandoned himself entirely to the barren negations of Deism. Beholding upon the face of the earth, the debasement and corruption of man, the abuses of society, the wrongs of the masses, he determined thenceforth to devote himself to the reform of the whole human order. Man's destiny to him now was not heaven but earth, not eternity but time, not God but man himself. His project was the reorganization of society and government, the levelling of all inequality of station, the redress of every social evil, and the permission to each man to do what in his individual mind he thought right and just. Into this scheme, the Religion of Humanity, Brownson threw all his massive energy. In 1828, in union with Robert Owens and others, he established in New York a society called the Working Men's Party, the object of which was the attainment of political power, to abolish religion, the family and private property, the three great enemies of his cherished World Reform and earthly happiness. For these principles, Dr. Brownson labored, wrote, and lectured from 1828 until 1842, adopting various systems to attain his end, yet with not the slightest variation in the end itself. In the course of time, Dr. Brownson saw, that in endeavoring to abolish religion, he was making impossible the very object he had at heart; he saw that without religion, world-reform was a myth, an ideal he could never realize. By degrees he returned to Christianity, and being attracted by the writings of the celebrated Unitarian, Dr. Channing, he entered the ministry of that sect in 1832.

It was now for the first time in his life, that Dr. Brownson instituted an earnest study of philosophy and theology. Combined research led him to the belief in religious as well as material progress, and as he had acquired more lenient and more liberal ideas regarding the merits of Catholicity, he conceived the broad design of uniting the Catholic and Protestant religions, into one grand Faith, the Church of the Future, which by introducing into the world faith, love, and union, would dispel forever the disbelief, uncertainty and individuality then prevalent among the sects.

In this way the mind of Dr. Brownson was torn and distracted

during the first half of his mortal life. We see in these wanderings the principles of Protestantism united in one human life, drawing their victim hither and thither in every vagary of doubt and dilemma, and tossing him to and fro, among the wildest and most absurd beliefs. We see those same principles in Brownson's work, "New Views of Christianity," etc., published in 1836, used in the acceptance and vindication of nearly every error into which the human race has ever fallen.

But through all his years of religious error, Brownson was earnestly seeking the truth and making best use of the light vouchsafed him with unwavering sincerity. Even after he had rejected religion altogether, because his ideal of religion was higher than the reality had proved to *him*, he longed, as he tells us himself, ardently and earnestly, for faith and the love of God. As research and study deepened, grace and truth gradually illumined his eyes. "The nearer I approached to sound philosophy," he avers in his autobiography, "the nearer I came to the Catholic Church." At length, on the 20th of October, 1844, he took the final step, and was received into the Communion of the Church, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Fitzpatrick of Boston.

It is charged against Dr. Brownson, that his change to Catholicity was on a par with his fickle variations from one form of Protestantism to another. False. To pass from one Protestant sect to another, is an action justified by the nature and principles of the religion itself. Protestantism, as a whole, is a mere record of changes and vicissitudes. Moreover, in all his changes as a Protestant, Brownson retained his own principles and systems and convictions. It was far otherwise when he adopted Catholicity. His conversion to the Church entailed a complete change in principle, the reconstruction of his whole mind, the unlearning of forty-four years of thought and study, and, hardest of all, the abandonment of what he was for something entirely at variance with all his life had ever been. With Dr. Brownson, however, it was never what but whom he should believe; and when after profound, untiring study, the Catholic Church was presented to him by history, reason and divine grace, as the only one which held the truth, he passionately sought, he accepted her authority and teachings unhesitatingly. Once within her fold, all mental restlessness ceased, all speculation vanished, and until the day of his death, he was at peace with conscience and himself.

These facts in Dr. Brownson's career, of necessity but briefly touched in this sketch, yet related at length in his autobiography, throw great light upon his works. Their impartial consideration will change the minds of those, who, on account of his many changes of faith and ideas have cast him aside as a visionary, a mere generator of theory, an immolator alike of common sense and consistency.

Orestes A. Brownson was a man endowed by nature with a mind capable of grasping every great thought and movement; led into error by the absence of early training and salutary teaching; yet rising by the power of his own gigantic intellect and indefatigable love of truth, prompted and sustained by the grace of God, above every vicissitude of mental error, to the summit of truth and wisdom. It is no small

honor to the Catholic Church that she alone was able to arrest and pacify the mind of such a man as Brownson. There is not a more glorious event in her chronology in this country than the conversion to her teachings of one of the greatest intellects America has yet produced.

The writings of Dr. Brownson, previous to his conversion, may not possess for Catholics an especial interest. Besides, the principles of Catholicity so revolutionized the mind of the philosopher, and made him see things in such a different and so much clearer light, that he, himself, placed small value upon what he had published prior to his conversion. Still, much of his best work is intermixed with what he wished subsequently to disown. His review commenced in 1838, and published in order to arouse public thought to the great subjects of religion, politics and metaphysics, contained such bold and powerful ideas, and was written with such apparent honesty and force, as to gain him a world-wide reputation. The story of Charles Elwood, first published in 1840, narrating his conversion from Deism, will urge many doubtful minds to full faith in God. "The Spirit-Rapper," is valuable as a history of the rise and progress of Spiritualism in America, and shows the deep root it took in Brownson's mind for a long space of time.

Nevertheless, it was as a Catholic writer that Dr. Brownson became truly renowned. It was as the valiant leader of the Catholic press, the expounder of Catholic doctrine, the defender of Catholic authority, and the practical applicant of Catholic principles to the leading questions of the day, that he achieved a work which will perpetuate his name in glory. His thought gained greatly in fibre when he had Catholic belief upon which to rest his speculative mind. His knowledge was astounding, and his faculty for the most vigorous labor, sustained by his wonderful powers of reason, imagination, and memory, enabled him to write profusely, not only upon literary and political topics, but even upon subjects the most abstruse and complicated.

"The Convert;" or, "Leaves from my Experience," is the author's Autobiography. In it he laid bare his whole life and soul with a frankness characteristic and fascinating. The nineteenth century has produced two books, which for impartial self-judgment, and honest scrutiny of heart and motive, stand unique in the annals of modern literature; these books are the "Apologia" of Cardinal Newman and "The Convert" of Doctor Brownson.

The crowning work of Doctor Brownson's career is his "American Republic," published in 1865, in which, summoning together the vast resources of his mighty intellect, the fruits of his mature thought and erudition, he gives to the American Constitution an interpretation, and to the American Nation a destiny and duty hitherto unconceived by any thinker. Nowadays, when Catholics share in political offices when, to quote the words of Tertullian (without their apologetic need), Catholics are found in Congress and in the Senate and in every public position, this masterpiece of Brownson's is an essential book to every Catholic citizen. In it public right and duty are most ably discussed. Religion is proved the only force which can eventually secure to our

popular institutions their free and salutary operations. Catholic morals and Catholic principles are shown to be necessary as a moral power to stem the growing corruption in official life and to prevent the perversion of popular will. He shows the absurdity of the fear that Catholicity might be detrimental to the welfare of the republic. Brownson himself was a Catholic, loving and following his religion, yet not loving the less on that account his country, her institutions, or laws. His political essays inspire the readers with public spirit, broad and intelligent views, and urge them to act valiantly their parts as Christians and citizens.

It is almost a decade since the life of this great man ceased upon earth. His mind still lives and flourishes amongst us. As an essayist, reviewer, controversialist, and mental philosopher, America has yet to produce his superior. He retained to the end his lion-like vigor; his style lost none of its simple force, its clear and easy flow; his works sustain their lustre, undimmed by the lapse of years and are enduring monuments to the genius of their author, whose thought and life will exert a powerful influence upon readers, as long as America has a literature, and Catholicity a foothold in the land.

M. J. DWYER.

The Irish in China.

HAN KOW, February, 1885.

RIGHT in the heart of China proper, nearly seven hundred miles up the great Yang-tse-Kiang River — and hundreds of miles above Nankin — after the Mississippi, the longest river in the world — rising in distant Thibet, and rushing in turbid flood for full three thousand five hundred miles, past many famous towns, including the old capital, Nankin, until it adds to the yellowness of the Yellow Sea beyond Shanghai — who would suppose that Ireland counted for something here, and yet, strangely enough it does, so far as able, adventurous Irishmen are concerned, in spite of having to contend against English and Scotch prejudice. Your readers have often heard all about the Irish in Australia and America; but it is probably the first time most of them have heard of the Irish in the Celestial Empire.

The first step into China is usually by the British possession of Hong Kong, on the water highway to Canton. The voyager by a peninsular and Oriental steamer, as he gazes curiously from the deck, is not unlikely struck by the Chinese aspect of the native police keeping order on the quays — their effectiveness is mainly due to the smart inspector giving them orders in good Chinese, but tinged with a strong Dublin accent, which Inspector Craddock has not lost by his long residence in the far East. Further on, a contingent of English police is marching to relieve the patrols, under the command of Inspector Hennessy, a name sufficient to proclaim his nationality. He will tell you how,

Rip-van-Winkle like, he felt when he lately returned, after a long absence, to his native Mallow, which when he left Ireland was represented either by that staunch old Whig, Sir Denham Norreys, or by Her Majesty's Attorney-General, and found them replaced by fiery, fearless William O'Brien, of *United Ireland*. A clatter of hoofs and clank of sabres — the guard turns out and presents arms. A bronzed, white-haired, stately soldier rides past, attended by aides-de-camp. He, too, is a gallant son of Erin, Major-General Sargent, Commander-in-Chief of England's military forces in China.

Drive along the Kennedy-road (called after the Irishman to whom it owes its construction), at the hour for the fashionable gathering. In that carriage at which so many look with admiration at two of the lovely occupants, sitting beside their father, the governor of the colony, the able, kindly, and popular Sir George Bowen, who, after a distinguished service as Governor of Queensland, Victoria, New Zealand, and the Mauritius, is concluding at Hong Kong his useful career (the fourth Irish Governor it has had) before retiring to fulfil the duties of a resident landlord in Ireland. Walk into the Supreme Court, and you will probably hear some important legal point being ably argued in the Connaught accent by the Attorney-General, the Hon Edward O'Malley from Mayo, a direct descendant of Grana Uaile. In a court quite close another Irishman, Mr. Russell, dispenses justice as Deputy-Judge. The principal solicitor in both courts, is an Irishman, too, Mr. Brereton. Struck with admiration at the manner in which the important public works have been carried out, you inquire under whom they were constructed, and the Irish Surveyor-General, Mr. Price, comes to the front. If you want money, who can better accommodate you, if satisfied with the security, than Mr. Jackson, Banker, from Belfast? Who cures better the ills that flesh is heir to than Dr. Hettrington, born within the sound of the Bells of Shandon, and none can put a better fitting coat on you than Mr. Driscoll, of Waterford.

Steam up to Canton, and you find the command of all the great American steam-boats monopolized by American captains, save one, Captain Goggin, of Limerick, whose superior merits enabled him to win a position within that exclusive body of navigators. Coast along China for over eight hundred miles, land at Shanghai; as a British subject your first visit will probably be to Her Majesty's Consul-General for that part of China. You will find the gentleman holding that most important office, is from the country Down, and although nearly thirty years in China is yet so Irish that he is best known to his many friends as Paddy Hughes. One of the ablest officers in the Consular service as Britisher and Celestial, with whom he has equally to do, can testify he is as much at home in conversing in the best Mandarin Chinese as in speaking his mother tongue, and in dispensing the graceful and generous hospitality of the Consulate he maintains the reputation of his country, in which he is well assisted by his charming and beautiful wife, a near kinswoman of the senior member for Louth — bearing a strong family resemblance to him and to another, bound to him by dearer ties in addition to those of cousinship. Of leading Irish in Shanghai, there are Mr. Wilkinson, Queen's Advocate; Mr. Miller, merchant — both Northerners; Dr.

Jameson, from Dublin; Mr. Breedon, Commissioner of Customs; Mr. Evans, merchant, from Dungarvan; Mr. Reilly, county Galway, proprietor of the chief hotel. The steam navigation on the Yang-tse-Kiang, the most important in China, is now a monopoly in the hands of the three leading commercial firms of China. The vast steamers, capable of each holding five hundred first and second class passengers besides two thousand tons of cargo, are entrusted only to the ablest men. Amongst these, Captain Howlett, of Dungarvan or Ross, occupied a prominent place until he retired; and now Captain Loyd, of Waterford, has an important position in connection with them. The pilotage in point of responsibility and emolument is nearly equal to that of the commanders. This may be judged by the fact, that in the tea season, about twenty foreign-going steamers ascend to Hong Kow for cargoes of tea. The latter are, on an average, worth five hundred thousand pounds. The pilots selected receive a recompense of two hundred and fifty pounds. Some of them take up two vessels in the season, thus realizing five hundred pounds for two trips, each occupying six days up and down. This is in addition to their emolument as pilots of the regular river steamers; so that some of them, besides their maintenance, realize a thousand pounds a year. Of the thirty-six river pilots, none hold higher places in the estimation of their employers than Mr. Seymour, whose family emigrated to America from the county Wicklow; Wm. Collins, who commenced his nautical education on the Boyne, and John Flood, born in Clonmel, who thinks there is no river like his native Suir—though besides the Yang-tse-Kiang, he has navigated the Mississippi. A thorough Parnellite, honest kind-hearted Jack has an endless war on his hands vindicating the National cause of Ireland against the aspersions of his numerous English and Scotch shipmates. He is now busy inaugurating a subscription amongst the Irish in Shanghai towards the testimonial for the family of poor A. M. Sullivan. May he have his ardent wish of reposing at last amidst the green fields of Tipperary. One is surprised to hear the North of Ireland accent at nearly all the Custom-Houses on the coast and rivers of China, and to find many Antrim men occupying the position of commissioners and lower offices. That is explained by the creditable fact that they have been appointed by their fellow countyman, Sir Robert Hart, the head of the Imperial Customs in China.

The arsenal and defences of Nankin are said to be perfect in their way. This is due to Doctor MacCartney, an Irishman, who, in addition to his medical qualifications, has shown considerable engineering skill. Until he went to fulfil an important position in the Chinese Legation at London, he was secretary to Li Hung Chang, who may be regarded as the Prime Minister of China, and whom Sir Thomas Wade, the late British Minister at Peking, also an Irishman, regarded as the ablest man in China. Amongst the young men likely to rise to an important position in the Consular service in China, there is Mr. Herbert Brady, now stationed at Chee Foo, son of Mr. T. F. Brady, Inspector of Irish Fisheries. No one of his standing has exhibited more ability as an administrator in positions he has filled, and as an accomplished Chinese linguist.

Mention should not be omitted of those who have shed the highest lustre on the Irish name in China by their great services in the cause of religion and humanity — the Irish Sisters connected with the Order of St. Vincent de Paul. Prominent amongst them now are Sisters Murtagh, of Meath; Ryan, of Cashel; and M'Carthy, of Cork — the first at Shanghai, the others at Kin Kian and Tientsin. In education and conversion of adult Chinese, in rescuing orphans and abandoned children from neglect and often death, in tender care of natives and Europeans in hospitals, these Sisters have done much for humanity at great self-sacrifice, and done much to incline the Chinese towards Christianity. Many a British sailor has reason to bless their names for careful nursing of them in the hospital. Sister M'Carthy, like a brave soldier of the cross, immediately after the massacre of the nuns in Tientsin, went at once there to replace Sister Sullivan, her countrywoman, barbarously tortured and murdered, although the same terrible fate threatened herself.

It seems curious that whilst so many Irishmen should have shown so high a capability in the various positions just enumerated, quite as good, to say the least, as that of any English or Scotchmen in similar ones — that so very few are to be met with who have accomplished success in commercial pursuits in China, whilst large numbers from other parts of the United Kingdom have done so. There is hardly an Irish employé even to be found in any of the large firms in Hong Kong, Canton, and Shanghai.

In part this may be accounted for by the fact of Irishmen, as a body, having less capital, and are therefore not so capable to enter into distant commercial undertakings as the English and Scotch. Nevertheless, there are some in Ireland with sufficient means to do so, and the almost utter absence of Irish merchants and planters in India, Ceylon, the State Settlements and China, is calculated to support the charge often made, that amongst what are called "the well-to-do, the educated, and the better class" in Ireland there is a want of enterprise as regards pushing their fortunes commercially at a distance from home.

Correspondent Dublin Freeman's Journal.

A Good housewife is one of the first blessings in economy of life. Men put a great value upon the qualifications of their partners after marriage, however this may weigh with them before, and there is nothing which tends more to mar the felicities of married life than recklessness or want of knowledge of the new housekeeper of the duties which belong to her station. Men admire beauty, order, and system in everything, and men admire good fare. If these are found in their dwellings, and are seasoned with good nature and good sense, men will see their chief enjoyment at home — they will love their homes and their partners, and strive to reciprocate the kind offices of duty and affection. Mothers who study the welfare of their daughters, will not fail to instruct them in the qualifications of married life, and daughters who appreciate the value of these qualifications, will not fail to acquire them.

Stream, for he was still one of the most quarrelsome, and at the same time most formidable, of all those retainers of the house of Ormond who inhabited that dangerous and troublesome district lying along the south-western banks of the Suir. Many a single combat he had fought, and many a foray he had ridden, in every one of which, by some good chance or the other, he had been successful, and this, we need not say, caused him to be regarded as a personage of no small consequence by the various seneschals, castellans, and other people of note and authority for many a mile round. Wattie had married late in life, and his wife dying soon after, left behind her an only daughter, who was dear as the apple of his eye to the old warrior, and who, about the period at which our story commences, was nearly seventeen years of age.

Mary Ridensford was a beautiful and gentle girl, and when we say that much of her it is enough to indicate the fact that her hand was sought in marriage by many a young cavalier of the borders. But to all those, when they ventured to speak upon such a delicate subject to Wattie Stem-the-Stream, that grim old warrior made the rather ambiguous answer that no one but the best man in Ormond would get his daughter for a wife. This oracular response, it seems, instead of decreasing, added considerably to the number of young Mary Ridensford's suitors. There was Gibbon of the Wood from the banks of Funcheon, who looked upon her with a loving eye, and who gave it out that he would cheerfully do battle with sword and axe—if that was the meaning of old Wattie Stem-the-Stream's answer—against any competitor for the lady's hand; there was Donat Burke of Roscoe, who swore that as he had lost his heart, he did not care a straw about losing his head for her sake; there was Raymond Grace of Burnfort, who made oath to his confidential friend that along with putting his heart's blood in jeopardy for the sake of gaining her affections, he would willingly throw in his lands and castle into the bargain, and there was a host of others; but the rivalry at last seemed hottest between Gibbon of the Wood and the young castellan of Cnoc Graffon, whose name was John de Botiller, or Butler; and who, besides being a distant cousin of the Earl of Ormond, was also accounted the boldest horseman of the border, and the best and truest hand at sword-play, pistol, mark, or deft tricks of dagger in time of war, and also in every athletic amusement on festival days on village green and by fairy well. One day John de Botiller received intimation from one of his daltins, or horseboys, that Gibbon of the Wood was after paying a visit on matrimonial subjects intent, to the House of the Shield. This information, was not, of course, very welcome to the young and fiery castellan of Cnoc Graffon. With a dark brow he began revolving the subject in his mind, and at last took his horse and rode away for the purpose of paying a similar visit to Wattie Stem-the-Stream. He found that worthy sitting by his castle gate grimly contemplating a certain pass in the far-off range of mountains, where once upon a time he had the satisfaction of seeing a detachment of the Desmond soldiers cut to pieces by the followers of his ancient lord and master, Thomas, the Black Earl of Ormond. Now, the young castellan of

Cnoc Graffon knew well the kind of man he had to deal with, and proceeded at once to business with an abruptness and candor woefully contrasting with the matrimonial circumlocutions and match-making chicanery of more modern times.

"Wat Ridensford," said he, after receiving the curt but hearty welcome of the old man, "you know me since I was a child. I have nothing but my castle and the few acres around it—nothing else but my sword to help me on through the world:—will you give me your daughter for a wife?"

"That I cannot tell," answered Wattie. "I have often said that the best and bravest man in Ormond should only get her. What do you say to that?"

"Nothing!" answered John de Botiller; "nothing, only that I cannot understand it. I tell you what, I have heard that Gibbon of the Wood was here to-day. To him I suppose you have given the same answer; but know, Wattie Stem-the-Stream, that as I have come—yes, come here I believe the twelfth time—I am determined not to be put off with a riddle any longer." It was now he had showed his knowledge of Wattie's character. "You must tell me what you mean," continued he. "If you do not, here is a level space before us; draw your sword, and you will soon see that, if you were twice as good a man as you are, I'll whip the answer in a thrice out of that old iron carcass of yours! Draw!"

This was exactly what Wattie Stem-the-Stream wanted, and what he was for a long time expecting from some one of the suitors for his daughter's hand. He now quietly stood up, and drew the heavy sword he usually carried by his side. With a grim smile of mingled approval and affection, he looked upon the splendid figure of the young castellan of Cnoc Graffon, as the latter stood opposite him also with his drawn sword in hand, ready to begin the strange contest.

"The answer—the answer!" exclaimed John de Botiller.

"Take that instead!" answered Wattie Stem-the-Stream, making a playful cut of his sword at the young castellan, which, however, the latter avoided by a nimble bound in a backward direction. A sharp combat, half play, half earnest, ensued, the result of which was, that Wattie Stem-the-Stream was at last beaten back against the wall by his young antagonist.

"Yield, Wattie! yield, and give the answer!" exclaimed John de Botiller, as the old man planted his back against the wall and stood warily on his defence. "Yield! yield!" continued he, dancing nimbly round, and making various playful lunges and slashes at the old man, at which the latter at length burst into a hearty and sonorous fit of laughter, and dropped the point of his sword with a mark of grimace on his swarthy old countenance, in token of submission.

"The answer you shall have, by my father's head!" exclaimed Wattie, as he now planted himself upon the stone seat by the gateway, and invited the young horseman to take a place beside him. "Here it is," continued he. "I have sworn that none but the best man in Ormond shall get my daughter for a wife, and you may be sure that Wattie Ridensford is not the man to break his oath. I will appoint a

day on which the suitors can come to Tig-na-Sgiath, and try their prowess at every kind of exercise. On that day, if you come, you will get your chance, and between us both," continued he, grasping the hand of the young castellan, and giving it a tremendous squeeze, "I wish you success, so whatever happens by flood or field, be here on the day appointed!"

"It is enough," said John de Botiller, returning the friendly grasp of the old soldier. "I will be here, and with Mary looking on me from the castle window, I hope to acquit myself so that I shall come off the winner of her fair hand!"

With that he bade farewell to old Wattie Stem-the-Stream, and rode away to Cnoc Graffon. This occurred on the evening of May Day; but ere a fortnight was over, there was a storm raised in the land which left but little time to the wooers of young Mary Ridensford to think on the day of trial, whatever time it might occur. The Earl of Essex had marched southwards and laid siege to Cahir Castle. After several sallies and skirmishes between the belligerents, and a terrible cannonade from the batteries of Essex, the latter at length succeeded in taking possession of the fortress. Leaving a garrison behind him, he then marched into Desmond, fighting various battles as he proceeded. Throughout the whole siege, John de Botiller and all the young men of the neighborhood were, of course, employed in defending the castle; but now, when all was over, they began to think of the strange resolution old Wattie Stem-the-Stream had come to with regard to the disposal of the hand of his daughter. They so importuned Wattie that he at last fixed a day, and now, without the slightest consideration for the feelings of his daughter, although he loved her well, he awaited its coming, thinking, of course, that the bravest soldier and most active man in the country, whoever he was, would make the best and fondest husband for Mary. But the latter did not agree with her father's notions on the matter. She loved the handsome young castellan of Cnoc Graffon, and was resolved to marry no one else, whoever the successful competitor might be on Midsummer Day, for that was the one appointed by old Wattie for the trial between her wooers. Many an hour she sat and wept in her little chamber in the House of the Shield, thinking of the dangerous position she was in; and what must have been her grief and terror, when at last Midsummer Day came, and though a numerous throng of competitors had arrived at the castle, there was still no appearance of young John de Botiller. The latter, however, was a score of miles away at the time, acting as officer of the guard at Carrick Castle, where military discipline was enforced with such strictness that he did not dare to leave his post during the temporary absence of Lord Ormond.

Meanwhile the trial between the wooers at the House of the Shield went on gloriously, Wattie Stem-the-Stream wondering from time to time at the continued absence of the young castellan, Cnoc Graffon, whose suit he favored secretly. Several competitors had given in as the day advanced, and before noon was over the contest in every athletic trial lay principally between Gibbon of the Wood, Donat Burke of Roscoe, and Raymond Grace, the young lord of Burnfort.

Poor Donat Burke at last fractured his knee, at the leaping of the bawn wall, and gave up the contest, so that, to all appearance, the hand of Mary Ridensford was destined in a short time to fall to the lot of either Raymond Grace or the sturdy Gibbon of the Wood, both of whom were now engaged at a terrible bout of wrestling on the level lawn. At length Raymond went down, and, notwithstanding his various threats, that he would peril life and lands to gain the hand of Mary Ridensford, and a gratuitous one to the effect that he would have the heart's blood of any other man that would succeed in winning it, he very philosophically gave in at the proposal of the next and final trial, which was to be a deadly bout between himself and the formidable Gibbon, with broad-sword, buckler, and skein.

And now Gibbon of the Wood boldly claimed the hand of poor Mary, who was at that moment, with bitter tears in her eyes, looking over the sloping plain towards the Suir, expecting her lover to make his appearance. And he did appear at last, just as the fatal words were about being spoken by her father, that would make her the affianced wife of the dreaded Gibbon. Lord Ormond had returned to Carrick early that morning, and when he heard the story from the young castellan of Cnoc Graffon, he laughed heartily, and gave the latter liberty to set off as fast as his good steed would carry him for the House of the Shield. There John de Botiller arrived at the time we have indicated, and a terrible contest commenced between him and the now enraged Gibbon, who did not give in till he had lost the two best fingers of his right hand, in the last trial with skein and broad-sword.

And so John de Botiller won the hand of the lovely Mary Ridensford, and they were wedded shortly afterwards. But there were tears in her eyes soon after the marriage, for, two days afterwards, her young husband was forced to bid her farewell, and, with as many men as he could muster, return to the banners of Lord Ormond, the eastern borders of whose territory were at the time in a state of war and trouble, and continual tumult. Many a weary moon passed over poor Mary as she sat in the turret window of her father's house, looking out over the wide plains for the return of her gallant husband; but he came not, for he was still taking part in the raids of Lord Ormond, on the far-off eastern borders. Many a time she looked upon her marriage ring, and bathed it with tears, as she thought of the day when John de Cnoc Graffon had placed it on her finger.

And now the south-western borders began to come in for their share of the troubles. Wattie Stem-the-Stream and the other castellans of the neighborhood rose with their followers, and fell upon Cahir Castle, but, after a sharp contest with the garrison left behind by Essex, they were forced to retire from its walls. In consequence of this attack, the President of Munster sent Sir John Dowdall, a veteran soldier of the Queen, across the mountains to Youghal, to quiet the borders, and place a fresh garrison in Cahir Castle. He not only succeeded in throwing in the garrison, but also laid siege to and took the whole chain of border towers, one after the other, the stronghold of Wattie Stem-the-Stream included. It was thus that, on a

certain fine day, the belligerent Wattie found himself and his daughter, the young and sad wife of the castellan of Cnoc Graffon, close prisoners in the mighty, and, at that time, almost impregnable, fortress of Cahir. The father fretted and fumed at being thus rendered inactive, when so much was still to be done outside, but the daughter sat quietly in her prison chambers, and looking on her bridal ring, day after day, still bathed it with many a bitter tear, as she thought of the grief her absent husband would feel when he heard of their woeful state.

It is not to be supposed that the young castellan of Cnoc Graffon remained quiet, when a secret messenger from the stout Wattie Stem-the-Stream bore him the news. He immediately proceeded to James Galdie, the Earl of Ormond's brother, and with him concocted a plan for the capturing of the castle, just as the shadows of night loomed down darkly upon plain and glen from the adjacent summits of the Gaultee Mountains. They had brought with them a number of ladders, and having crossed the drawbridge, in the dead silence of the night, they began scaling the inner wall. Ere a dozen of them had gained the bawn inside, the garrison was aroused, and, rushing out sword and gun in hand under Thomas Quayle, the castellan, a short and sharp struggle commenced between the two parties. Wattie Stem-the-Stream and his daughter were soon awakened in their prison chambers by the loud clashing of swords and the rattling of guns and petronels outside. And now the loud crash of a falcon, or small cannon, resounded from a tower overhead, followed by a strange, fearful, and rustling noise, that seemed to tear the rocky walls of the prison chamber asunder, after which the young bride sat pale and terror-stricken for a moment, and then gave one wild and heart-piercing cry of anguish and despair.

"The ring! the ring!" she cried holding out her hand to her startled father. "Ah, me! ah, me! it is broken, and I know but too well that my noble husband is slain!"

The father took the trembling hand in his, and, examining the bridal ring, found it cracked asunder and almost falling off the finger of the poor young bride. Still the uproar continued outside, but after a short time it ceased. The prison door at length opened, and John Galdie and a few men strode into the chamber with the news that they had taken the castle. The moment the door was opened, Mary, with another wild cry, rushed out, and when they searched for her, a few moments afterwards, they found her by the wall, stretched beside the dead body of her husband, who had fallen beneath the cannon-ball from the tower above. They raised her, but she, too, was dead; and when they took her lily-white hand and looked upon the ring, they found it whole and as sound as ever, a mysterious sign of her being reunited to her husband in the bridal of death. They were laid side by side in the little churchyard, and many a traveller, as the seasons come and go, sits there and muses sadly over the last resting-place of the brave John de Botiller and his loving wife.

LINES WRITTEN ON VISITING THE GRAVE OF

James Clarence Mangan.

[James Clarence Mangan—the soul of Irish poetry, and one of the brightest amongst the minstrels of Erin, is interred in Glasnevin cemetery, North Dublin, beneath an humble stone slab, unworthy of the man and unworthy of the nation to which he belongs. When shall we see a “poets’ corner” inside this great “city of the dead?” When shall we see a worthy monument erected over the remains of this, the tenderest of our Irish poets?]

I.

CAN this be the grave of the great Clarence Mangan?
 Can this be the spot where his cold ashes sleep?
 Forgotten by all who once loved him so dearly,
 Despised and deserted — a grass-grown heap?

II.

Ah, yes! I see sadly he rests 'neath the hillock,
 Who woke his young harp to so sweet a refrain,
 Who moved by its soft notes hearts dead to emotion,
 Who touched with his light hand the tenderest strain.

III.

Who, like the low wind singing soft tunes unnumbered,
 While borne through the reeds, in the valley along,
 Poured forth from his sweet harp, whose chords were of sorrow,
 A flow without ceasing of passionate song.

IV.

The breeze still keeps singing its sad notes while kissing
 The green sod, beneath which in calmness he waits
 'Till the sound of the trumpet shall tell to all nations
 That time has flung open Eternity's gates.

V.

Oh, Clarence, not thus you deserve from your brothers!
 To sleep, with no beacon to call from the way
 The fond and the loving to weep o'er your ashes,—
 The pure and the holy to kneel here and pray.

VI.

Yet calmly rest, Clarence; my tear drops are falling
 Above thy still heart, while I lie here and weep;
 And though all may desert thee, I'll hie me in silence
 To visit and pray where thy fond ashes sleep.

The Cross.

CARDINAL MANNING in a recent sermon remarked : In the hour of His Crucifixion Jesus Christ began to reign, and reign for all eternity. He reigned over the intellect of those who believed in Him, and over the hearts of those who loved Him ; and that Cross of the Passion had ever since been an open book, written in letters of light, to the Saints who loved Him and to the poor who were unlearned in other things. The Crucifix had been to the children of Christendom the perpetual revelation of God's love, and so St. Paul spoke of the breadth, and length, and height, and depth of the charity of Christ. The Cross, then, was the measure of the love of God ; so it was also of other truths, such as the depth of the fall of man from God, and the heinousness of sin. There were some who thought that man was the same as he always had been, but by the light of faith we knew how high he once was when God created him after his own likeness, and gave him dominion over the world. How deep was his fall ! his union with God was forfeited, his passions overruled him, his will became weak, he became degraded and as the beasts that perished. And the Cross was the measure of that degradation. Secondly, it was the measure of the heinousness of sin. In the moment of disobedience man forfeited the gift of the Holy Spirit. This was the death of his soul. He forfeited also his life and the possession of the garden of Paradise, for death followed sin as a shadow follows substance. Thirdly, the Cross was the measure of the love of God. What was the motive which led Jesus Christ to come down, as in the parable, to seek the lost sheep ? It was love. He might have redeemed the world in another way ; but He choose to die in all the circumstances of an unimaginable agony, because every several pain was a proof of the love of God. As we measured the love of a friend by what he would undergo, so we might measure the revelations of the love of God taught us by the Cross. There are two depths unfathomable, continued the preacher, that of the love of God and that of the sinfulness of man ; and the Cross was the sole measure by which we could estimate them. Let the sensual man, therefore, measure his own sins by the Cross. Others, also, should take the Crucifix and make it the test of those spiritual sins in which multitudes lived and died — sins of imagination, desire, will. There were many who unconsciously had spiritual sins which morally distorted them — pride, for instance, which induced dependence upon themselves and forgetfulness of God, and lifted them up so that they lived in what St. John called the pride of life. Such was the intellectual pride of philosophers, who took upon themselves to decide that nothing could be known. There was nothing that these and other philosophers looked on with such scorn as the Cross of Jesus Christ. Those who were sensual, indulging their appetites in every way, those who lived lightly for pleasure, what part had they in the Cross ? It was to redeem them from the world that Jesus Christ suffered on it. Let those who loved themselves take the Crucifix and

see in it the love of Jesus Christ. In conclusion, the preacher said we should take the Crucifix for a guide. It taught penitence and self-chastisement, self-sacrifice and obedience. It taught us rather to die than commit a mortal sin, or voluntarily to commit a venial sin. Which path should we choose of two ways, the easy and pleasant or the hard? We should, if we had the love of God, choose that one which was most like our Lord's. Christendom gazed on the Cross as the multitudes gazed on it on Calvary. Many then looked doubtfully upon Christ, fearing rather than believing that He was the Messiah. There were those now who, like the Roman soldiers, did not know the truth, those who had known Him and had turned away from Him, those who, like St. Mary Magdalene, had repented; and for these last the contemplation of the Crucifix had an unfailing attraction. We should pray that from now the Passion of Our Lord might be the book by which we might prepare for Confession and Communion, and by which we might rule our life. For "Christ died for all, that they also who live may not live now to themselves but unto Him who died for them and rose again."

Selfishness.

GERMAN philosophers distinguish all things into two — *Ego* and *Non Ego*: I and not I; or Self and not Self. This seems to be a needless cudgeling of the brains: for the world has been full of this dichotomy from the day after the Fall. It needed no Fichte to tell us. It begins in the nursery. To have the food it likes, and not to take the physic it does not like; to be first served, first thought of and incessantly petted and spoiled: this is the first working of the *Ego*. There are some children who can talk of nothing but themselves and their own playthings. And there are parents who make playthings of their children, and encourage their talk of self, little thinking of the life-long mischief and haunting misery they are laying up in the child's *Ego* and for every other *Non Ego*. Such characters grow up obtrusively selfish in every advance of age, and in every condition of life. They are habitually self-conscious; that is, self is always uppermost in their mind. They think that everybody is looking at them, noticing them, watching them. They can do nothing simply; in tone and manner and gait and talk they are always in *falsetto*: they can never forget themselves. If they sing, they are thinking of how they sing, how they look, what people think of them. If they talk, they forget what they have to say, in thinking of how to say it. They are thought to be affected. But affectation is the deliberate putting on of something which is not natural. This self-consciousness is a second nature, and is not affected or put on. It is like the shirt of Nessus, which clings so close that it cannot be put off; or, in truth, it is a kind of possession: a self within themselves; a double consciousness, in which self reflects itself, like the face in a room of many mirrors, which reflect

and multiply the person. This is one kind of selfishness which is its own dire torment.

Another form of selfishness is what we call self-seeking; that is, whatever we do or say is always foreshortened against self. Self is behind it in some form. Men go into trade, to enrich themselves; or into public life, to raise themselves; or to the bar, to distinguish themselves. All this is downright straightforward and perceptible. It is in some degree their avowed motive, and the world does not blame them. But, there are more refined ways of self-seeking. Some people will do little good in secret, but lose no chance of doing what has notoriety. They are profuse in consoling sorrows that are well advertised, and in doing services to those who in turn can do more for them. It is a dangerous thing to accept gifts: for two days after come requests. Sudden and unlooked-for acts of generosity are often very expensive, and cost us much in the end. Such friends have been approaching us by parallels, and investing us by zigzags.

Successful men who go on through life, in steady advance from post to post of trust, or power, are generally thought to be selfish, and to have made self-advancement their end in life. It often may be so, but not always. Adventurers who without antecedents, or fitness, or congruity of state aim at advancement, may reasonably be thought to have self in view. But it often happens that a man's whole career is contained in the first step; and that step is not only not determined by self-seeking, but by a reluctant sense of duty. A man enters a marching regiment, and is sent on foreign service; after long years of mountain warfare in India, he comes home to be sent off again and suddenly, to fight with Zulus or Boers. His seniors in command are cut off by fever, or shot down in battle; he has to lead his regiment under fire, and his services bring him to a chief command. Nobody accuses such a man of ambition. The same is true of the bar, and of Parliament, and of other callings. He may have been seeking himself; but he may have been seeking only to do his duty with all his conscience, and to serve his country with all his strength. They who seek themselves in any profession, rarely do either of these things. They have great rewards for little service, and are known rather for what they gain for themselves, than for what they do for the good of others. They have prospered, but the welfare of their country has not advanced.

In these days, it is assumed that every man ought to aim at the highest degree of self-culture in letters or science or personal excellence; and in this it is thought that selfishness has no place. But the definition of pride is an inordinate desire of one's own perfection. Perhaps there is more of selfishness among men of culture, than in other ways of life. They readily combine into mutual admiration societies. No men are more sensitive, eager and jealous, than those who give their names to inventions, or stake their reputation on discoveries, or identify their reputation with theories of criticism and of metaphysics. Their warfare is internecine, neither asking nor giving quarter. If their discoveries turn out not to be new, or their invention to be already found out, life is over. Their *raison d'être* has

ceased. Why should they live, if we do not descend from apes or spring from bathybios ; or, if we have a will ; much more, if matter does not think ; and still worse, if men have souls ? So much for science ; but for personal excellence, can any man cultivate himself too much ? No man can indeed cultivate charity, humility, self-forgetfulness, and unselfishness too much. The more he does so, the less of self will remain in him. But then he will cultivate himself, not for himself, but for duty, and for shame at his own lower life. To such a man, admiration of himself, and assumed superiority over others, will be morally impossible ; because he never dreams that he is even on a level with other men, and always believes them to be better than himself. There is no self here. But he may indeed cultivate himself with the intensity of a Brahmin, receding steadily from humility, charity and self-forgetfulness, and becoming daily more occupied with his own perfection, more critical of the faults of others, and more full of a priggish excellence which is self-conscious, human and pharisaic. This is what is meant by self-worship.

Once more, there is now springing up among us a new and perilous kind of selfishness, which consists in a love of refinement, art, and beauty. It is attractive and fascinating, sentimental and sensuous, soft and self-indulgent. It shows itself in fantastic dress, exquisite manners, costly furniture, studied selection of food and drink, ease of life, avoidance of trouble, self-sacrifice, self-denial. Such men live among their fellows with a refined hardness of heart, a stony selfishness, feeding on ambrosia while death reigns over mortals, like the gods of Epicurus.

We can only give one more instance of selfishness. There are those who weep away their lives in self-pity. Everything goes wrong with them : everybody disappoints them : everybody is unjust to them : everybody is cruel. Nobody sympathizes with them. They are not appreciated in society ; and least of all at home ; and worst of all, they have to suffer from the strange want of common kindness in their nearest kindred and their oldest friends. Does it never occur to such mourners, that as they so crave for sympathy, they ought to give it ? And that, because they give so little, they cannot perceive that self in them is so enlarged that it hides everything, even itself, from their sight ? If only they would forget themselves for twenty-four hours, they would be exorcised of a *cacodæmon*.

How rare, and how beautiful, is the self-forgetfulness of the poor, and the simple, and the single-hearted, who look out of their eyes upon all around them without thought of their own existence ; who do what is right, because it is right, and what is kind for kindness' sake, conscious of the sorrow and sufferings around them ; bearing their own in silence, thanking God that they are neither more nor heavier ; and losing all thought of self in the duties of the day, and in the unselfish service of all who need them.

HENRY EDWARD, Cardinal Archbishop, in *Merry England*.

BLESSED is the charity that thinks as well as gives.

Oiling the Waters.

SOME years ago it occurred to Mr. John Shields, an enterprising citizen of Perth, that it might be possible to apply oil in such a systematic manner as to calm the entrance to a harbor in stormy weather; and in course of time he fixed upon Peterhead, in Aberdeenshire, the easternmost headland of Scotland, as the most suitable spot for his experiments. His plan was to lay iron and lead pipes from the beach right across the harbor, to the open sea, terminating in deep water two hundred feet beyond the bar; and then, by means of a force pump on the shore, to pump oil into tubes, and eject it at the bottom of the sea, so that as it rose to the surface it might be driven inward, and prevent the formation of breakers on the bar. During the last month the apparatus was fully and practically tested for the first time, and with considerable success. "As the oil rose to the surface of the water the dangerous white crests disappeared; and though the strong tide still swept inward in large billows—a heavy gale was blowing—they were shorn of their terror, and became perfectly smooth rollers, in which any vessel or boat might safely have ridden into dock." Miss Gordon Cumming, in an interesting paper on "Oiling the Waves," recalls this experiment, and dwells upon the folly of mariners neglecting to use oil for the purpose of saving their ships when in danger from the fury of a gale, and she gives many and well-authenticated instances of ships being saved in this way. We quote a single case of many given. Captain Betts, of the *King Cenric*, from Liverpool to Bombay, ran into a heavy gale which raged furiously for five days. Fortunately, the chief officer had seen oil bags used profitably during storms in the Atlantic, and bethought him of applying the lesson. "He got two canvas cloth bags, and poured two gallons of common pine oil into each. Having slightly punctured the bags, he hung one over each side of the vessel, towing them along. The effect produced was magical. The waves, which had previously been breaking over the vessel, causing her tremendous shocks, now broke at a distance of many yards, while all around the ship and in her wake lay a wide belt of perfectly smooth water. The crew were thus enabled to repair damages, and were relieved from this most imminent danger." The present writer might give similar evidence from personal experience; yet it would be safe to say that not one skipper in a thousand has ever thought of applying this simple protection against foundering.

MEDICINE.—I have no faith in medicines. My remedies are fasting and the warm bath. At the same time I have a higher opinion of the medical, or rather the surgical profession, than of any other.—*Napoleon I.*

The Commercial Future of West Africa.

If the history of modern discovery in Africa have a moment comparable for dramatic interest to that in which Columbus turned his prow westward and sailed into space to link forever the destinies of two hemispheres, it is the one in which a roving white man in the far heart of Africa set his face down the current of a mighty stream, and committed himself to its waters, determined for weal or woe to track their course to the sea. The Genoese navigator, indeed, who divined and dared an unknown world, staked the whole future of humanity on his bold intuition ; but posterity may one day trace results scarcely less momentous to the resolve of the intrepid American who launched his canoe on the Congo at Nyangwé to win a second great inheritance for mankind. Nor did Nature, in the one case as in the other, surrender her secrets without exacting a heavy price in suffering and sorrow. The story of the long months of battle with the terrible river, with its leagues of eddying rapids, its plunges of thunderous cataracts, its swarms of hostile natives and flotillas of war canoes, is most eloquently and pathetically recorded in the crown of sorrow-won success that blanches above the resolute brow of the explorer, for Stanley reached the coast with hair silvered to the hue of age by the long agony of his voyage.

The exploration of the great moving highway of Africa makes an epoch in the discovery of the continent, closing the era of desultory and isolated research, and opening that of combined steady effort towards a definite though distant goal. That goal is the opening up of the vast equatorial regions to direct commercial intercourse with Europe.

Mercantile enterprise has been in all ages the mainspring of exploratory adventure ; but the needs of commerce in our own day are almost the reverse of those which gave its impulse to distant navigation in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The ocean was then searched, north, south, and west, for a route from Europe to the Indies, that the eager pioneers of progress might freight their ships with the semi-mythical treasures of those regions and become their distributors to the rest of the world. The modern heralds of civilization, on the contrary, seek in distant lands fresh fields of consumption rather than of production, and look on the barbarian less as a victim to be plundered or cheated of his unprized riches than as a neophyte to be educated to new wants, as a valuable customer for the commercial classes at home.

The sated markets of older countries no longer supply a sufficient demand for the products of modern industry, and the vast machinery called into existence for their elaboration cannot stand idle or collapse without occasioning a social cataclysm. Highly specialized human skill, represented by armies of trained workmen on the one hand, and enormous capital on the other, in the form of costly engines and vast palaces of industry, demand fresh outlets for their productive energies,

unless their accumulated force is to be suffered to run to waste. It is not alone the wealth of the few but the bread of the many that is at stake, for the idle loom means the empty hearth through whole quarters of crowded cities. In the great game of commercial speculation all prejudices of race and color are laid aside, and black counters may be admitted to make up the tally if the white run short.

Hence the sudden fever of emulation which has recently broken out among European States to obtain some foothold on the soil of Africa; hence the gigantic efforts now being made to link its almost inaccessible interior by some practicable route with the rest of the world. The competition has hitherto lain principally between two rivals — the French, through their colonial authorities on the West Coast, and the somewhat anomalous corporation originally known as the African International Association. Founded in 1876 by the private initiative of the king of the Belgians, the aims of this body were in the first instance purely philanthropic. To establish a chain of stations across Africa which might serve as halting-places and bases of supply for future travellers, thereby facilitating legitimate commerce, and effecting the extinction of the slave trade, such was the original programme of a body which, by the force of circumstances and the very necessities of its own existence, has gradually come to assume the authority and responsibility of a sovereign State throughout vast tracts of Africa. Like all great experiments, it has far transcended the designs of its projectors, and the new and unforeseen development of its position requires to be ratified by international recognition.

Zanzibar was made the first fulcrum of the operations of the newly-founded philanthropic society, and its outposts were thence pushed forward to the great Equatorial Lakes; but no sooner had Stanley's adventurous voyage revolutionized the question of African exploration, than the Belgian Association not only shifted its base from the shore of the Indian Ocean to that of the Atlantic, but engaged the services of the now famous traveller to open up for traffic the great waterway he had made known.

Thus it was as the pioneer of commerce and civilization that Stanley, accompanied by a large staff of laborers and coadjutors, reached the mouth of the Congo for the second time in August, 1879, two years after he had arrived there from the heart of Africa in the last stage of famine and exhaustion. The herculean nature of the task before him might well have daunted a less indomitable spirit, for it is no ready made and facile highway that the mammoth river of western Africa offers to the interior of the continent.

The Congo may be approximately divided into three vast canal sections flowing at different levels, with intervening tracts of broken and dizzy descent down which it plunges from each of these land terraces to the other. The mighty estuary, between whose expanded arms, seven miles apart, it projects its turbid volume at the rate of two million cubic feet per second, a hundred leagues into the Atlantic blue, is on the same scale of magnitude as its other features, and is navigable to a distance of one hundred and twenty miles from the sea. Here, at the first upward heave of the land, the great Falls of Yellala

mark the commencement of the cataract region, which extends, though with intervening navigable stretches, to Stanley Pool, some three hundred miles from the coast. In this tranquil basin, studded with fairy palm-feathered islands, the great river, expanded to a silver sheet twenty-three miles across each way, seems to pause in hushed and dreamy repose before hurling itself over the last series of obstacles in its path to the sea.

This inland haven, forming the heart or nucleus of the great arterial system of Africa, is destined, according to the enthusiastic forecasts of its rival explorers, to be the emporium of a continent thronged by the merchant navies of the world, since it forms the terminus of a vast network of inland navigation, furnished by the great river and its affluents, extending in an unbroken length of nearly one thousand miles far into the heart of Africa. The furious series of rapids, known as Stanley Falls, corresponds there to the second step of the continent, above which the Upper Congo flows again through its great central depression in another comparatively tranquil reach of twelve hundred miles. At Nyangwe, three hundred miles from its source, the river has an expanse varying according to the season from thirteen hundred to five thousand yards, with a low-water depth of eighteen feet. Its tributaries, ramifying in a fan-shaped network of silver threads, enmeshing the continent in a vast web of waters, gather from regions conterminous with those drained by the Nile, the Niger, and the Zambesi, the opulent volume of its flood. Many of these affluents, as yet unexplored, rival the main stream in amplitude, having a width at the junction of one thousand yards and upwards. The Aruwimi, which joins it from the north, is navigable for steamers for a hundred miles, and, if identical with Schweinfurth's Welle, would open a route to the southern provinces of the Egyptian Soudan.

Stanley's first step towards rendering these upper channels accessible from the coast was to found a station at Vivi, near the limit of maritime navigation, and thence to set about the construction of a road intended to turn the obstacles of the river. Ravines and precipices were bridged and blasted in the process, winning for Stanley his native soubriquet of *Bula Metadi*, or "breaker of the rocks," and after two years of severe and continuous labor a steamer was actually transported over this seemingly impracticable route, and in July, 1881, launched at Isanghila above the first group of cataracts. A second series, higher up, had yet to be passed in similar laborious fashion, but this was also achieved, and in December, 1881, the *En Avant* floated safely on Stanley Pool, the great water-gate of the continent. Thus, the explorer's dream took shape in actual reality, and the first busy throb of commerce stirred in the dead heart of Africa.

From this point, on the level of the great continental plateau, the upper reaches of the stream have been systematically explored, and two considerable lakes discovered on its affluents near the Equator. The flag of the Association has been carried as far as Stanley Falls, the present limit of upper navigation, where a permanent station has been formed on Wani Rusana, a large island ceded by the native chiefs.

The results of Mr. Stanley's activity during the past five years, are now visible in a flotilla of boats and steamers freely navigating the upper Congo; in communications maintained and established on its lower course, bringing Stanley Pool within fourteen days' journey of the coast; in a chain of thirty-six stations, three on the Pool and six above it, which a fresh expedition is about to connect with that of Karema on Lake Tanganika; and finally, in large tracts of territory occupied with full rights of sovereignty in right of treaties of cession from native chiefs. Thus a complete cordon has been formed, stretching across the hitherto unexplored continent, with the surprising result that letters may actually be sent from Banana, on the Atlantic, to Zanzibar, on the Mozambique shore.

But the very vastness of this success, and the boldness of the means by which it has been attained, have raised a new set of problems, bringing into question the political status of the organization which has thus suddenly assumed the dimensions of a great power. Its founders seem to feel the necessity for some formal legalization of their anomalous position, and their efforts are now directed to obtaining diplomatic recognition. This has been already accorded to them by the Government of the United States under the title of Free States of the Congo, and the European Powers are gradually following the example.

The incipient State has put forth a manifesto shadowing forth a future Constitution, and a scheme of administrative organization. A governor-general, assisted by a legislative council and executive committee, all under the orders of a supreme junta at Brussels, would seem to recall the machinery of the East India Company; but the new sovereigns of Central Africa differ from that famous corporation in disclaiming all commercial monopoly. The most stringently exclusive trade privileges are indeed conferred on them by treaties with native chiefs; but these, it seems, they generously intend for the benefit of others rather than themselves, since they guarantee absolute freedom of trade to the whole world throughout their dominions. The crucial question arises, How is revenue to be raised? for even royal munificence cannot continue to support the increasing expenditure entailed by the vastly enlarged sphere of action of the Association. The "endowment fund," which enables them to dispense with tolls and customs, must be largely supplemented from some other source, and the State must eventually become self-supporting, if it is to continue in existence. It is probably to rent of land leased for building or agricultural purposes that the founders of the Association look to fill their treasury, for we are told that future villages are blocked out and lands parcelled into lots, ready for expected settlers to take up and occupy. European colonization of their territory on a large scale evidently forms part of the beneficent dreams of the Association, which has realized so much of what seemed impossible, that it is hard to place a limit to its future achievements.

By a master-stroke of policy, the creators of the new State have sought to convert their most formidable antagonist into an ally by

giving France a reversionary interest in their acquisitions.* The preferential right of purchase accorded to her in case of alienation of territory on the part of the Association, seemed for a time to have ended the emulous race for annexation between Stanley on behalf of the latter, and the champion of French exploration, a spirit not less adventurous than his own.

Pietro Savorgnan de Brazza, born in Rome in 1852, derives his high-mettled tenacity of purpose from an ancient and war-like race, whose feudal charter for their stronghold in Friuli dates from the tenth century. A seventh son, with no inheritance to look to, save his noble name and dauntless heart, the young Count left his native country when but fourteen to seek his fortunes abroad. Entering the Naval College in Brest, he passed thence into the French navy as midshipman in 1870, and after service in other parts of the world, found himself, three years later, in the French colony of the Gaboon, whose abandonment was at that time contemplated by the authorities. Here he was seized with the exploratory fever, and asked and obtained leave to survey the Ogowe River, debouching in French territory, as a possible route to Central Africa. With very small resources, in part supplied from the private fortune of his mother, he began in 1875 a series of wanderings, resulting in a discovery of some importance. The head-waters of the Ogowe were found to be navigable to within sixty miles of those of the Alima, a considerable affluent of the Congo above Stanley Pool, and more recent researches, tracing out another feeder of the Ogowe, have reduced to twelve miles the distance between the two river systems. The construction of a short line of road thus opens to the French colonists the possibility of diverting through their own territory a portion of the traffic borne by the great waterway of Equatorial Africa. Fired with an exalted sense of his mission as a harbinger of humanizing influences, the young explorer early made the French flag an inviolable sanctuary of freedom, proclaiming the emancipation of all fugitive slaves who should seek its shelter and touch its folds. His humanity, which earned him among the natives the name of "Father of Slaves," stood him in good stead in subsequent explorations, for these freedmen, returning to their homes in the upper country, procured him a favorable reception among their friends.

The two pioneers of West Africa first met in 1880, when de Brazza, fresh from his recent discovery, walking into the station near Vivi, haggard but triumphant, presented to Stanley's astonished gaze the phenomenon of a white man appearing suddenly from the interior of the continent. Unkempt, unshorn, in the frayed and tarnished remnant of a naval uniform, whose tattered fringes hung above his bare and blistered feet, not even his nine centuries of patrician lineage, or the romantic picturesqueness of his Italian beauty, could make him appear other than a disreputable vagrant, and such it seems was the light in which he first struck his host at Vivi.

* And now by an Article in the Berlin Conference, France has secured the right to levy whatever protective duties she may please in the event of her obtaining possession of this territory after twenty years from the present date.

But Stanley's contempt changed to indignation when, on hastening up to the Pool, he found that his tatterdemalion visitor had forestalled him with the chiefs, that Makoko, whose name, signifying "Lord of the Stream," implies his suzerainty over the riverain tribes, had accepted a French protectorate, and that the tricolour already waved over the northern shore of the great inland basin. The treaty with Makoko was formerly ratified by the French Chamber in December, 1882, and on January 11 following a grant of 1,275,000 francs was voted to de Brazza for fresh explorations.

The disappointment he had in this instance inflicted on Stanley, was avenged by the latter some little time after, for de Brazza having explored the Quilu Valley, and gone to France to urge its annexation, returned to find it occupied by Stanley in his absence. The triangle formed by the diverging courses of this river and the Congo was then, early in 1883, garrisoned with ten stations by the agents of the Association, now organized as a province, with Captain Grant-Elliot as administrator, and a staff of twenty-eight officers and two hundred and fifty men. From the Quilu mouth, their only outlet to the sea, the Belgian representatives later extended their territory northwards as far as Sette Cama, on the French frontier, and the Lone Star flag of the Association waved here over an unbroken stretch of three hundred miles of Atlantic seaboard.

De Brazza had to content himself for the time with the acquisition of some places of secondary importance, leaving the command of the Quilu Valley in the hands of his rival. The territories annexed by him to France, officially designated the Upper and Lower Ogowe and Alima Provinces, are occupied by twenty-four stations, of which two, Brazzaville, on Stanley Pool, and another, some sixty miles higher, are on the Upper Congo. Communications throughout this region are, however, difficult and uncertain, owing to the hostility of some of the tribes, and it seems doubtful whether the French dominion, despite its commanding position on the Pool, will ever furnish a commercial route to the sea.

It was in Paris, on October 20, 1882, that the rival explorers met for the second time, and their interview was sufficiently characteristic to be chronicled. Stanley, at a public dinner given in his honor by a society of English and Americans, had just concluded a sarcastic and contemptuous description of the miserable plight in which de Brazza had first presented himself at Vivi, when it was announced that the latter, who had been informed of what was proceeding, requested to be received by the company. All expected a scene of retorts and recriminations, but the chivalrous young sailor walked with extended hand straight up to his rival, and said, "I hear, dear colleague, that you have been handling me somewhat severely in your speech, but, before I learn what you have said, let me once more shake hands with you." "Sir," said the chairman of the meeting, "you have given proof of consummate tact."

While France and the Belgian Association were thus competing for access to the Upper Congo, the estuary and coast between 8° and 5° 12" south latitude were claimed by Portugal in right of priority of

discovery and occupation. Her pretensions, hitherto practically acquiesced in by other Powers, had for nearly fifty years back been hotly contested by England, principally on the ground of her failure to suppress the slave-trade from her dominions. She was thus prevented from exercising any effective jurisdiction northward of Ambriz, while claiming titular sovereignty some hundreds of miles beyond.

But when the English Government saw in the annexations of M. de Brazza a danger to British trade in the Congo region, the claims of Portugal, whose weakness would at any time render her amenable to control or coercion, were hastily recognized as a barrier against more formidable encroachments. Hence the abortive Anglo-Portuguese Treaty, never ratified, though signed on February 26, 1884, and principally memorable for its share in directing public opinion to the West African question.

The objections taken to it were twofold — moral and commercial. Portugal has for various reasons long been in bad odor in Africa, her supposed slave-trading proclivities being alleged against her on the one hand, and the demoralizing influence of her colonies from their use as penal settlements on the other. The low character of the Portuguese half-castes, who, deriving their European element from the criminal classes, are amongst the worst types of a mixed race, also tends to increase the prevailing prejudice against the nation. The traffic, moreover, in free negroes, shipped to supply the labor market of the Island of St. Thomas, under the form of a five years' contract, termed *engagement libre*, savors too much of her ancient iniquities not to call down the denunciations of humanitarians. We will not attempt to decide between the conflicting statements as to the real position of these laborers, or pretend to know whether the admirable code of laws for their welfare and protection is very rigidly enforced against their white masters; all that is certain is, that few or none of them ever return to their native country, and that many of them die of home-sickness.

While effecting thus little for the interests of civilization in Africa, for those of religion, Portugal, though a Catholic State, has in the present day done almost less, and the presence of a priest or a church throughout her colonies is rather the exception than the rule.

But the Anglo-Portuguese agreement, regarded from a practical point of view, afforded still more irrefragable grounds of criticism. So ill-informed was the Foreign Office as to the requirements of British trade, that the Treaty as actually signed, sanctioned, under the name of the Mozambique Tariff, a scale of import duties which on certain classes of English cotton goods would have ranged respectively from 25 to 30, and from 30 to 35 per cent., while Birmingham wares, such as guns, would have been subject to an import duty of 100, and powder to one of 120 per cent. *ad valorem*. It was only on the indignant representations of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce that this so-called "liberal" tariff was modified by a correcting clause, establishing a maximum of 10 per cent., for the duty on all goods except tobacco, brandy, guns, and powder. It may be remarked that even this limitation leaves a considerable margin to the discretion of custom house officials, since

the taxable value of imports is struck by adding to their value at the place of production the estimated cost of freight, insurance, and commission.

The wisdom of the Treaty might, at least, have been susceptible of argument ; but its futility was incontrovertibly self-evident, since a mere dual arrangement concluded between England and Portugal without reference to other Powers was not worth the parchment it was written on. For the African question had gone through many stages of development since England stood alone in barring the right of Portugal to the mouth of the Congo, and the interests and ambitions of many other nations had begun to centre about that great outlet of a newly-opened continent.

If, however, the impotent product of English and Portuguese diplomacy had been purely negative in its results, it would not have been worth remembering even as an instance of the shortsightedness of statesmen ; but it is memorable on other grounds as the immediate exciting cause of the present ferment of European opinion on the subject of West African colonization. The apparent assumption on the part of England to dispose of territory over which she had no jurisdiction, excited the jealous susceptibilities of foreign Powers, and an immediate interchange of views took place between France and Germany, resulting in the Conference of Berlin.

The appearance on the scene of the latter Power, hitherto an indifferent spectator, introduces a new element into the question which promises to be a considerable factor in its solution.

It is only within a very recent time that the idea of utilizing the large yearly emigration from Germany, as a means of national aggrandizement, has presented itself to the minds of her statesmen ; but it has been adopted with an ardor proportionate to its novelty. The colonial policy of our Teutonic cousins was inaugurated on a somewhat modest scale by the now famous settlement of Angra Pequena, whose history is not irrelevant here, as it has had no small effect in irritating the mind of the present arbiter of Europe against England, and it is said to have been not without its *contre-coup* even in Egypt.

This first colonial bantling of the great German Empire is scarcely on a scale commensurate with the expectations founded on it. On a desolate beach on the south-western coast of Africa, so arid that it has to draw its water supply some hundreds of miles by the sea from the Cape of Good Hope, the Bremen house of Lüderitz have erected two wooden shanties, constituting the whole of the settlement which has already made so much noise in the world. Its political history began in February, 1883, with a courteous request from the German government, that British protection might be extended to it, a demand to which the Colonial Office delayed for seven months to send a reply. The patience of the Berlin authorities being at last exhausted, they took the matter into their own hands, and declared the tiny settlement German soil, despite the feeble protests of the Foreign Office. The latter attempted, indeed, a counter-blast, since the Cape Government was instructed by the Home authorities to proclaim the annexation of the whole remaining coast from Walfisch Bay to the Orange River,

thus isolating the nascent colony, and forbidding it all future growth and expansion. To this assertion of British right, the only reply was the assertion of German might by the despatch of a gunboat to occupy Spencer and Sandwich Bays, and Capes Cross and Frio, the most important points on the coast in question, of which they thus took forcible possession.

A similar cruise of summary annexation was headed by Dr. Nachtigal, on the West Coast, where the German flag was hoisted at Bageida, Afla, Little Popo, and Gun Coffee, points on the Guinea shore between Dahomey and the Gold Coast, some of them under nominal British protectorate. A like proceeding farther south, converting the Cameroons River and about a hundred miles of adjacent coast into German territory, seems not to have been allowed to pass without an active protest from the representatives of British authority, and here, we are told, a series of battles of the standard took place, each side hauling down alternately the colors hoisted by the other.

The result of this bloodless and somewhat inglorious war of bunting has been to place Germany in possession of seven hundred and thirty miles of comparatively worthless coast, while the remainder of the line from the Senegal to the Cape territory is distributed as follows: France six hundred miles, Liberia three hundred and fifty, England eight hundred and fifty; or, including the Niger Delta, thirteen hundred, while Portugal claims eight hundred, and the Belgian Association, holds three hundred, leaving but five hundred (exclusive of the Niger Delta) in native hands, of which the Congo coast alone is of any importance.

On the great river itself the Portuguese claim both banks of the estuary as far as Nokki, where the domain of the International Association begins, its continuity hence to Stanley Falls, the head of the Middle Congo Valley, being broken only by two French stations on the right bank. Its agents had sought to secure their flank by the occupation of the lateral valley of the Quilu, the possible route of a direct railway from Stanley Pool to the sea, superseding the difficult line of communication by the Lower Congo. Here navigation, possible only to ships of light draught as far as Boma, is rendered almost impracticable above that point by whirlpools and eddies, while many doubt whether Stanley's romantic rock-staircase, wonderfully as it has achieved its present end, will, with its alternations of road and river transit, ever prove a permanent highway of commerce. So busy, nevertheless, is speculation already in this region, that all the land about Boma has been taken up for building purposes, and lines of railway are projected as practical possibilities. Thus commercial as well as political rivalries are weaving a tangled web of jealousies and intrigues round the great prize which recent African exploration has thrown open to international competition.

But the West African question as now raised is not limited to the Congo settlement alone, since it embraces another river of even more direct importance to British commerce. The Niger, one of the greatest of African streams, called by the Arabs the Niles-Soudan, or Nile of the Blacks, and still by the dwellers on its bank identified with the river of Egypt, was long scarcely less an enigma to geographers. Its

eccentric course, indeed, is well calculated to baffle conjecture, since, rising in a mountain plateau within two hundred miles of the coast, it runs first inland in a north-easterly direction, and traverses a great portion of the interior of the Soudan before doubling back to form eventually a spreading Delta at the head of the Bight of Benin, twenty-six hundred miles from its source. Unlike the Congo, its course is through regions where civilization and prosperity increase in proportion to remoteness from the sea, for its upper waters drain those native kingdoms of the Western Soudan where alone the negro has proved capable of developing a stable social organization. Arab influence has here been a relatively improving one, bringing a language copious and flexible beyond any spoken in the East, literature and the art of writing unknown elsewhere in Central Africa, the study of the Koran, a form of religious culture, though impotent as a moral check, and a monotheistic faith, as opposed to the degrading rites of fetichism.

The Western spread of Mohammedanism in these regions interposes on the other hand a formidable barrier to European conquest, forming a band of union between States formerly without principle of coherence, and presents still more unfortunately an almost insuperable obstacle to the diffusion of Christianity.

The reserve of latent fury in the teaching of Islam is apparent in the history of the Foulah, or Fellatta of the Arabs, the dominant race throughout the Niger country from the mouths of the Senegal to the neighborhood of Lake Tchad. Distinguished from the surrounding population by their light-brown or olive tint, straight features, and long, silky hair, ethnologists ascribe to them a remote Malay origin, but history traces them no further than the neighborhood of the Senegal coast, whence, since the fourteenth century, they have gradually advanced eastward through Central Africa. A religious revival, started in 1802 by Othman dan Fadio, an obscure village Imam, placed them in their present position of supremacy over the Pagan tribes around them; his eventual triumph being due in part to the enthusiasm excited by his religious canticles and their power of sustaining the spirit of his followers under many reverses. The vast empire thus acquired was divided between Abd Allahi and Mohammed Bello, brother and son of the reformer, who ended his days in a state of fanatical ecstasy of madness. The Foulah empire, though now on the wane, is still a formidable State, with territory equal to the united areas of Austria, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden and Switzerland, a force of cavalry twenty thousand strong, and a revenue of £20,000. Something approaching to a cast-system prevails in many of its provinces, as the subject races are classified into tribes pursuing hereditary avocations, such as weavers, singing-men, and even beggars. The Foulah element forms an inconsiderable fraction of the entire population, the most numerous section of which is furnished by the Haussas, a negro race, Mohammedans like their conquerors, remarkable for intelligence, industry, and vivacity, whose copious and expressive language is the most widely diffused throughout Nigritia.

The Upper Foulah province or kingdom extends along the north-easterly bend of the Niger from its headwaters to about 16° 30' N. lat.

Sansandig, the principal town in this district, has a population of thirty thousand or forty thousand, and an active trade in gold, indigo, native fabrics and slaves. Adjacent to Foulah territory, though not included in it, is the more famous city of Timbuctoo, situated on the very joint of the great elbow of the Upper Niger.

Planted on the edge of the Sahara and partly tributary to its fierce-veiled warriors, the Touaregs, this famous emporium of the desert, with its terraces of flat-roofed houses surmounted by three mighty mosque towers, rises like a mirage city from the sandy waste that isolates it from the rest of the world. The point of contact between the caravan tracks from Morocco and Tripoli, and the traffic routes both up and down the Niger, Timbuctoo is a great centre of exchange, and its normal population of thirteen thousand is increased during the trading season between November and January by from five thousand to ten thousand visitors. The town, distant some miles from the river, receives all its supplies through its port, Kabara, interruption of communication with which would quickly reduce it to famine, as the surrounding country is absolutely unproductive. Red cloth, cutlery, looking-glasses, tobacco, and tea, brought principally by the Morocco caravans, and cotton, bleached and unbleached, by those from Ghadames in the Tripolitan Sahara, are bartared in its bazaars for gold and slaves, guro or kola nuts (*Sterculia acuminata* and *Macrocarpa*) and salt, one of the main articles of traffic throughout Nigritia. The regular currency consists of cowries, valued in 1880 at 900 to the franc. Calicoes, of which all seen by Dr. Barth bore the name of one Manchester firm stamped in Arabic letters, travel hence up the Niger as far as Sansandig, where their further circulation is stopped by meeting a counter current of similar goods from the coast.

The French colony of Senegambia occupies, in regard to the Niger, a position similar to that of Gaboon in reference to the Congo, commanding a possible route to its upper waters, while its mouth is in other hands. Nor, in the one case as in the other, have the French been slow to avail themselves of their opportunity, since they are making strenuous exertions to tap the commerce of the Upper Niger at Bamaku, where it is a mile in width, and whence it is navigable to Timbuctoo. Towards this point, already occupied by their troops, a railway of three hundred miles, for which the French Chamber in 1882 passed a vote of £342,000, is being rapidly pushed forward from Medina, the furthest limit of navigation on the Senegal, and ten miles of the line have been actually constructed. A steam gunboat, transported in sections to Bamaku, carries the tricolor up and down the higher reaches of the Niger, and a French protectorate has been established over all the riverain Foulah tribes thence to Timbuctoo. The corporation of merchants in the latter city are very anxious for direct trade with Senegambia, and a recent explorer, Dr. Colin, of the French navy, was accompanied on his return by one of them, deputed to ask the Governor of St. Louis to open up the Niger route through French territory as an alternative to that of Morocco.

Young Women: Good Advice.

THE danger of which I wish specially to speak is that which comes from the familiar acquaintance which now exists to such a great extent, and is taken so much as a matter of course, between young persons of different sex. This undue familiarity is too common everywhere in this country; and more than anywhere else in a city like that in which we live. Young women here with us, even though they be Catholics, and good enough Catholics in some respects, seem to forget, or rather never to begin to realize the laws of decorum and modesty which well-instructed persons, even though not professing to be specially religious, have hitherto rightly taken for granted.

To take a flagrant instance. A priest whose education has been according to the rules of respectable society, is unspeakably surprised when he for the first time hears some young woman, apparently of a careful conscience, ask him if it is a sin to flirt. For what is this which is called flirting? It is simply deliberately and wantonly acting in a way to attract the attention of particular persons of the opposite sex, to make signals which are to be understood as marks of preference for, or of desire of acquaintance with, some young man or men whom she may chance to see on the street. A sin to flirt! How can you ask such a question? Why, outwardly and at the first appearance, the act is not very different from that of an abandoned woman seeking for custom from those whom she thinks will notice her. The intention, of course, in your minds is comparatively harmless, it is true; but by outward standards the act is simply disreputable. Furthermore, it shows a feeling which any lady, really worthy of the name, would hesitate to show even to one whose character she well knew to be good, and who had for a long time given to her respectful and proper attentions. A woman or girl who flirts, seems to be, if she is not in reality, lost to all sense of decency; and those are almost as much so who shamelessly walk at night up and down the avenues in the hope of attracting attention.

This seeking to form unknown acquaintances of the opposite sex, or to attract special attention among them is, then, a thing which no Catholic girl should think of, if she has any sense of shame. But when such acquaintances are formed by an introduction in itself proper, they should be very carefully considered. For a young woman to make one of the other sex her friend or familiar companion, as she well may one of her own, is a thing which should be unheard of. She should have but one such friend, and he should be one who has acted honorably to her by proposing to her to take the honorable part of her husband, and whom she has before God and in her conscience felt to be worthy, and accepted by a binding engagement. Before that, and to all others, politeness with proper and modest reserve should be the constant rule; affection and familiarity out of the question. And yet we find girls keeping company, as it is called, and that without any sort of serious guarantee of the purposes of the other party, not only with one after another, but even with more than one at once.

For the reasons, plain enough, on which these directions rest, promiscuous assemblies of both sexes, such as those to be found in the skating-rinks, now unfortunately so popular, are full of danger, and had far better in all cases be avoided. A freedom of manners prevails in them — to say nothing of direct temptations to the senses — and an ease of making acquaintance, which opens a free door to sin. I do not say that under no circumstances should such places be visited, though the time may perhaps come when it may be necessary to say so. But, as a rule, I do say, leave them alone. Young women, respect yourselves; do not make yourselves too cheap; there is the moral in a nutshell.

Five Minutes' Sermon in *Catholic Review*.

The Working Power of Man.

I HAVE been puzzled by the very various figures given in engineers' and mechanical hand-books for the force or working power of man.

I think that, as compared with the standard English horse-power, 33,000 foot pounds per minute, they vary from $\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{1}{11}$. The experiments quoted as those from which engineers and physicists have derived these various data disagree curiously in their products and in the deductions made from them by their authors.

It is difficult to estimate the work done with spade, shovel, axe, or wheelbarrow. But there is one application or use of human strength which gives absolute and correct minute results which, it seems to me, should be exploited and published.

When a man or any human being ascends a stair of regular grade, he lifts his own weight. If he carries in his hand a watch with seconds hand, he can note the time occupied in the work of ascending one, two, or three stories, and this height multiplied by his weight will give the absolute quantity of work done — foot pounds lifted — and this result divided by the time or parts of the minute will give the work per minute; dividing this again by 33,000 ft. pounds, the work of one horse-power per minute, we will have a fraction of a horse-power as the comparative measure of the man's work or force. If he ascends a tower stair until compelled to stop for breath, he will thus ascertain his extreme and ultimate force, power, strength. If he ascends rapidly till exhausted, he will accomplish in shorter time than when moving deliberately the work of which he is capable. Moving slowly, his effort will be longer continued, but he will in time reach a limit. By a series of experiments in this line by men of different forms, weights, ages, and condition of health and training, very interesting results can be obtained for the physiological study of the human constitution. It would be interesting to determine the rate of increase and average of strength with advancing age; at what age a pound of flesh, blood, and bone in a normal human being is capable of exerting the greatest force. Lately the following experiments were made:

A man nearly 69 years of age, weighing 214 lb., ascended a broad

winding stair from first to second story of a house: height $14\frac{1}{2}$ ft., weight raised 214 lb., time 16 seconds, rate of work per minute 11,665 ft. pounds; then the horse-power during $\frac{1}{4}$ minute is at the rate of 0.353 H. P. Again, a man of the same age ascended two stories of the new Pension Building at Washington. This included 4 flights and the necessary landings; there are no winding stairs; weight 220 lb., height $42\frac{3}{4}$ ft., time 74 seconds, work done per minute 7,627 ft. pounds, horse-power 0.231. Again, a man of about 69 years of age ascended to the third floor of the new Pension Building. First floor, 20 feet; second, 22.75 feet: time to second floor, 29 seconds; to third floor, 66 seconds; work done: first story, 4,400 ft. lb.; rate per minute, 9,109 lb.; H. P. 0.276. Second to third, work done, 5,005 ft. lb.; rate per minute, 8,125 lb.; H. P., 0.2462. Whole ascent, $42\frac{3}{4}$ feet; work done, 9,405 ft. lb.; rate per minute, 8,550 lb.; H. P., 0.259. Another man, about 72 years of age, weighing 180 lb., ascended another similar stair, $42\frac{3}{4}$ feet, in 63 seconds; work done per minute, ft. pounds 7,328; H. P. 0.222.

For a short time the first experiment shows a man of nearly 69 years putting forth without suffering an effort greater than $\frac{1}{3}$ of a horse-power; but when the effort was continued for about $1\frac{1}{4}$ minutes, the average result was rather less than $\frac{1}{4}$ horse-power. The other, older, man developed during 1 minute, or 63 seconds, a force of 0.222 H. P., or rather less than $\frac{1}{4}$ horse-power. Looking into the details of these experiments, we find that the man of 69 lightly clad put forth for $\frac{1}{4}$ minute a force of 0.353 H. P., ascending a height of only $14\frac{1}{2}$ feet. Rather more heavily clad, he put forth during $\frac{1}{2}$ minute the force of 0.258 H. P., and during the following $\frac{3}{4}$ minute of 0.2118 H. P. the average during 74 seconds being 0.231 H. P. An older and lighter man exerted for 31 seconds, say $\frac{1}{2}$ minute, the force of 0.2338 H. P., and for another half minute immediately following the first half, 0.2127 H. P.; average during 1 minute, or 63 seconds, the force of 0.222 H. P. Again, the man of 69 years, with a heavy overcoat, weighed $222\frac{1}{2}$ lb. He ascended 20 feet by stairs in 15 seconds; work done, 4,450 ft. pounds, at the rate of 17,800 ft. pounds per minute, which is an exertion of 0.54 H. P. — over $\frac{1}{2}$ horse-power. A younger man, 151 lb. weight, ascended $61\frac{3}{4}$ ft. in 49 seconds: work done, 9,324 ft. pounds, at the rate of 11,417 ft. pounds per minute, equal to 0.346 H. P.

Washington, D. C., March, 1885.

M. C. MEIGS.

BE cheerful at home. The admonition is one that all may heed, for who in this respect is without sin? A single bitter word, one cloudy glance, may cast a gloom over the whole household for the entire day, while an endearing term or smile — “laughing in a whisper,” as a little one described it — like a gleam of sunshine may light upon the darkest and weariest hours. The man of business, the professional man, the man of letters, is he always cheerful at home? Returning to the family circle after the labors of the day, often wearied with care and with much vexation of spirit, the unkind word is uttered, the golden rule is broken, and there are heavy hearts about the fireside.

Musing by the Mississippi.

I.

I sit alone, and yet at my right hand,
Brown haired, bright eyed, a boy of ten doth stand ;
He tells me childish tales of hopes and fears,
And braves the issue of the opening years ;
He will be bold, he will be proud and high,
With heart of fire, and courage-gleaming eye.
Fifteen more years, and flashing eyes are blear,
And heart is cold and dull, and life is drear ;
And many a pang, and many a burning ache,
Till lips wax blue, and heart is like to break.

II.

Again alone, and now a youth seventeen,
The brown locks shorn, the eyes bereft their sheen ;
Yet still the hopes are high, the heart is bold,
As noon doth flame, and mists are backward rolled ;
When noon comes on how hot the air doth burn,
In what a scorching school hath youth to learn ;
But glorious flowers spring up to meet the ray,
And springtime music greets the lord of day ;
And all this beauty and sweet music stole
Through that youth's being, and captive held his soul.

III.

Child, youth and musing poet, all three are one,
So, seeming lonely, am I never alone ;
For oft the past, with sighs and smiles and tears,
Flecking with light and shade the vivid years,
Comes in a moment, full, and lets me see
What's been, still is, and ever more must be ;
So, when aside life's veil of flesh is cast,
Untrammelled, man may live again his past.

JAMES KEGAN.

SET thy heart upon doing what is thy duty, and thou shalt enjoy
peace in all things.— *A Kempis.*

The Future Government of Ireland.

THE April number of the *Fortnightly Review* (a leading English publication), contains two articles upon the future government of Ireland, both suggested by the visit of the Prince of Wales. The first is by Mr. Henry Jephson, who was private secretary to Mr. Forster, and Mr. Trevelyan, entitled, "The Irish Viceroyalty;" and the second, which is headed, "A New Era for Ireland," is by Mr. R. O'Hara. Mr. Jephson approaches the question in the spirit of an Englishman desirous for the sake of England of bringing about more harmonious relations between the two countries. Mr. O'Hara, on the other hand, though solicitous for the maintenance of the Union, shows a broad and liberal desire to reform the Irish Government for the sake of Ireland and for the Irish people. The following are the principal passages of Mr. Jephson's article:—

"The visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Ireland, and the holding of a levee and a drawing-room by their Royal Highnesses in Dublin, effectually dispose of the last remnant of argument for the Irish Viceroyalty or Lord Lieutenancy. For, absurd as it may appear, it has mainly been upon social grounds that the Viceroyalty has, of late years, been defended. Society in Dublin, it was argued, would suffer, trade with it, and Dublin would be reduced to a mere provincial town if the Viceroyalty were abolished. Political considerations were ignored, but yet, politically, the Viceroyalty had long been a blunder of the hugest nature; what one would almost call a device of the enemy to prevent the realization of the objects for which the Union was carried. Partly, however because it was a convenient means of carrying on the Government of Ireland, partly because its abolition would have been opposed on purely local grounds, it has been continued to the present day, despite all the disastrous political consequences necessarily ensuing from the existence of a separate executive for Ireland. Then the existence of a Viceroy and the Government of Ireland in the name of a Viceroy absolutely hides the Crown itself. The name of the Sovereign has principally been connected in Ireland with the most unpleasant of all associations, viz., prosecutions or judgments in the courts of law. The person of the Sovereign has seldom been seen in Ireland, and amongst a people imbued, perhaps, more than any other with the capacities for personal loyalty and devotion, no opportunity has been afforded for showing loyalty, none given for evoking and encouraging it. There is nothing round which the spirit of loyalty can gather. The circumstances which in England tend to evoke that personal loyalty to the Throne and empire never existed, nor do they now exist, in Ireland. The upper classes have had the poor and ever-changing substitute for the Sovereign in the 'mimetic institution' of a Viceroy. To the lower classes the English Sovereign has ever been but a name. The Viceroyalty, moreover, is a visible and perpetual reminder of the story and miserable history of the past, which it would be well for all sides to let sink into oblivion as quickly as possible.

But, most of all, it is a vast bar and impediment to the incorporation of the two countries into one. More than anything else, it is in the fullest and direst degree responsible for the slowness with which the great scheme of the union is approaching completion, and for the great variance of feeling at present between Great Britain and Ireland. By being the source of special or particular legislation for Ireland, it has been a powerful factor in keeping the two countries apart, for nothing tends to keep the two countries apart so much as divergence of legislation. So long as the Irish Viceroyalty or separate Executive Government for Ireland is maintained, so long will political union be impracticable."

Mr. Jephson then sets forth the duties of the Lord Lieutenant, and points out that of all of them the preservation of peace and order is the most difficult and important. He then continues: "It is as regards this portion of his duties that the attempt will be made by some to argue that it is necessary to maintain the Viceroy all the more, especially, as the county authorities cannot be given the control of the police, as in England. I do not wish in any way to underrate the importance of these duties. I do, however, most strongly insist that they could be performed by means other than so anomalous an institution as the Viceroyalty. It may be doubted whether the Irish counties would be at all anxious to take over the charge of the Irish constabulary on the same terms as in Great Britain — namely, the payment of half the cost — for now, except where an extra force is required, they pay nothing. But at any rate we have in London a precedent of another sort, where the police force — numerically much about the same as the Irish constabulary — is under the control of the Secretary of State for the Home Department. There is no reason why similar duties in the two countries should be performed by a different authority, in the one by a Viceroy, in the other by a Secretary of State. Nor is there any valid reason why, if parts of Ireland have to be proclaimed under certain acts, the proclamation should not emanate as proclamations do in Great Britain. To the question, 'Is the Viceroyalty indispensable for the government of Ireland?' an unqualified negative is manifestly the only true answer. But before giving unqualified assent to this conclusion, it may fairly be asked, 'In what way is it proposed to provide for the performance of the duties of the Viceroyalty on its abolition?' There are two ways. One by creating a Secretary of State for Ireland; the other by assigning the bulk of the duties of the Viceroy to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, and distributing the rest elsewhere.

"By the bill introduced by Lord John Russell in 1850 it was proposed to create a fourth Secretary of State. The Crown was to resume those of its functions which it had delegated to the Viceroy — viz., its power of pardon, its patronage, etc.; but the other duties of the Viceroy, together with those of the Chief and Under-Secretary, were to be transferred to the new Secretary of State. The scheme was not explained in debate as fully as it might have been. Sir Robert Peel was of opinion that the proposal did not go far enough, and that not alone should the Lord Lieutenancy be abolished, but the duties should

be assigned to the Secretary of State for the Home Department. The Government appeared to look upon their own scheme rather as a step than as a final settlement, Sir George Grey being in favor of a separate Irish Secretary, in the first instance at least. Upon a careful consideration of all the circumstances of the case, I think that this course would be the wisest, and such of the duties of the Lord Lieutenant as are not resumed by the Crown, or as cannot at once be otherwise provided for, should be performed by an Irish Secretary.

"But the office should be created only a certain number of years, and it should be an instruction to the new Secretary of State by Parliament that he should work towards the amalgamation of the Irish public departments with English public departments, and smooth the way for the ultimate surrender of his duties to the Secretary of State for the Home Department. The present Viceroy, Lord Spencer, has filled the position under the most trying and difficult and perilous crisis, with a courage, a dignity, a firmness, and an impartiality entitling him to the praise and admiration of his countrymen. But even in his hand—and it will never be in abler—the office is not redeemed from the objections I have urged against it, and the sooner this last remnant of the separate Parliament, the separate government of Ireland, is swept away the better."

A New Era For Ireland.

MR. O'HARA, in the course of his paper, says: The Irish as a race are kindly and generous. Wanting in none of the best qualities of mankind, they are intelligent, acute, vigorous, witty, and eloquent to a degree which all recognize who come in contact with them. They have in all parts of the world proved their fitness. They love justice, they resent oppression, they abhor tyranny; they are quick to appreciate kindness, equally quick to avenge injury. For years they have suffered and been poor and miserable; for years they have been subjected to laws said to have been necessary to suppress their wild aspirations for freedom, and to prevent them wreaking vengeance for what they believed to be unjust and tyrannical. What they might have been, is not for me to formulate; what they are, they have in a great degree been made by the circumstances of the country and the laws under which they have been compelled to exist. There is nothing in their nature which unfits them for progress and peace under just laws and fair treatment. The representatives of the Irish people are more powerful than ever by their industry, by their talents, and their perseverance. Yet is the Ireland of to-day more free, more prosperous or happy than was the Ireland of 1846? With such facts before us, who can hesitate to conclude that the Irish policy of the British Government in the past has been a failure, and that if we seek for a brighter future there must be a great awakening, a new departure, a fresh policy, by which the errors of the past shall be effaced and a happy and loyal people shall be established in what will become a new Ireland. What, then, is the policy by means of which it is hoped to give birth to a new Ireland? The chief governor of the country must no longer be a political partisan. Some member of the Royal Family or some

other distinguished and impartial person must be entrusted with the duties of Viceroy. A Secretary of State for Ireland with cabinet rank should be the political chief of the Irish Executive, being, in fact, the Prime Minister of the Lord Lieutenant and holding towards him the position of the Prime Minister towards the Sovereign. Coercion Acts, Peace Preservation Acts, *et hoc genus omne*, must be repealed — would that they could be blotted out from the statute book. A local authority must be constituted in each county or division of a county, of persons elected by electors having the Parliamentary franchise, to whom shall be entrusted the fiscal duties of grand juries, the duties of boards of guardians, and the duties hereinafter referred to. The repression of crime and the maintenance of order in each locality must be entrusted to a local police, maintained out of local rates and subject to local authority constituted as already mentioned. The existing relations between landlords and tenants must be made to terminate as soon as may be, and this in the following manner :

(a) The landlords to be obliged as soon as may be to sell all holdings, subject to the provisions with respect to judicial rent of the Land Law (Ireland) Act, 1881, forming part of their estates to the local authorities, and such local authorities to be obliged within a specified time to purchase same holdings.

(b) The price to be paid for each holding to be a fixed number of years' purchase of the rent at which the same is held.

(c) The amount of the purchase money to be paid to the landlords or the parties entitled thereto, or into court, as may be, in this manner. One-third by the treasury out of imperial funds, two-thirds by the local authority out of moneys to be raised on the security of the rents of all holdings purchased by them, and of the local rates leviable by them, and to be collaterally secured by an imperial guarantee.

(d) The tenants of the holdings so purchased to be obliged after such purchase to pay the rents to the local authority purchasing, who shall remit to each tenant one-third of the rent payable by him, if the same be paid within a reasonable time (to be fixed by the local authority) after it becomes due.

(e) The rents received by the local authorities to be applied — 1, in payment of the interest in respect of moneys borrowed by them; and 2, in the formation of a sinking fund for paying off the money borrowed.

(f) The tenant to be at liberty at any time to pay off the whole or part of the purchase money, and in the case of part payment to obtain a reduction of his rent corresponding to the amount of the purchase money paid off.

(g) An account to be kept by the local authority in relation to each holding purchased, showing the amount of moneys borrowed to pay for the purchase of the same, and of all moneys paid from time to time by the tenant of such holding by way of rent or for redemption of rent, or on account of purchase money, separating the amount of such moneys applied to the payment of interest on the money borrowed to pay for such holding from the amount set apart for or added by the

tenant to the sinking fund for paying all the moneys so borrowed. When the amount of the moneys so paid by the tenant, and carried to such sinking fund, shall be equal to the amount of money so borrowed, or when such moneys have been paid off by means of the sinking fund, or by means of moneys paid voluntarily by the tenant, the holding to become the absolute property of the tenant.

Man as a Bonnet Buyer.

"NEW bonnet, new bonnet — twelve dollars for a new bonnet!" exclaimed Mr. Slick (according to the *Detroit Free Press*) the other evening, as his wife suggested a change from the winter styles.

"Yes, only twelve dollars," she humbly replied.

"Twelve dollars for a bonnet is a confounded outrage, and I know it!" he went on. "Why, I can buy two fine silk hats for that money, and have some strawberry change left! It's a dead swindle to ask twelve dollars for a bonnet!"

"Well, I can't do better, Mr. Slick. That's the price, and I must pay or go without."

"You don't know how to buy, that's what ails you!" he growled. "I'll bet money I can buy a twelve-dollar bonnet for eight dollars. It's all in knowing how to handle the salesmen."

"I wish you'd try it," Mrs. Slick suggested.

"I will, by George! I will! I'll bring up a new bonnet in the morning, and I'll get it four dollars cheaper than you dare to."

Mr. S. was as good as his word. He went into a millinery store next forenoon with his eye-teeth all sharpened, and with the idea in his mind that every bonnet was priced at exactly twelve dollars. He looked around a little, selected a bonnet that pleased him, and pointing his cane at it and calling up his deepest voice, he inquired:

"Are you asking twelve dollars for that bonnet?"

The woman flushed, looked from the bonnet to the man, and was trying to reply, when he said:

"These are not the times for outrageous prices, and all buyers realize it. I'll give you eight dollars for that bonnet, and not a cent more."

"That — that bonnet —"

"Eight dollars, and no more!" he interrupted; and she put the article in a box and took his money.

"What'd I tell my wife, eh?" he whispered, as he went out. "I tell you it takes a man to buy goods, no matter whether it's fence-posts or paper cambric!"

When he sat down at home and took the cover off the box and held up the bonnet, Mrs. S. inquired:

"How much did she charge you?"

"Eight dollars, madam; while you would have paid twelve!"

"Richard," she said, as she tried to laugh all over at once, "I was with the lady next door when she ordered that bonnet for her cook, and the price was to be four dollars. You see, it —"

He held up his finger, counted three V's out of his wallet, and left them on a chair for her.

Afghanistan.

AFGHANISTAN, or the country of the Afghans, it should be understood, is a place whose boundaries are by no means easily defined, any more than its governmental system can be easily summarized. Geographically speaking, it consists of the north-east portions of the vast plateau which rises between the Arabian Sea and the Persian Gulf on the south, and the depressed region on the north drained by the Oxus and occupied by the Caspian Sea. The Punjaub provinces of India bound it on the east, from which it is separated by the mountain wall of the Sulieman range and the eastern spurs of the Sefid Kuh. The southern frontier is formed by Beloochistan; Persia occupies the western and larger portion of the plateau. On the north it slopes to Afghan Turkestan — which country it may be remarked is now occupied by the Russian troops. The extent of Afghanistan is estimated at 600 miles from east to west and 550 from north to south.

It is a country easily defensible. In the hands of an able general every step in the progress of an invading army, especially in the rugged defiles of the passes, can be made almost too costly to be won. Modern artillery, modern arms, and stout hearts can hold Afghanistan against all the forces of the Russian Empire if skilfully directed and used to the best purpose.

The climate of the country is varied, as might be expected. In the rigorous winter of some districts the Indian troops of the British are likely to have their powers of endurance severely tested. In Cabul, for instance, the snow lies for two or three months, and people seldom leave their houses and sleep close to the stoves. In the district of which Jellalabad is the centre, the climate is of an Indian character and

The Deadly Simoon

is no infrequent visitor. The summer heat is great everywhere in Afghanland. At Herat, in which province and around the city of which name the fighting will possibly centre for some time to come, the wind blows constantly from the north-west from the beginning of May till the middle of September, and sometimes with destructive violence.

Of the country itself and its resources much has been written for and against the idea of its wealth. To-day the riches are of a purely pastoral character, consisting mainly in the possession of horses, camels, cows and sheep. Bradford, in England, receives the fleeces of

Afghan sheep, and turns them into the broadcloth for which that manufacturing community is famous. Horses are exported also. Yet the Ameer's kingdom was once one of great grandeur and wealth. From Ghuznee, all along the valley of the Tarnak and the Helmund Rivers, the whole country bristles with filled-up canals, deserted towns and ruined forts — reminders of the almost traditional conquests of the Tartars under Gonghiz Khan and Tamerlane centuries ago. The country is rich in mineral resources. It needs a strong, settled, orderly government, which the Afghans have never known and don't want, to place its stores of native gold, silver, lead and iron at the disposal of the world's markets. Salt, saltpetre, sulphur, and antimony also abound.

The Flora of the East and West

meet, as it were, on neutral ground. Vegetable products of a commercial value flourish abundantly, castor oil plant, tobacco, cotton, madder and the other valuable plants of Eastern commerce are indigenous to the soil, while edible vegetables common in Western markets, are also seen in frequent profusion. But the people. There are about 5,000,000 of them, though some estimate the number as not less than 7,000,000. The names of the various tribes it is not necessary to repeat, as it would be only a list of unfamiliar titles. There are some very peculiar ones, more deserving of mention. Such are the Kafars, not likely to be drawn into this fight, in whose country no European has been, though Sir Peter Lumsden, the present British commissioner, managed in former years to learn something of them. These people are remarkable among their neighbors for their decidedly European cast of features. The Mahometans detest them. They are remarkably good fighters, equally remarkable drunkards, and they have one virtue — a very rare one among the Afghans — of keeping faith in a compact or treaty.

In the latter regard the Kafar differs from the Afghan. All testimony agrees in the one fact that the people generally are treacherous, revengeful, fanatical and cruel. An Afghan will treat a guest with hospitality, place everything at his disposal, and religiously regard the sacred character of a guest, but when he departs the Afghan has little scruple in putting a bullet through him.

One national trait they do possess. They are socially a handsome set of men, athletes of the best kind, and as brave as any class of people living. Hunting, warring, rough athletic sports the Afghans delight in. As marksmen they are remarkably proficient, as many British have found to their cost. Over forty years ago the old-fashioned musket carried by the British was of

As Much Value as a Broomstick

as an opponent of the long-range jizails of the marksmen who lined the hills of the Khyber pass and "dropped" a British soldier for every rood of ground passed over. They are good Mahometans, but they do not believe in the total abstinence idea. The women are handsome, well-dressed, and know enough of cosmetics and charms to make themselves agreeable, and are not so oppressively moral as to be unendurable society for free livers.

Herat, the most cultivated district, is by all odds the best part of Afghanistan. In this province trade is more of an object than elsewhere. There silk is produced in large quantities — some of which finds its way to Bombay and thence to Europe, though the people of Afghanistan use the greater portion for themselves. Heratee rugs and carpets — the quality of which is not easily surpassed — come into the market as Persian, and the sheep, goat and Bactrian camel supplies the material which goes far to clothe the British irregular troops in India.

Camels are the draught animals of the country, and the trade is carried on by six great roads or passes, leading to Persia, India, and the various parts of Afghanistan. Over 2,000,000 pounds of Afghan wool found its way to Kurrachee recently for export to England. The country altogether exported to India about \$2,500,000 and received from the same place about the same amount.

It will be seen from the foregoing that the country is one worth fighting for. In the hands of the Russians the provinces of Afghanistan could be made of immense value. In the interests of the world generally the country ought to be in the hands of a power capable of holding its warlike tribes in check, and of so developing its resources as to make it what it once was, the home of a wealthy and powerful people.

One is naturally accustomed in reading of the Ameer of Afghanistan to associate his name with that of a king or ruler. Ruler he is of the most important province of the country, but he has only a limited control of the entire nation. The various sirdars, or rulers of provinces, govern after their own fashion; they can be restrained, and are mainly held in check by the mutual jealousies of each other. These chiefs can change their allegiance easily, and their followers — a race of Dugald Dalgettys — are

Ready to Sell their Swords to the Highest Bidder,

counting it a matter of speculation.

The Afghans claim a descent from the children of Israel. The chroniclers call them Beni-Israel (children of Israel), and claim descent from King Saul, through a son named Jeremiah and a grandson called Afghana. They also allege that the numerous stock of Afghana were removed by Nebuchadnezzar, and found their way to the mountains east of Herat.

British interference in Afghan affairs has led to many wars, in which the English troops have not always come out best. Monstuart Elphinstone was the first Englishman with whom the Afghans made acquaintance. This was in 1809. Alexander Burnes, a lieutenant in the English army, visited Cabul in 1822, and Major Pottinger of the artillery found his way to Herat in 1837, and successfully defended the city against the Russians and Persians. In the following year the British sent 21,000 men who dethroned the reigning Afghan prince and set up another. The war appeared successful. The new ruler was crowned in Ghuznee, and entered Cabul in triumph. The English general, victorious, returned to India, leaving 8000 men in occupation. A revolt against the new Ameer broke out in Cabul. Badly led, badly

managed, the British forces were wasted when their services were valuable, and disaster after disaster followed, till a humiliating treaty was signed by which the British general weakly consented to evacuate the country. The Afghans broke faith at every point. The British envoy was murdered by the leader of the revolt, and 650 European troops—mostly of the Forty-fourth Regiment—4000 Indian troops and 12,000 camp followers left Cabul for

A Winter Retreat to India.

The winter was severe; the troops demoralized. There was no pretence of keeping the terms of the treaty on the part of the Afghans. To cut a long story short—one man of the whole number, Dr. Brydon, and he half dead with wounds and privation, reached a place of shelter. All the rest perished.

It may be noted here that this same doctor not only remained to see another Afghan war revenge these losses, but took part in the siege of Lucknow in 1857–8. He lived till 1875 and died peacefully in Scotland. Dr. Brydon, the well-known veterinary surgeon of this State, is a distant relative of the old doctor.

Ninety-five prisoners were afterward saved, thus making only ninety-six survivors of over 16,000 men who had left India two years before and apparently won an easy conquest. The next year General Pollock was intrusted with an army and retrieved the disaster. In 1848, and indeed up to 1855, war frequently occurred between the British and Afghans. In 1856 the Persians went to Herat and tried to take the city. The British promptly sent Outram and Havelock to Persia. They beat the Shah's army, and forced him to give up all thought of Herat. The Indian mutiny broke out, but the Afghans refused to help the revolt. In this case the influence of Major Lumsden (now Sir Peter Lumsden, who is in Afghanistan representing British interests), kept the Afghans peaceable and friendly. In 1879 the Ameer, discontented with the British, accepted a Russian embassy at Cabul. The British government promptly sent an envoy. He was refused passage. An army followed, and after the usual rapid successes the envoy was established in Cabul, from which the Russians had departed. The Ameer was dethroned and his son raised to the position. All appeared right, as it had forty years before. Eighty men were left as escort to the envoy, Sir Louis Cavignari. A revolt broke out. The whole party was murdered. It fell to General Roberts to avenge the murder. He succeeded as did Pollock. The new Ameer was removed and the present one substituted. He has been so far friendly to the British. It has been made worth his while. But he is not likely to be trusted too much. The defence of Afghanistan is for the interests of British India, and this controlling motive makes the British the friends of the Afghans, with whom they have fought for over fifty years.

IF thou dost wish to live worthily in the sight of God, thou shouldst give thyself up entirely to Him.— *A Kempis*.

The O'Connell Memorial Church.

CAHERCIVEEN, April 7, 1885.

TO THE EDITOR OF DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE :

Sir.— Last fall, when about returning from his successful mission to the States in behalf of the O'Connell Memorial Church, Father Fitzgerald was spoken to by some influential members of the A. O. H. in reference to the association providing American granite pillars for the Church. I beg to say that I have been giving the idea the amplest publicity in Ireland, and to a considerable extent in America. As for Ireland, the idea has been received with the utmost interest, and it would be a matter of national pride and congratulation to see it realized.

For the millions on your side of the Atlantic I cannot undertake fully to speak ; but I know that many leading citizens are in favor of the project. As the Association are to hold their annual Convention in the ensuing month of May, I beg respectfully to request the support of your popular journal. The American National press have most generously aided the O'Connell Memorial Church from its first start, and I beg again and again to express my very best and grateful acknowledgements thereof. I am sure they can largely aid in the matter of these granite pillars — a matter in which, apart from their intrinsic value, I take a warm interest, and which I beg respectfully to recommend to the kind consideration of the patriotic A. O. H. Society in particular, and to my numerous Transatlantic friends in general, trusting that the rock-bound stone roofs of this great monumental temple of Irish Faith and Freedom may be lifted aloft forever on these American granite blocks as if upon the shoulders of the Exiles of Erin.

There are to be twenty-four columns in all — eight for the nave arches and sixteen "Responds" for the four chancel arches. Their total cost in best Irish granite polished monoliths would be about £900 but not quite half the amount if dressed and not polished. The architect is not averse to their being wrought in the plainer form, owing to the general unadorned character of the building. If they are to come from America, full details as to dimensions, etc., will be duly forwarded, and I have good reason to hope that the several Transatlantic companies would bring them over either free or at a much reduced rate.

I beg to enclose some photos and full description of the church, and remain, your faithful servant,

T. CANON BROSNAN.

Description of O'Connell Memorial Church.

The site is in the centre of the town, and is an exceptionally good one. It faces the road from Killarney, so that an uninterrupted view of the entire building can be obtained for a considerable distance before entering the town.

The design embraces a nave and aisles, north and south transepts, a chancel terminating in a semicircular apsis, two side chapels, a tower at the east angle of south transept, an octagonal baptistery at west angle of south aisle, and facing the main street, a choir for nuns, opening into the north transept, and two sacristies.

Accommodation is provided for a congregation of two thousand people in the nave, aisles and transepts. In addition to this, the triforium gallery, which occupies the space over the aisles, and which has open arcades towards the nave, will also be available for special occasions. Access will be gained to this portion of the Church by staircases, which are placed in the circular turrets at the west end; these staircases will also lead to the roof gutters, which, being of stone, and protected by parapets, will form an easy means of communication at the roof level.

The principal dimensions are:—Length of nave and chancel, 152 feet; width across transepts, 102 feet; width across aisles, 68 feet; width of nave, from centre to centre of column, 31 feet; width of transepts in clear, 29 feet; and tower, 24 feet square. The height to the crown of the aisle groining inside will be 24 feet; and to that of the nave, chancel, and transepts, 50 feet; while from the floor to the nave ridge outside is 70 feet. The parapet of tower will be 90 feet, and the cross on summit of spire will rise to an altitude of 168 feet above the ground level.

In the tower porch there will be two arched recesses opposite the entrance, in which it is proposed to put bass-reliefs representative of O'Connell's love for religion, and in the pier between these arches the Memorial Stone presented by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. will be set.

The materials to be used in the building are all of the most enduring character. The foundations have already been built. They are of cement concrete, and reach a depth of about 11 feet under the floor level, where a very hard stratum has been found. The external facing of walls will be of red sandstone, from the Minard quarries, near Dingle, which is of a most pleasing color and enduring nature. It will be relieved by dressings of white and black limestone, both of which are found in the county. The latter material will be used chiefly in the horizontal bands which surround the building at several levels, and in the relieving arches over the windows. Irish and American granite will be used in the columns, and in other portions of the interior.

The style adopted is Gothic, of an early Celtic type. The details throughout will be very simple and severe, substantial dignity being the effect aimed at, as most suitable to the monumental character and situation of the Church. A distinctively Irish character is given to the church by the numerous deeply-recessed lancet windows, the circular turrets, of which there are five, besides the four angle turrets of the tower, the pointed battlements, and the stepped gables of the roofs. However, the most remarkable feature in the design is the fact that the ceilings throughout will be vaulted in stone and concrete.

There are, of course, several examples of this mode of construction in our old buildings, but this will be the first new church erected in Ireland since the Reformation with a stone-groined ceiling.

In this case there were special reasons for adopting this mode of construction. In the first place, the remote position of the new church rendered it desirable to make it as enduring and as storm-proof as possible; and in the next place, there is nothing which imparts so monumental a character to a building as a stone-groined ceiling, requiring massive walls and buttresses to support it. Although the ceiling will be itself rain-proof, it will be further protected by an outer roof of Irish oak, covered with Valentia slates.

If funds were available the outer roof would also be composed of stone and concrete covered with Valentia slate.

The Russian Army.

UNDER the military law of the Russian Empire, promulgated in 1874, the Russian army is composed, theoretically, of every able-bodied man in the State between the ages of twenty and forty. It is, of course, impossible to utilize the services of such a mass of men, or to maintain a staff of officers to drill and organize them, but none the less they remain as an effective reserve, to be called into the ranks by the simple publication of an Ukase or order of the Emperor. For the purpose of fighting, the resources of the Russian Empire in men may be regarded as practically unlimited, because under the operation of the law of 1874 it is possible to maintain the ranks of the army full, no matter on what scale the mobilization of the forces of the Russian State may be ordered. In fact, the fighting strength of the army is only limited by the difficulty of supplying with food, arms, and munitions the forces in the field.

The armed force of the Empire is divided into two categories — the regular army and the militia. The latter force is only called out when extraordinary events in time of war strain the resources of the regular army. It does not even then, however, usually assume the character of a distinct organization, but is used as a recruiting force to make good the losses sustained by the troops in the field. The title of militia is, therefore, somewhat misleading, the force being in reality untrained recruits on unlimited furlough, but subject to be called to the colors whenever grave national danger threatens. When called to the colors the men arrive by classes, and after a short preliminary training are distributed among the regiments in the field just as new recruits in time of war are supplied to English regiments on service. The advantage of this system is that the fighting regiments can be kept up to the full strength, and the small number of recruits added to a well-disciplined regiment soon acquire steadiness and an *esprit de corps* not to be expected from the best-trained militia. In case of invasion, however, the militia would probably be mobilized and sent to guard the fortified places; but this necessity could only arise in a con-

test with some great European Power, or with a combination of them. The regular army consists of —

1st. The active army recruited by means of yearly levies taken through the Empire.

2d. The reserve to fill up the effective strength of the regiments on the outbreak of war. The reserve is composed of men who have served six years with the colors, and are discharged on furlough until their time of service expires. Their period of service in the reserve is nine years, after which they are discharged, but are liable to be enrolled in the militia in case of invasion.

3d. The Cossacks who serve under special conditions.

4th. Regiments composed of foreigners and irregular Asiatic troops.

Every man in Russia when he reaches the age of twenty years must present himself for enrolment into the army or navy. There is no exception to this rule; noble and peasant alike must be inscribed as soon as they reach the military age. Exemption by purchase or by substitute is prohibited. Every man must do his own share of the fighting. A man's place in the ranks is decided by drawing lots, somewhat similar to the French system of *Tirage au sort*. Every year a certain number of men who had completed their twentieth year on the 1st of January are appointed by law to enter the active army. The whole class for the year take part in the drawing. The men who obtain the lowest numbers join the ranks for six years, and on leaving their regiments are incorporated in the reserve for a further period of nine years. The men who draw the lucky numbers are exempt from military service with the active army, and are enrolled in the militia, where they are practically civilians unless there should come the stress of a great war. The only mitigation of the terms of service is made in favor of the educated classes of all grades. Young men who have received a high class education are allowed to reduce their service in the ranks to a very short period. This class is known as "enlisted volunteers," and are obliged to pay for their equipment, and support themselves at their own expense. They can become officers on passing a qualifying examination, or resume their position in civil life; but even then they are enrolled in the reserve, and are liable to be called upon to serve during a period of fifteen years. It is not only the higher class who profit by this law. There are various grades of examinations which enable students who have only passed through the lowest grade at school to lessen their period of service according to the scale of their educational acquirements. The object is to increase the spread of education among the people, and it is already producing a perceptible effect on the number of men who can read and write among the poorer classes.

The number of men in the Russian Empire who annually reach the age of twenty, is calculated at 700,000, and as these are all liable to military service, it is clear that the reserve of soldiers, on whom Russia can call, is practically unlimited. In 1874, when the new law first came into operation, the annual contingent enrolled in the active army amounted to 150,000 men. In 1876 it was raised to 180,000; in 1877

to 185,000; and for 1878 and 1879 there were called to the colors 218,000 men in each year, so that even during the war with Turkey, Russia did not find it necessary to call to the colors more than one-third of the annual contingent of recruits. For the purpose of organization, the Russian active army is divided into field troops and local troops, and the latter again into garrison troops for the fortresses of European Russia, the regular troops in Asia, stationary troops, and gendarmes. But, as a matter of fact, there is no real distinction in the nature of the troops. They are all part of the regular army, drilled, armed, and officered on the same principle. In time of peace the combined strength of the field and local troops may be set down in round numbers at 750,000 of whom 50,000 are Cossacks. On the threat of war this force could almost immediately be increased to 1,368,000 men by ordering the men on furlough to rejoin their regiments. Behind this formidable force now stand a first reserve, composed of men who have passed six years in the army, and numbering over 1,000,000. Thus we find that within six months, if there were need, Russia could put under arms a vast host, numbering something like 2,368,000 men amply provided with artillery and cavalry. This force would be composed as follows:—

Field Army	900,000
Local Troops	325,000
Cossacks	143,000
Trained Reserve	1,000,000
Total	2,368,000

Behind this enormous army is the untrained militia as a feeder. In the event of the outbreak of a great war four annual contingents of this force are liable to be mobilized. These contingents would raise the number of men at the disposal of the War Department by 1,600,000 in round numbers, making a total active army and reserve of something like 4,000,000 of men. The advantage of calling out the militia contingents, is, that they supply a class of recruits very much superior in physique to the annual levies, as the ages of the men range from twenty-one to twenty-five years. In the last Turkish War one contingent of 188,000 was drawn from this source. The men were at once sent to the front, where they were incorporated in their regiments. They took part in the final scenes of the war, notably in the passage of the Balkans in mid-winter. Whether it would be possible to utilize such an enormous mass of men, or to supply them in the field, may be fairly open to question; but the power of resistance, inherent in a nation possessing so many men and a plentiful supply of food, is of the most formidable character. That the Russian Government relies on the militia as an effective force, is proved by the fact that it was actually called upon to take part in the last Turkish War, and also by the precise laws which control its organization. It consists of all men not forming part of the regular army, who are capable of bearing arms, and whose ages are between twenty and forty years inclusive. The militia also includes all those men who have been released from the reserve of either the land or sea forces. All persons

of more than forty years of age are permitted to enroll themselves in the militia should they desire to do so.

The men belonging to the militia are divided into two classes, of which the first consists of those who were enrolled at the time the last four levies took place, and who would form part either of the mobilized militia, or who would fill vacancies in the regular army if required, or in the event of the reserve being insufficient. The families of men belonging to the militia who may be called out, are provided for by the zemstros or local parliament, and by the urban and rural corporations, in accordance with special regulations, so that their wives and children are not left to starve while they are doing service for the State. The families of men who may be killed in action, or die from wounds or sickness on a campaign, are provided for by the State in the same manner as the families of men belonging to the regular army. It is therefore evident that the militia is regarded as a serious force, and is expected to do its share of the fighting.

The Russian is a fine soldier, robust, brave, and obedient. If he lacks the dash of the Frenchman, he possesses the more valuable quality of steadfastness. Panic is unknown to the Russian troops. If they are beaten they retire suddenly, and if followed may always be counted on to turn and show fight. They are animated by a strong devotion to their country and to their Czar, whom they regarded as the head of the great Russian family, and the representative of God on earth. This mingling of political and religious feeling is the great motive power of the Russian troops. There are Polish Catholics and Jews in considerable numbers in the army. They are its weak points. The Poles, though belonging to the same Slavonic family, do not love the Russians for political reasons, and this feeling is very much strengthened by religious antagonism; but ordinarily the Polish troops fight as bravely as any against a common enemy. The Jews, on the contrary, are notorious for their cowardice. They are the worst element of the Russian army from the fighting point of view, and from most others also. They form, however, only a small percentage of the men in the ranks.

JAMES O'KELLY, M. P.

The Downfall of the French Ministry.

M. JULES FERRY's Cabinet has fallen discredited. Frenchmen of all shades of opinion have been disgusted with its utter want of statesmanship, and extremists have gone so far as to declare that the only adequate punishment for the Premier would be decapitation. It was, we may say, without hesitation, a government that excited universal contempt. From whatever point of view its policy may be regarded, it appears inexpressibly despicable and humiliating to France. But during the Ferry *regime* has been affixed on the escutcheon of France a stain that even blood cannot efface; it will remain an indelible disgrace to the country, a lasting monument to the Ministry. We refer to the crusade which has been waged against religion and Christian

education. The spirit of cold, unrelenting petty tyranny with which the defunct government carried out its deadly purpose, must have awakened in the breast of every Catholic, and of every individual of manly sentiment, a feeling of the most ineffable contempt. The iniquities perpetrated amid the excitement of the barricades by the Communists in 1871, and by their prototypes in 1791, were indeed odious; but they were not, like the anti-religious policy of Jules Ferry, the result of calm deliberation. The calculating pertinacity with which Ferry has pursued the Church and all Christian institutions reminds one of the unerring instinct with which the sleuth-hound hunts down its victim. He was Minister of Public Instruction in 1882, when, in the language of M. Jules Simon, "war was declared against God" by the enactment of an atheistical educational law. Quite in keeping with his conduct as Minister of Public Instruction, has been his policy as Prime Minister during his two years of office. The war against religious congregations has been carried on *à outrance*; a law permitting divorce has been placed on the statute book; curacies have been systematically suppressed; seminary foundations have been abolished; nuns have been banished from the hospitals; the budget of public worship has been reduced; cathedral chapters have been doomed to extinction; episcopal property has been confiscated; and the clergy have been rendered liable to military service. In fact, the ruling authorities have done everything within their power to perfect an ingenious system for the destruction of Christianity in France. There is little ground to hope that the change of Ministry will bring about an improvement in the relations between church and State. The Masonic and atheistic virus with which the people have been inoculated will have its evil hour whoever be Premier. But this, at least, is certain, that M. Ferry's successor does not excel him in hatred of the Church, and can scarcely equal him in devising and executing a plan of persecution notorious alike for meanness and barbarity.

Liverpool Catholic Times.

The Royal Visit to Ireland.

THE reception of the Prince and Princess of Wales was remarkable, not for its enthusiasm, but for the absence of any demonstration of disapproval. The people, properly so called, either remained away or looked on in silence; and the scene could not have failed to impress the Prince as lacking greatly the warmth with which he was welcomed in '68. His Royal Highness and his amiable consort were occasionally cheered on their way to the Castle; from the windows of the houses ladies fluttered their handkerchiefs plentifully enough; and the decorations of the shops of Court tradesmen and their kind made a gay and festive picture; but the loud and lusty huzza of the crowd — the hearty roar which the Prince would be glad to recognize as testifying the satisfaction of his subjects with the existing state of affairs — was

nowhere heard. Useless would it be to seek to disguise this fact. It is the simple, naked truth, and we should be glad if his Royal Highness, imitating Captain Cuttle, were to make a note of it. Seventeen years are a pretty long span; but the Prince has a good memory and an observant eye, and should be able to judge for himself where the individuals by whom he is surrounded fail to draw an accurate contrast for his guidance. The Irish people, although they cannot feel that they owe anything to the Royal family, who have treated them with studied and systematic neglect even during past times when Royal visits would have been received and counted as favors, might have been ready to extend to their visitors under ordinary circumstances a genial welcome. But the circumstances are not ordinary, and, above all, the people owe a duty to themselves. It is manifestly essential that the future King of these realms and the English people, and it is still more essential, perhaps, that the Powers of Europe, should not be led to imagine that the Irish people are contented with their position or have any idea of relaxing their determined struggle for those rights of which they were fraudulently deprived eighty-five years ago. It is well that the Prince should have plainly put before him that he visits a portion of her Majesty's dominions where the great majority of the people are profoundly discontented, and this for just and sufficient reasons. All the bunting in the streets, all the addresses from Orange and Freemason bodies, all the demonstrations of non-representative coteries should not blind him to this fact. The people are discontented because they have been deprived of their constitutional rights by the exercise of arbitrary power. Constitutional liberty does not exist in this country. The system of government is only maintained by armed force, and by the second army of police and spies and informers. The Viceroy under whose roof the Prince will sleep to-night is, perhaps, the most unpopular (we do not desire to-day to use any harsher expression) who ever occupied Dublin Castle. The effects of the system of misgovernment, under which this country has so long labored, are to be seen on every side, though they may not catch the eye of the Prince in his progress through the streets to-day. Year by year our population is being driven from our shores, year by year the land from which an industrious peasantry were expatriated to make room for cattle for the English markets, is relapsing into absolute waste and bog. Year after year our trade is diminishing, and our towns decaying. Enterprise is at a stand-still. The resources of the country are drained away by absentee rents and by a system of taxation which takes everything and gives nothing. A Government which exists by such means, and which produces such results, stands self-condemned. These are the reasons which induced the Irish Parliamentary Party, under the presidency of Mr. Parnell, to pass the following resolutions with reference to the visit — resolutions which we think it well to reproduce in their entirety: —

“Resolved — That as we have been called upon by many representative bodies in Ireland to state our views as Irish representatives on the approaching visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales, we give our opinion —

“THAT the Irish people are bound to avoid any act which would in any degree

justify the impression that they can be induced by any power to abandon or to falter in the struggle for self-government.

"THAT a Royal visit will not be kept aloof in Ireland, as in England and Scotland, from political objects, and will be made use of by the two English parties to misrepresent the opinions and temper of the Irish people.

"THAT such a visit is especially inopportune under the auspices of Lord Spencer, who is justly odious to the Irish people, and at a period when a coercion code suppresses the liberties of the nation.

"And that under all these circumstances it is in our view the duty of the Irish people and of their representatives in all public bodies, while avoiding any act of discourtesy to the Prince and Princess of Wales, to maintain an attitude of reserve which will sufficiently demonstrate their inalienable attachment to National principles, and their resolute resentments at the suppression of their constitutional liberties."

Under these circumstances his Royal Highness will be approached by the representatives of certain classes, but not by the representatives of the people. The landed gentry, who hope to regain something of their lost power; officials, themselves selected from the favored class, and mostly from the favored creed; representatives of the ascendancy faction — all those who think there is something to gain by the British connection, something to lose by the restoration to the people of their National rights, are eager to utilize the Prince for their own purposes. We would be glad if the circumstances of the country were such as to admit of all classes of people according a hearty welcome to their Royal Highnesses. But it will be all the better for the Prince himself, and, perhaps, all the better for the future relations of the two countries, if notwithstanding the demonstrations with which he will be received, he realizes the stern facts of the situation, and understands that nothing can convert Ireland from being what she is to-day — a source of weakness and danger to the Empire — into what she might be — an element of strength and safety — but the concession to the Irish People of the full right to manage their own affairs.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

The Archbishop of Cashel on the Visit of the "Wales."

I am clearly of opinion that their Royal Highnesses, the Prince and Princess of Wales, should be courteously received by all classes of persons during their approaching visit to Ireland. Were they coming among us to restore our constitutional rights; to demolish Dublin Castle; to put an end to Orange ascendancy and Free Masons' rule; and, above all, to inaugurate an Irish Parliament in College Green, we should joyously strew flowers on their path, and literally fill the air with the echoes of their name. But coming, as we are regretfully forced to think they do, on no such ennobling or beneficent mission, and, indeed, for no clearly-defined or useful purpose whatever, they can reasonably expect nothing from the oppressed people of Ireland but a dignified reserve and "the charity of their silence."

✠ T. W. CROKE, *Archbishop of Cashel.*

OUR YOUNG FOLK.

CHIMES OF THE CLOCK.

WHAT says the clock when it strikes one?
"Watch," says the clock, "oh, watch little one!"
What says the clock when it strikes two?
"Love God, little one, for God loves you."
Tell me softly what it whispers at three;
It is: "Suffer little children to come unto Me."
"Then, come, gentle lambs, and wander no more,"
'Tis the voice of the Shepherd that calls you at four.
And, oh, let your young hearts with gladness revive,
When it echoes so sweetly, "God bless you," at five.
And remember at six, at the fading of day,
That your life is a vapor that fadeth away.
And what says the clock when it strikes seven?
"For such is the kingdom — the kingdom of Heaven."
And what says the clock when it strikes eight?
"Strive to enter in at the beautiful gate."
And louder, still louder, it calls you at nine:
"My son, oh, give me that heart of thine!"
And such be your voices responsive at ten,
"Hosannah in the highest! Hosannah! Amen."
And loud let the chorus ring out at eleven,
"Of such is the kingdom — the kingdom of heaven."
When the deep strokes of midnight the watchword shall ring,
"Lo! these are my jewels, these, these," saith the King.

NO ANGRY WORDS TO MOTHER.

"I FORGET a great many things which happened last year," said a little girl, the tears running down her cheeks; "but I can't forget the angry words I spoke to my dear mother, who is now dead." Ah! dear little ones, be respectful to your parents. God has commanded it, and added the special blessing of lengthened days; and, no doubt, he who thus promises protection will add many more blessings. You will have more comfort and less regrets.

THE WALKING TREES.

CHAPTER VII.

BAD-WEATHER COUNTRY.

THE sky looked cold and gray all around him, the sun had disappeared, the beautiful golden islands were gone, and in their place were large, dark tracts of cloud, like deserts and wildernesses. Leo had scarcely time to feel vexed at this change when he felt a sudden blow on his back, and was lifted up by a squall of wind and spun across the sky as if he had been a flash of lightning. He was flung with far greater violence than when he had been carried on the Hour's back or shot from the censer. He was dashed not only across the sky, but through and through the clouds at the other side of the horizon, so far that he made a great hole, which seemed a mile deep; and when he, at last, ceased moving, he found himself struggling to swim in a great sea, where everything was dark round the shores.

"Well, well!" thought Leo, "it seems the weather has changed. Now I am going to see where the rain and the storm come from. That blow the wind gave me was pretty well as a beginning. A sturdy chap he must be, wherever he has puffed to. I wish he had spoken to me!"

His eyes began to get accustomed to this new region, and after a time he perceived that the shores were not all blank, dark mounds, as he at first supposed, but were covered with groups of people who were coming and going, plunging into the water, and hurrying over the verge of the distant hills. Leo made great efforts to reach the shores, as the water felt cold, and he was anxious to know what these people could be about.

When he touched the shore he found that it was as hard as iron and icy cold; it seemed to be altogether a mass of ice. The people were men with large beards hanging with icicles, and women rapped in long dark cloaks and streaming veils, and they were busy making up large balls of ice and snow and flinging them down into the dark lake, where they melted away and disappeared immediately. Dark, heavy-looking children were also engaged in the same employment, and sometimes they quarrelled and pelted each other with the balls of ice. Leo made his way to where they were, and sat down among them, and asked them questions about who they might be, and what they were doing.

"This is Bad-Weather Country," they said. "We are the children of the bad weather, and we are sending rains and floods and torrents down upon the earth."

"Oh, are you, indeed?" said Leo. "So I may thank you for the dreadful wet days, when one can only sit staring out of the nursery-window, and must not dare to step out of doors."

"Just so," said the children.

"Oh, I say!" shouted Leo, "stop that fellow over there! Hallo!"

"What do you mean!" said the children.

"Why, there's a fellow tumbled into the lake after his ball," cried Leo. "Oh, I declare he's vanished! He's drowned!"

The children laughed, a pattering, chilly kind of laugh, that sounded like rain falling on window panes.

"Oh, you stupid," they said. "Don't you know that is part of his business?"

"No, I don't," said Leo. "Nobody has any business to drown himself, I know."

The children laughed still more loudly. "We don't know anything about drowning here," they said. "It is only on earth that such silly things happen."

"Then what has become of the chap?" asked Leo.

"Oh, he's only gone down below to superintend some of the works," said the children.

"Indeed!" said Leo.

"Yes, to be sure."

"And will he ever come back?"

"Of course he will come back. Why, you are the most ignorant creature we ever came across."

"Don't be so hard upon a fellow!" said Leo. "I am a stranger here, you know. I came up from the earth."

"Oh, that accounts for it. Well, do you see those people over there in the distance, who are constantly coming over the hills and scattering themselves on the shores? Those are some of our folks who have gone down through the lake, and have come up again with their business done. Do you see them?"

Leo looked, and as his eyes had got accustomed to the foggy twilight of the place he saw distinctly all that was going on around him. The people on the shores — men, women, and children — were continually flinging themselves into the lake, and disappearing, and at the same time figures, as if made of mist, were constantly arriving over hills of mists away behind in the clouds, and coming down to the shores, becoming more solid every moment, till they at last appeared just the same as the others who were at work.

"And are those really the same chaps who plunged into the lake?" asked Leo; "and where have they been, and what have they been doing? Oh, but I am sure you are joking. I really can't believe it, you know."

"We will show you whether we are joking or not," said the children. "Half a dozen of us will go down through the lake this very moment, and you wait till we come back. Then we will tell you what we have been doing."

"Very well," said Leo. "That will be capital."

"I shall take a snow-storm with me," said one of the children.

"And I a flood," said another.

"And I shall bring frost to nip the fruit-blossoms," said a third.

"Oh, dear," said Leo, "can you do nothing but mischief?"

"We intend to bring gentle rains and dew," said the other three children, "and we will tell you what we do with them as soon as we come back."

As they spoke, all six of them rolled into the gloomy lake, and they kissed hands to Leo, just as the waters closed over their heads.

Leo gazed after them as long as a vestige of them was to be seen, and then he sat down, quite still, in profound astonishment.

"To think of all these things going on up here," reflected he; "and how little about any thing we know down there in that foolish world of ours! It ought to be put in the Geography, it ought! I'll ask papa to write to the newspapers about it as soon as I go home."

Leo sat waiting in anxious expectation of the return of his clever little friends. He took care not to quit the spot where they had left him, lest he might miss them in the crowd and never be able to find them again. He amused himself, meanwhile, by watching the movements of the other people round him, and the time passed so quickly that it seemed only a few minutes till he saw them coming racing towards him over the hills of mist, themselves all softened into mist, and melting and rolling about in the strangest manner possible.

"Why, you don't mean to say you have been down on the earth since?" said Leo.

"Haven't we, indeed?" cried the children. "We think we have, rather!"

"Well, there is one thing," said Leo, "you cannot have been doing much, either good or bad, while you were away, after all your boasting, for you have not had time."

"Oh, didn't we, though? And why shouldn't we have time in the course of a year?"

"A year!" cried Leo. "Why, you are only gone from here about a quarter of an hour."

A wild chorus of their own peculiar pattering laughter broke from the rain-children, and they rolled about and spread themselves over everything, so dreadfully like mere fragments of mist that Leo became quite nervous lest they should never be able to pick themselves up and gather themselves together again. However, his mind was soon relieved in this respect, for they presently not only settled themselves into proper shape, but hardened themselves gradually into ice. Then they all sat round him to tell their adventures.

CHAPTER VIII.

ADVENTURES OF THE RAIN-CHILDREN.

"You chap with the snow-storm," said Leo, "do you speak first, and tell us what you did with it? I must say you are a very small fellow to carry about a snow-storm in your pocket."

"When I passed down through the lake," said the rain-child, "I came out at the bottom of the clouds that hang above your earth. Then I floated about a long time, and hovered away over the world, growing larger as I went along, and spreading myself out into great trails of mist. At last I came and paused above a beautiful mountainous country called Switzerland — have you ever heard of it?"

"I should think so," said Leo. "My mamma and papa were there lately, and have just come home."

"Well, I came and took up my station behind a mountain peak, just over a pretty little village which lay at its foot. I waited there a long time, curled round a high crag and basking in the sunshine, and I gazed down into the village and soon came to know every creature that lived in it, and all their occupations and affairs. I knew all the village children particularly well, and there were two nice little things who played about together, and I took a great fancy to them, and used to watch them at their games. They were not dark, heavy lumps of children, like us here, but had nice rosy cheeks, like yours, and bright eyes and soft skins. Their mother and father lived in a pretty little house a short way above the village, and the children were fond of roaming up the mountains as far as their little wandering feet would carry them. Their father was a chamois-hunter, and they loved to climb the crags to meet him on his way home.

"One day I thought I had hung about the mountain peaks long enough, and that it was high time to see about business; so I began to puff and blow, and spread myself out till I darkened the sun and covered the whole of the blue sky with threatening clouds. Then I let loose the snow-storm over the world, and it fell and fell, till the houses in the village were nearly covered up, and the mountains were awfully sheeted in white. On the first evening of the fall I looked down and laughed to see the children all flying home, shouting and shrieking with glee —"

"Such fun!" cried Leo. "Don't I wish I had been there!"

"Yes, it was great fun for awhile," continued the rain-child; "but very soon everybody was safely shut up indoors, and then I gave way to my most fantastic gambols, and danced and whirled and spun round the world."

"I know the way," said Leo; "I have seen you at it many a time; though I didn't know it was you, you know!"

"I kept on like that," said the rain-child, "till the mountains completely lost their senses, and the earth fell into a swoon. Then I held my breath a little, and peered down through the hurly-burly; and what do you think I saw then?"

"I don't know," said Leo, eagerly.

"Ah," said the rain-child, "there I saw my two little favorite children from the village, wandering along in the wilderness of snow, very far from home, staggering and falling, and struggling upon their feet again, and clinging together and crying and moaning. They had come out to meet their father, as usual, and lost their way in the snow. Nobody was near them, and they were almost worn out with cold and fatigue and terror."

"Oh, dear," said Leo, "this is dreadful! I hope they didn't die. If you killed them, I can never speak to you again."

"You needn't talk like that," said the rain-child. "I was quite as sorry about it as you can be, but I don't know what you could do yourself, if you had a snow-storm to work with."

"That is true," said Leo; "but do go on."

"I was in such a state of distress," said the rain-child, "that I

howled and shrieked frantically all round the mountains, but that did no good at all."

"No," said Leo.

"At last the poor little things fell down and dropped asleep."

"That was good," said Leo.

"No, indeed, it was the worst thing could happen. They were sure to sleep themselves to death. I tore myself to pieces a thousand times in my despair over them ; till at last, oh ! what a joy I felt when I heard the dear, friendly bark of a dog, and saw one coming scouring along snuffing, and puffing, with his warm breath streaming on the air, and a lantern round his neck. He soon found the children, and began licking them all over, and barking to waken them ; and quickly following him came their father, the chamois-hunter, and some of his friends. They carried my little darlings home, and put them in bed, and they were soon as well as if nothing had happened. The storm went on, of course — I couldn't stop it ; but I can tell you I shrieked and laughed my delight round the mountains for three whole days without stopping after that."

"I am so glad the children were saved," said Leo. "But what did the people think of your laughing?"

"Oh, they didn't know the difference," said the rain-child. "They only said : 'What a savage snow-storm !'"

"And are you sure the children are quite well now?" asked Leo.

"The last thing I did before I left the country," said the rain-child, "was to look down at the dear little pair at their play. I should never have been happy again if I had taken the beautiful rosy color out of their lips forever, and the sparkle out of their eyes."

"You're not a bad fellow, I see," said Leo, "though at first I was afraid you were. But I hope you didn't frighten the poor little things again by looking down at them?"

"No ; I was wrapped up in a lovely white cloud," said the rain-child, "as soft and bright as could be. Nobody could be afraid of me then. But now my brothers must tell you their stories."

"Mine is a terrible story," said the second rain-child, "and I would rather not say much about it. I brought a torrent with me, you know, and I can tell you it did not scruple to do damage. We swept away a whole village in one night — men, women, and children, houses, trees, cattle, everything was destroyed by the morning's dawn."

Leo shrank away and covered his face with his hands.

"You cruel creature !" he said, "how could you do such a dreadful thing?"

"You needn't blame me," said the second rain-child, "I only perform my appointed work. I should have been very glad, indeed, if anything could have saved the people. I'm not at all proud of what I have done, and shall be glad if my next brother has got something more pleasant to tell."

"I haven't much to say, good or bad," said the third rain-child. "I nipped the fruit-blossoms with the frost, as I said I should, and I pinched people's noses shockingly ; but I also sweetened the air for

spring, and made beautiful pictures for the children on their window-panes."

"I'd like to hear what these three others have been doing," said Leo. "They seemed to have better hearts than yours when you were all setting out."

"Hearts have nothing to do with it," said the fourth rain-child. "Our hearts are all good enough, but we must do our duty. Your mother's heart is very good, although sometimes she must punish you. I for one, am right glad when I get a happy task to do, and so also, I am sure, are my brothers."

"Tell me what you have been about," said Leo.

"I wrapped myself up in a delicate cloud," said the fourth rain-child, "and floated away, away over the burning desert. I knew well that I should have a chance of doing good before long. As I lay across the heavens, gazing down upon the scorched sands, I suddenly saw the figure of a lonely traveller, making his way painfully along the terrible plains. His brow was blistered, his tongue swollen and parched in his mouth; his poor heart throbbed wildly with the fever that burned in his veins. After watching him a long time I saw that he grew dizzy and faint, and he flung himself at last from his horse, and fell with a groan to the ground.

"I looked and saw the cause of his new anguish: he had reached the oasis where once had welled a spring. The waters were dried, and had vanished away. Thinking of his loving little children at home, he laid himself down and expected to die.

"Have mercy, O God!" he cried, 'and send me a drop of water. But if not, Thy will be done!'

"Now I knew my time had arrived, and I sent forth the delicious rain gliding through the fevered air like God's own benediction from heaven. The spring was replenished, and the waters welled to the traveller's lips. Falling on his knees, he drank and prayed; and my gentle rain went with him all the remainder of his journey, and brought him in safety to his children and his home."

"Beautiful!" cried Leo; "I am so glad you went down from here to show me what you could do."

"A city was on fire, and I put out the flames," said the fifth rain-child. "There was terrible confusion and dismay, but nobody was lost. That is the most important bit of work I have had on my hands since I left home."

"And I have been busy the entire time watering flowers, dropping dews on young growing seeds, and doing many little useful offices all round the world," said the sixth rain-child. "By a great mistake, I very nearly spoiled a fine harvest; but fortunately I was able to pull up in time, so that no great danger has been done."

"That is pleasant," said Leo. "I really am very glad to know you all, and to hear so much about everything you do. I am sure now there are many other things you could tell me about."

"Plenty," said the rain-children. "How would you like to be introduced to the great King Storm?"

"I should like it immensely," said Leo, with sparkling eyes.

"But you will have to travel a good way higher over the hills of mist," said the children. "However, if you are not afraid, we can pull you through somehow, seeing that there are six of us to help you."

"I am not at all afraid," said Leo, eagerly; and they all began to move.

Conclusion next month.

THE SUNBEAM'S STORY.

THE little sunbeam had been up several hours, darting about hither and thither, when it caught sight of a large, tempting window. On the sill were pots of flowers, over which it danced for a second or two.

Now, if the truth must be told, our beam was rather an inquisitive little fellow, fond of pushing its way into all kinds of odd nooks and corners. So, not content with seeing the outside of the window, it suddenly sprang from the leaves of the plants through the laths of the Venetian blinds, and into the room beyond, without stopping to apologize for its unlooked-for visit, or to say, "By your leave!"

It was a nursery, the little sunbeam saw at a glance, and a very comfortable one too. A bright, flowery carpet covered the floor, pictures hung on the walls, and toys of all kinds were strewn about.

Close to the window, trying to work, sat nurse. But it was not an easy matter, for the blinds, as we have said were down, so the room was by no means lightsome.

Our friend the beam looked round for the child or children, who ought to have been playing about. It began to think that there were none, when the cloth which was drawn down to the ground on the side of the table next to the window, moved slightly, and in a moment the sunbeam slipped under, determined to find out what was going on there.

"I don't want any light! I won't have it, nurse! Send it away!" screamed a peevish voice.

"It's only a little sunbeam, Miss Sophie, that's slipped through the blind."

"Send it away, I say! I don't want the ugly thing! I will have it dark!"

The sunbeam seemed to be shaking with laughter, for it quivered all over the cross little face, and Sophie screamed louder than ever.

"Let down the blind, nurse! I *will* have it down! The horrid sun is spoiling my plague of Egypt!"

"The blind is down, darling. If it's turned darker I can't see to work."

"I don't care! I want to play at the ninth plague of Egypt Aunt Rachel told me about, and I *will* have it dark."

Here Sophie dragged the tablecloth angrily, and down it came! Clatter, clatter, fell nurse's work-basket and a large box of bricks; and

there, under the table, sat the crossest, ugliest little girl the sunbeam had ever shone upon.

From her wide-open mouth came dismal howls, her poor eyes were so screwed up that nothing could be seen of them, and her heels were noisily kicking the floor.

Nurse jumped up and tried to pacify her, but she still cried out :

"Nasty sun! It shall go away! I'll tell mamma you won't make it dark, and let me play!"

"Hush, my pet! hush! You'll make yourself ill!" coaxed nurse. "See! I'll shut the shutters, and it will be quite night."

And bang went the heavy wooden shutters on the little sunbeam. It tried hard to discover a chink through which it could peep in and see the game, but no chink was to be found. So, disappointed and pained at the rebuff it had received, it went off and left spoilt Sophie and her nurse to enjoy the plague of darkness alone.

This visit had so subdued the beam, that it had not the heart to shine again for some time. However, when next it came out, it played on the sooty chimneys and grimy roof of a house in a dull, narrow court.

Down below could be heard the sound of children laughing, crying, romping, and fighting. Poor little things! how dirty and dreary their playground was! So different from peevish Sophie's pretty nursery! The sunbeam longed to slip down in their midst, to have a merry game, and whisper to them of the glad, bright things it knew. But it was so high up, that as it danced down the smoky chimney-pot, it could only leap through the garret window of the opposite house.

Such a poor, broken window it was; all the glass was either cracked or mended with pieces of paper and rag. But the beam popped through an upper pane, and into the garret it went on a voyage of discovery.

It was a tiny room, with a low, sloping ceiling and bare, white-washed walls, which were all discolored. The floor, though worm-eaten and poor, was swept as clean as the old stump of a broom in the corner could make it. The scanty furniture told a tale of want and poverty. But the sunbeam did not stop to moralize or examine; it sprang on to a bed which was opposite the window, where it was greeted with a faint cry of delight.

On this bed was the only occupant of the room, a little boy, thin and wasted by suffering.

The black lines round the large blue eyes spoke of days and nights of sleeplessness and pain; and despite his efforts to restrain them, tears of weariness were stealing down his pale, hollow cheeks just as the sunbeam entered with its cheery ray.

Poor little fellow! He was tired out with the feverish, wakeful night, and the hard bed did not ease or rest him.

The time was passing so slowly, and he knew that he could not expect Martha to return for another hour at least. Dear, kind Martha! she had always a loving smile and word for her little brother.

When she went out to work this morning, she had placed by his side a small bunch of violets in an old broken bottle to keep him

company. She had found the flowers on her way home last night, and the bottle she had picked up from the heap of rubbish at the entrance of the court.

The violets had been crushed and faded when she brought them in, but they had revived in water; and as little Tom bent down and took them up, the sweet scent seemed trying to cool and refresh him.

It was a moment after this that the beam appeared, and was greeted with a cry of joy.

Sunshine and flowers! What a lucky boy he was! Surely he ought to be happy, thought the child.

He stretched out his thin, white hand, and tried to grasp the merry beam, which shone now on him, and now on the pretty flowers he held towards it.

It seemed to speak to him of the pleasant country Martha often talked about, where they used to live years ago, when mother and father were alive, but which he had quite forgotten.

He tried to picture it to himself as she had sometimes described it, in the glad spring-time — the lanes with their hedges of may and twining briony; the violets and pale primroses peeping from beneath their leaves; the sloping meadows, dotted with delicate cuckoo flowers, wild snowdrops, and nodding cowslips. And country children really ran about in the midst of such sweet treasures! The child sighed as he thought of the hot, close court where his days were passed.

But as he looked again at the soft, bright beam, and breathed in the perfume of his flowers, it made him think also of the quiet chats he sometimes had with Martha in the evening when her work was done, or when he felt very tired, and the pain was almost more than he could bear.

At such times she would console him by repeating the words she loved so much, that "the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come;" and then she would speak to him of "the home where sorrow is unknown."

The sunbeam now seemed like a messenger from that land of everlasting joy, whispering to him of the happiness to come. The blue eyes brightened; then by degrees the lids sank lower and lower, till, soothed by the little ray and fragrant violets, Tom fell asleep.

As he slept his face lost its weary look of pain, and the parched lips were parted in a smile. For he dreamed of the home to which he was going soon, of that city which "hath no need of the sun nor of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God hath enlightened it; and the Lamb is the light thereof;" of that city where God would wipe away all tears from his eyes, and pain and death would be no more.

Lovingly the little sunbeam glided over the sleeping child, then slowly faded. Its mission was accomplished. It had raised an aching heart above earth and pain and suffering to that dear Father in heaven Who alone can comfort and console.

Useful Knowledge.

OPEN FIRES VS. STOVES AND FURNACES.—Among health topics, this is one of the most important. In this latitude perhaps no other is so vital.

In fitting up a house for my family, I should begin with, "An open fire is number one among house blessings." It should be of wood, in one of those generous, old-fashioned fireplaces! How it fills the family group with a comfortable, social spirit! To supply the draught the air of the room is momentarily changed. The carbonic acid and other excretions of the animal body cannot accumulate; the room cannot smell close, even when crowded.

Strange the people will not have this delightful sun in their homes at any cost or sacrifice. And pray, now, why not have it all back again? If a small part of the money we spend in various foolish fashions were given to the reintroduction of this good old-fashioned blessing, how much healthier and happier we all should be!

Next to an open wood-fire, the open coal-grate is the best means of warming and ventilating. And if, with a good draught, the coal used be bituminous, it is a very excellent fire.

There has been a fearful increase of consumption, bronchitis, headache, and some other affections, since the general introduction of stoves and furnaces. If with the higher degree of heat, the doors and windows are kept open during the entire season, as may be easily and comfortably done, the evil would not be so great, but, as generally managed, it is the gravest mistake in our physical life.

If in the window-shutter of a dark room you open a small aperture, and look in the jet of light as it streams through the room, you will discover that the air is full of floating motes. The air of our houses is always crowded with these. In their ordinary condition they are not mischievous; but after they have been exposed to contact with a heated surface, they do poison us. Millions of these carbonized particles come from the stove or furnace to poison our lungs and blood.

If you would have good throat, lungs, and nerves, sit by an open fire, and keep as far as possible from stoves and furnaces. If you cannot escape those evils, wear more clothing, especially upon the

feet and legs, and keep the doors and windows open.

Most people, even many intelligent reformers, have the idea that to sleep in a cold room is good—essential to health. It is an error. It is better to have an open fire in your bedroom. The atmosphere is not only by this means constantly changed, but you will keep the window open, which will add greatly to the needed ventilation. But more than this, with the fire, you will have fewer bed clothes over you, which is a gain, as a large number of blankets not only interferes somewhat with the circulation and respiration; but prevents the escape of those gases which the skin is constantly emitting. Even furnace or stove heat, with an open window, is better than a close, cold room. Interchange with the external atmosphere depends upon the difference between the temperature of the air within and that without.

But let us have the open fire. Let us go without silks, broadcloths, carpets and finery of all kinds, if necessary, that we may have this excellent purifier and diffuser of joy in all our houses. In my own house I have three open grates, and find the expense rather large, and if it were in any other department of housekeeping, I should feel I could not afford it; but in this I do not flinch, so important do I deem the open fire.—*Dio Lewis' Magazine.*

COUGH MIXTURE.—Onions stewed with a little sugar, syrup is better, until they are perfectly tender; add a tiny bit of mutton suet; keep the mixture on the fender and take when the cough is troublesome. It is very good for the cough, and some people like it.

CASEINE is, in its properties, distinct from albumen and fibrine. It is held in solution in milk by an alkali, and may be heated to boiling point without coagulation. Diluted acids, which do not coagulate albumen, easily separate the caseine from milk; it is easily coagulated in the cold by diluted acetic acid, and separates in the form of a jelly. The analysis of caseine has proved that this body also contains the same elements and in the same proportion as albumen and fibrine, with the exception that it contains a little less sulphur.

The Humorist.

COFFEE should be classed with edged tools, as it must be ground before it is used.

THE question is frequently asked, "How much is a horse-power?" We saw a man who was kicked by a horse the other day, but he is too sick to tell.

"THE artistic taste in Mrs. B's new bonnet is so perfect that you can almost hear it speak," remarked a husband to his spouse. "Yes," was the reply, "it is certainly very loud."

"DID you ever execute a work of art?" asked a Boston girl of a young man from the country. "Oh, yes," was the cheerful reply. "We Scrubtown fellows hung Gov. St. John in effigy a couple of weeks ago."

THE chief of a band of savages lately brought to France was, on landing at Havre, questioned by a reporter of a local paper as to whether he had ever seen any Europeans before. "Seen them? Ay, and tasted them many a time," was the ingenious reply.

A NEW YORK visitor to Boston was interested and puzzled by the constantly recurring "H" on the houses at our street corners. "What are those H's for?" the stranger asked. "They were dropped by the Britons when they left Boston," was the solemn reply.

"MY dear," said an anxious father to his bashful daughter of sixteen, "I intend that you shall be married, but I do not intend you shall throw yourself away on any wild, worthless boy of the present day. You must marry a man of sober, mature age; one that can charm you with wisdom and good advice, rather than with personal attraction. What do you think of a fine, intelligent, mature husband of fifty?" The timid, meek, blue-eyed little daughter looked in her parent's face, and with the slightest possible touch of interest in her voice, answered, "I think two of twenty-five would be much better, pa."

SOMEBODY asked a German what he was doing. "Vell," he replied, "shoost now I am doing noddings, but I have made arrangements to go into piziness." "Glad to hear it. What are you going into?"

"Vell, I goes into partnership mit a man." "Do you furnish much capital?" "No, I doesn't put in no kapital." "Don't want to risk it, eh?" "No, but I puts in de experience." "And he puts in the capital?" "Yes, dot is it. We goes into piziness for dree years, *he* puts in de kapital, and *I* puts in de experience. At de end of de dree years *I* will have de kapital and *he* will have de experience!"

NOT LABELLED.—"None of these barrels are labelled with the nature of their contents," said the wholesale liquor dealer to his clerk; "this is a great blunder. We shall be obliged to bore them and draw off a little of the liquor, or we shall not be able to tell whether we're selling brandy, gin, whiskey, or rum."—"Suppose we send for a phrenologist," suggested the clerk. "A phrenologist? What for?"—"He may be able to tell us what is in the barrels by examining their heads."

A STICKLER FOR VENTILATION.—A good joke is told of a certain Dublin professor—a stickler for ventilation. Being put in a room at a hotel with another guest, he asked him to raise the window one night as the air was so close. "I can't raise it," said the guest, after working at the window for a while. "Then knock a pane of glass out," said the professor, which was done. After a while the professor got up and broke another, then he was able to sleep; but in the morning he discovered that they had only broke into a bookcase.

ALMOST A NATIVE.—"Are you a native of the State?" asked the Judge of the United States Court, addressing a fat man who had been summoned to testify in a case of illicit distilling. "Mostly, Jedge."—"I mean were you born in this State?"—"I understand, I wan't born here; but I am mighty nigh a native."—"Come here when you were quite young, I suppose?"—"No, sir, ain't been here but about ten years."—"How old are you?"—"Fifty."—"Then how is it that you are very nearly a native of this State?"—"Well, when I come here I only weighed about a hundred pounds. Now I weigh two forty so you see 140 pounds of me are native, while only a hundred pounds came from Missouri."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JUNE, 1885.

Notes on Current Topics.

THIS abuse of the Church does not make the Church in itself wrong. Through the Reformation it came forth pure as gold seven times purified.—*A Lutheran Minister.*

Perfectly correct; but you chaps all went out with the impurities.—*Catholic Columbian.*

THE returns of the census taken in 1882 gives the population of Russia in Europe as numbering 77,879,521, of whom 38,651,977 were males and 30,227,544 females, making, with the grand duchy of Finland and other parts of the empire, a total of over 102,000,000.

JAMES STEPHENS.—The letter addressed to the *Freeman's Journal* by Mr. E. D. Gray, M.P., appealing for help for Mr. James Stephens, who has been expelled from Paris and is dying in Belgium in poverty, has been responded to without delay, and already long columns of figures and letters of sympathy in the papers attest the general belief that the man so roughly treated by France, aged, poor, and infirm as he is, had done nothing to provoke the cruelty to which he has been subjected.

CENTRAL AMERICA, comprising the five independent republics of Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, and San Salvador, has an area of about 175,000 square miles, and a population of about 2,931,000. The people are divided into three classes, whites and creoles, mestizos, or the offspring of whites and Indians, and the aboriginal natives.

A SIGNIFICANT commentary upon the vaunted military renown of England,

these days, is the fact that of her four Generals, in chief command in the field, two are Irishmen and two of Scotch extraction.

As James Redpath was lecturing on "Ireland and her Traducers," before an audience of two thousand, in the old Paulist Church, in Fifty-ninth Street, New York City, a crank arose, and lifting his arm in school-boy fashion, to attract attention, asked, "But what about St. Patrick?" The silence was profound while Mr. Redpath answered with great solemnity, "St. Patrick was a gentleman and came of decent people." The crank was set down upon.

BISHOP BALTES, of Alton, Illinois, having given his consent, the old bell belonging to the Catholic Church at Kaskaskia, some sixty miles south of St. Louis, and once the seat of the Spanish Empire in the Mississippi Valley, has been sent to the World's Exposition at New Orleans. It is the first bell that ever tolled west of the Allegheny Mountains. It was cast at Rochelle, France, in 1741, and was presented by the King of France to Louis Buyatte for the parish of Kaskaskia, where, during the past one hundred and forty years, it has been in use.

A CLERGYMAN, in Rochester, N. Y., is said to have startled his congregation, in the course of a recent sermon, by loudly and clearly asking the question, "Is the devil a success?" We are sorry to have to remark in reply, that ever since the unity of Christendom was broken into fragments by the revolt of Luther, Beza, Zuinglius, and others, the devil has been considerable of a success, the *Catholic Telegraph* thinks.

IN Arizona any person who uses profane, indecent, vile or abusive language, or threats within the hearing of women and children, is held liable by law to fine or imprisonment.

AN UNEXPECTED COMPLIMENT.—There is published in Baltimore a magazine, entitled *St. Joseph's Advocate*. It gives a quarterly record of missions among the colored race. Price only 25 cents a year. Reader, send this small amount to St. Joseph, who will repay you for all you do for the conversion of the colored man. Address *St. Joseph's Advocate*, 51 Courtland Street, Baltimore, Md. We hope it will not be considered vanity in us to publish the following article from a recent number of *St. Joseph's Advocate*:—DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, T. B. Noonan & Co., Boston. This very popular monthly has just entered on its seventh year. It is a surprise to us to learn that Mr. Donahoe's hopes at its start "have not been realized," after having served his people in the publication of the *Boston Pilot* for some forty long years. If he had not told us this himself, we could hardly believe it with our conception of the plethoric circulation of the *Pilot* among whose tens of thousands of readers, with their names and addresses at hand, there must have been quite a large percentage able and willing by themselves alone to sustain any publication of the John Murphy of Boston, just simply *because* it was his. The man whose hand was always in his pocket at every call of religion, charity and country for half a century deserves better than this. Of all the monthly or quarterly periodicals that appeal to the patronage of Irish Catholics, *as such* and in the aggregate, this is the one Catholico-Hibernian miscellany that *fits*, because *their* measure and no other was taken for it. This March number is simply rich and brimful, and twelve such books for \$2! Mr. Donahoe was one of the first friends of our Society, and its founder in this country. At its start he was still owner of the *Pilot*, and at once turned its helm in our course, and to-day the colored people have no more sincere friend at the press than the *Boston Pilot* and its editor. Pictures of Archbishop Gibbons, Father Lambert, Cardinal McCabe, Rev. Dr. Cahill and Lord O'Hagan, illustrate the April number just come to hand. St. Patrick prayed that the Irish race might never lose the

faith he preached to them. And the Irish people pray that the faith of St. Patrick may be given to our colored brethren.

THE Russians understand sarcasm. The *St. Petersburg German Gazette* gives proof of it in the following unpleasant wound to the military pride of John Bull:—"It is difficult to understand that a nation with such an experience as that of the Soudan disaster, can assume such a warlike attitude towards a powerful military State."

A FUND is being raised in Ireland for James Stephens, who was recently expelled from France. The subscribers embrace several members of the Irish Parliamentary Party, including Mr. Parnell. Mr. Healy regrets the action of the French Government towards a feeble old man, many of whose countrymen have shed their blood for France. Mr. William O'Brien expresses admiration of the services rendered his country by Mr. Stephens, and his disgust with the conduct of the French Government. Resolutions expressing similar sentiments have been passed by many League branches, and the Bray Branch has taken down the French flag which has been adorning the room where the meetings are held.

WE are sure that all our readers peruse the interesting sketches of Southern Travel, by Rev. Father Newman. The following must have escaped the notice of our correspondent. We find the article in the *N. Y. Freeman's Journal*:—"The Irish Brigade—To come to later times, is it not odd that not a man who has written on Florida has ever mentioned the fact that a part of the Irish brigade once served there? Yet this was really the case. The Irish brigade in the Spanish service was composed of three regiments: Irlandia, formed in 1638 from levies made in Ireland; Hibernia, created by Philip V. in 1703, from soldiers and officers on the reformed list who were awaiting employment in France; and Ultonia, formed at the same time and in the same way. These three regiments, in 1782, numbered 2,400 men. During our Revolutionary War, Spain made war on England, but did not form an alliance with the United States. She acted on her own account. A force under Galvez

took Pensacola from the English, and recovered nearly all of Florida, and when peace was made England gave back to Spain her old province. In 1783, the British flag was lowered at Fort San Marco, the English troops filed out, and the regiment of Hibernia, with its green flag and green facings, and its Irish chaplain, marched in to garrison the old fortress beneath the banner of Castile and Leon.

INDIAN CANDIDATES FOR THE PRIESTHOOD.—*Western Watchman*:—This summer, six Indian boys of the Catholic Missions of the Rocky Mountains, will be taken to Ireland to be educated for the priesthood in the missionary college lately established near Limerick. Should the young men persevere and receive Holy Orders, they will return to their native West to labor among those of their own race. Something like this used to happen years ago, but it now seems like a dream that the sons of wild red men should go from the banks of the Missouri and the Yellowstone to the far-off Shannon to receive an apostolic training, and drink at the very fountains of the Irish Church. Yet, it is not strange, for Europe sent her students to sit at the feet of Irish masters, and her missionaries have penetrated every land. The experiment will be watched with interest by the Church in America, and we are hopeful of success.

I. C. B. U. JOURNAL:—Catholic papers are pointing out how the honors shown the Liberty Bell, now at New Orleans, is just the "superstition" Protestants charge Catholics with. Oh, the journal can beat that point as good as it is. The celebrated preacher Whitfield visited Philadelphia about 1750. He was so loud-voiced that the whole town must have heard him, and trembled. When he died the Dowager Countess of Huntingdon got one of his toes and a piece of his cassock as "relics." [See "Pa. His. Soc. Col.," vol. 1, p. 401.]

THE ARTISANS' EXHIBITION IN DUBLIN.—The foundation stone of the Irish Artisans' Exhibition was laid on the site chosen for the building, and obtained from the South City Market Company. The situation is very central, and advantageous from many points of view. The plan of the buildings includes three grand

entrances—one at Exchequer Street, one at New Street, and the third towards Trinity Street. The grand hall, 150 feet by 30 feet, will be devoted principally to the loan collection of statuary and paintings. Beyond the hall is the main building, consisting of a nave and four aisles. A gallery will run round, terminating at each end with a transept the full height of the nave, and approach to it from the ground floor will be by three spacious staircases. To the left, after leaving the main hall, is situated the picture gallery, and beyond this are the machinery courts. The buildings on the whole are very bold and picturesque, and will be further adorned by the erection over the vestibule of a large clock, specially made for the exhibition by Messrs. Chancellor & Son. Mr. J. J. O'Callaghan, M. R. I. A., Harcourt Street, is the architect, and the foundation stone was laid by Mr. Bernard Broe, of the Guild of Stonecutters. This exhibition, which has the sympathies of all creeds, will not open till the end of June. Over £3,000 have been subscribed towards the enterprise: but it is calculated that £5,000 will be required to cover the expenses. Among the speakers at a late meeting in favor of the movement was the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Protestant Bishop of Ossory, who made an eloquent speech on the occasion.

CARDINAL GUIBERT, Archbishop of Paris, paid a visit lately to the Asylum for the Aged Poor kept by the Little Sisters of the Poor in the Rue Philippe de Gérard. His Eminence put on a large white apron, and waited upon one hundred and eighty old men at their dinner.

DEPOPULATION OF FRANCE.—A most important paper was read on January 28th before the Academy of Medicine in Paris by Dr. Rochard, on the subject of the depopulation of France. This question he declared to be one of exceeding gravity and demanding the attention of the Academy. Whilst in England the annual increase of population is 13 per 1,000, in Germany 10 per 1,000, in Spain and Italy 7 per 1,000, and in America as much as 30 per 1,000, in France there is scarcely any increase perceptible, and in more than twenty departments there is an actual decrease. France now ranks in population only third in Europe, in fifty years she will rank seventh. Not so very long ago her people formed one-

third of all Europe, now they are no more than one-fifteenth. Yet there are startling contrasts. From 1876 to 1881, Normandy lost 44,000, whilst her neighbor Brittany showed a gain of 50,000. The Briton, who has neither the economy nor the order of the Norman, goes on in life as in battle, brave, tenacious, full of faith. The consequences of depopulation will be a diminution of French influence in Europe. Again, agriculture suffers severely. Since 1846, agriculturalists have diminished by 4,000. The result is a plethora in the great cities. Paris is said to be the brain of France, but if so, it is singularly congested, and threatens to afflict the whole social body with apoplexy.

THE CATHOLIC PARTY IN BELGIUM has had another brilliant Parliamentary success. It has won the by-election at Verviers by a majority of thirty-two. The success is all the more important, as Verviers was looked upon as a thoroughly Liberal seat. The victory greatly consolidates the power of the Ministry. The Chamber of Deputies now consists of eighty-seven Catholic and Conservative members and fifty-one Liberals. This is the largest majority that has ever been obtained in that country, and there is no doubt that Monsieur Nothamb was correct in declaring, at the general assembly of the Conservative Association held immediately after, that the election proves once for all that the Government has the country with it.

THE new Secretaries of War and of the Navy have done a good deed,—although one spreading consternation in certain circles in Washington City, by sending officers from scenes of dissipation at the national Capital, to display their valor in frontier service, and to show some efficiency in the way of naval usefulness.

CARRARA (Italy) furnishes the statuary and other better qualities of marble for the world. Six thousand men work in the quarries. They are hoisted 700 feet in the air, and then moved horizontally to the quarries. Hundreds of fatal accidents occur every year. Children scarcely out of their swaddling clothes work amid the glare and dust, and die with sore eyes and stifled lungs. The food is dry bread, a raw onion, and dirty water. It is the

only place in Italy where wine is not drunk. Fully £160,000 worth of marble is quarried in Carrara annually. The violet-hued is the most valuable.

BILLS have passed the Ohio House prohibiting the employment of children under twelve years of age, and providing that corporations or others employing women or girls shall procure seats for their use when not engaged in active duties, and imposing a fine of ten to twenty-five dollars for each violation of the law.

REV. J. P. BODFISH, of the Cathedral, will lecture on "A Trip to Europe," at Boston College Hall on Sunday, 17th of May, under the auspices of the Cathedral Holy Name Society. The lecture will be illustrated with stereopticon views.

MAY FESTIVAL.—Arrangements have been made for the annual May Festival, in aid of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, at Mechanics' Hall, Huntington Avenue, on Saturday, May 16th.

BRAVERY OF A CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN.—Catholics will be glad to know that the Rev. Mr. Collins, the chaplain whose conspicuous bravery during the battle fought on Sunday near Suakim has been the subject of unstinted admiration on the part of several of the war correspondents in the Soudan, is Father Reginald Collins, the Catholic Chaplain to the forces, who, until recently, was stationed at Alexandria. The courageous part which he bore in that desperate engagement—and for which he has well earned, and will probably receive, the Victoria Cross, is thus described by one of the correspondents:—Outside, away from the square, a number of men on various fatigue duties, such as cutting bush for the zareba makers, were cut off from the main body. Undaunted and resourceful, they quickly improvised a square, hard by the field kitchens, and their promptness saved their lives. Conspicuous amongst them were to be seen Major Alston and the Rev. Mr. Collins (one of our chaplains) fighting back to back, the reverend combatant having seized the nearest available weapon, which he wielded vigorously as if "to the manner born." Here, I am sorry to say, I must somewhat qualify my previous praise

of the 17th Loyal Poorbeahs; not however, in respect to the actual fighting, which, as I have said, was splendid, but they were sadly unsteady, and in their excitement not amenable to that discipline, the display of which was so conspicuous by the Marines. The bugles were repeatedly sounded for them to cease firing, but they did not heed the command, and continued firing at perilous random, especially to the little square managed by Major Alston. As the bugles were ineffective, the Rev. Mr. Collins volunteered to cross the bullet-swept ground and convey the orders to cease firing. Stepping forth calm and collected in demeanor, the chaplain walked, his life in his hand, across to the Indians, to whom he gave the necessary orders, and then returned as calmly to the little square which he had just left. His reception must have been some compensation for the risks he had run. The men, struck with his heroism, raised cheer after cheer, and, sticking their helmets on their bayonets, frantically waved them in their enthusiasm.

LOW-NECKED DRESSES.—What is described to be “a suit of thrilling interest” has begun at Philadelphia. The plaintiff is Miss Mabel L. Hearne, and she brings a summons against Mr. J. B. Stockhausen, on the grounds of the injury, disgrace, and scandal brought upon her by his forcibly removing her from the dancing platform at the ball of a society called the Young Maennerchor, because she had on a low-necked black velvet dress. But in her affidavit the plaintiff declares that the said dress was cut according to fashion, and not such as should have offended Mr. Stockhausen, a German of altogether exceptional modesty. That gentleman might, perhaps, have given effect to his feelings in a manner not less pronounced, but less liable to involve him in litigation. Cardinal Cullen, when he found himself seated at dinner beside a lady, whose dress was not too ample, suggested that she must be cold, and threw his silk pocket-handkerchief round her shoulders. It was her last offence.

THE Osservatore Romano publishes the Latin text of a letter addressed to the Emperor of China by the Holy Father, who begs that the Celestial Monarch will grant his special protection to the Christians of his dominions, whose

situation has, by the present state of war, become most difficult. The Pope reminds the Emperor that, far from seeking to undermine public authority, the Catholic missionaries, who have for centuries past been sent to China, have rendered numerous material as well as moral services. The bearer of this letter is a Roman missionary, named Giulianelli, who, after delivering it, is charged to establish a Catholic mission in the province of Chen Si. The letter is addressed “*Illustri ac potentissimo utriusque Tartariæ et Sinarum Imperatori.*”

ON Good Friday evening the Anti-Clerical Club of Paris, gave a banquet at which figured all sorts of meat. As Louis Veuillot said on a similar occasion, they had pigs’ feet on the table and under the table.

THE rumor—similar to that which was so long believed with reference to the skull of Raphael—that the head of the great linguist, Cardinal Mezzofanti, had been stolen from his coffin during the Revolution of 1849 by some ardent admirer, or zealous phrenologist, has been proved to be untrue. His remains having been removed, as was last week stated, from the spot where they were first buried, in St. Onofrio, to the place in the same Basilica where his monument is shortly to be erected, near Tasso’s, the opportunity was taken of opening the coffin, in the presence of Monsignor Santovetti and others, with this result, that the remains were found to be in a state of almost perfect preservation.

THE COMMERCIAL FUTURE OF WEST AFRICA.—We give in this issue of our magazine an able article on the above subject, taken from the *Dublin Review*. At this time the article is of great interest.

THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL LAND LEAGUE of America met at the Grand Pacific Hotel on the 6th inst., the Rev. Duncan McGregor in the chair. Secretary Charles McDonald made a report on the gratifying interest shown by other Caledonian societies in the Crofter movement. Malcolm McPherson read an interesting paper on “England’s Duty to the Scottish Crofters,” after which the

Rev. E. H. Sawers, of the First Scotch Church, made a telling speech. He contended that the crofters should have fixity of tenure, fair rents fixed by arbitration, the right to sell or transfer tenant right and compensation for permanent improvements. He was in favor of encouraging emigration among the young, but thought the older generation should stick to their native straths.

THE N. Y. *Tablet* asks, "Which of the rich men of Irish birth or descent, in New York, will make his name immortal by presenting to Central Park statues of Emmet, Grattan and Father Matthew?" Why does not our contemporary mention the names of the rich men?

A CURIOUS club has been formed in Dublin named the Irish Wolf-Hound Club, for the purpose of trying to restore to the world the Irish wolf-hound, believed to be extinct, described as the most noble and majestic of all the canine race, with an ancestry which has been on record since the time of the Romans.

It is stated that within a year the island of Achill, the largest island of our west coast, will be joined with the mainland, and "more than 35,000 acres and 6,000 Celts will be annexed to Ireland." For a long time the undertaking was pronounced impossible, but it is now said to be on the high road towards accomplishment.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA. — In view of the coming conflict between Russia and England, it may be interesting to know how both countries stand as regards their respective military strength. Russia has admittedly more soldiers than any other first-class power in Europe; but it is not generally known that, on sea as well as on land, Russia stands at the head of all other nations, as far as the number of ships of war is concerned. In her standing army there are 780,000 men, and she has 358 ships in her navy. It costs \$125,000,000 a year to keep her military establishments on their peace footing, and her military authorities say they can place 2,300,000 trained men under arms in war time. The English standing army is 182,000 men. This includes the English regular troops serving in India. The

English War Office authorities profess to be able to put 642,000 well-drilled and effective British troops in the field if called on to do so. This does not include the Indian auxiliary forces, which would swell the total British forces at home and abroad to over 1,000,000 men. It costs England \$90,000,000 a year to keep up its regular army. In 1853 there were 52,000 Irish soldiers in the English army; now there are only 31,000. The British navy contains 283 ships. But while the Russian navy contains more vessels than the English navy, it must be remembered that England spends three times as much on her navy as Russia spends on hers.

HON. JOHN P. DONWORTH, the newly appointed collector of the port of Aroostook, Me., is a graduate of Holy Cross College, Worcester, class of '65. As a student. Mr. Donworth, in addition to other qualifications, evinced great poetical talent, though we are unaware whether he has suffered the faculty to lie dormant of late years or not. He can also boast of having studied law under Hon. James C. Madigan of "Madigan letter" fame.

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL NEWMAN conducted the devotions of the Stations of the Cross on Good Friday at the Edgbaston Oratory, where he also preached on Easter Sunday.

MR. PARNELL'S ANCESTORS. — Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell descends from "bold Norfolk's Earl, De Brotherton," another son of Edward I. and Marshal of England, as well as from that of Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, whom Bolingbroke challenged to mortal combat, and whom Richard II. banished for life. Shakespeare has put a touching farewell to England into the mouth of Mowbray:

"The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego."

Another of Mr. Parnell's ancestors is John Howard, the "Jockey of Norfolk," first of the actual line of the Dukes of Norfolk, who was slain at Bosworth and duly attainted by the victorious party. Most persons who have any lineage to speak of, can name an ancestor who was hanged for treason, or at least impeached for that crime. The chief of the Irish Home Rulers — so very English in his

origin—is again descended from Charles Howard, created in 1596 Earl of Nottingham, but better known by his inherited title of Lord Howard of Effingham, which he bore when commanding against the Armada.

AN OLD WOMAN.—Sarah Lodwick, "the oldest woman in Glamorganshire," died at Swansea, recently, at the patriarchal age of 106. She was in humble circumstances, and the medical testimony went to show that "she withered away like an old tree." How many ladies of society will, I wonder, live to attain such an advanced age? True, there was once a Countess of Desmond who,—

Lived to the age of a hundred and ten,
And died from the fall of a cherry-tree then.

But she was not in the habit of reversing the order of night and day, as is now too often the case. There are no more valuable aids to longevity than regular meals and hours.

OUT of ninety-one samples of coffee analyzed during one month in Paris, thirteen only were pronounced pure. One specimen packet is said to have contained the following ingredients:—Red earth, flour, coffee grounds, caramel, talc, plumbago, vermicelli, semolina powder, bean-dust, carrots, bread-crusts, acorns, sawdust, red ochre, brick-dust, ashes, mahogany shavings, vegetable earth, and sand.

A CATHOLIC is not eligible to the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland. It is certainly an anomaly that a Catholic should be eligible to fill the vice-royalty of Bhudist and Mohammedan India, and yet be unable to hold the Lord Lieutenancy of Catholic Ireland.

CARDINAL NEWMAN has just celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday at the Birmingham Oratory. His eminence, who is enjoying a second youth, rather than a second childhood, shows an amount of vitality quite surprising to those who some little time ago were anxious about his health. He said Mass at seven o'clock on the morning of his birthday, and later received visits from a number of his friends. With one of these, Mr. Wilfred Ward, a son of his old friend, the Cardinal, was able to talk for an hour and a half, although a few months ago his doc-

tors told him that half an hour was to be the extent of his conversations.

CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETIES.—In an address issued some weeks ago to the members of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, Rev. J. H. Mitchell, President, says: "The world is overrun with moral imbeciles; and the flimsy Catholicity of many Catholic young men does not remove them from that numerous category. Simple profession of faith is not sufficient to enable us as Catholic young men, to do our duty to our God, to our country, and to our brethren. 'Active virtue and energetic piety' are necessary, and without the Sacraments these cannot be practiced."

THOSE TERRIBLE JESUITS.—It seems to be the lot of the Jesuit Fathers to be ever the first against whom the rage of the Church's enemies is directed. The latest attack upon these devoted champions of Christianity has taken place in the island of Jersey. In the States Assembly of the island a bill providing for the expulsion of the Jesuits was discussed on Tuesday. The Order has founded a college there, and it was sought to despoil them of the property. The iniquitous proposal was, we are glad to say, rejected.

THE Rev. Peter Havermans, rector of St. Mary's church, Troy, who recently celebrated his eightieth birthday, is the second oldest priest in the United States, Rev. E. J. Durbin of Shelbyville, Ky., being six years his senior. When he came to America in 1830, there were only two hundred priests in this country; now there are more than seven thousand. Father Havermans has been in Troy forty-three years. When he came there the number of Catholics in that vicinity did not exceed two thousand.

WE recently heard a striking illustration of the standard President Cleveland has adopted in regard to the public service. Somebody called to his attention the case of an official, also an editor, who published in the campaign a most offensive attack on the personal character of the Democratic candidate. The president asked if there were any charges affecting the official in the discharge of his duties. "If there are none," said he, "this officer has not injured the public,

but his offence only affects me, and, under the rules I have laid down, I cannot remove him."

CEREMONY OF WASHING FEET.—The ceremony of the washing the feet of twelve poor men on Maundy Thursday was performed at Vienna at the Hofburg, by the Emperor, who was accompanied by all the Archdukes. The eldest of the men was ninety-three and the youngest eighty-eight, their united ages amounting to one thousand and seventy-four years. The corresponding ceremony, usually performed by the Empress, was omitted this year, as last year, owing to her Majesty's absence in Germany; but twelve aged women, whose ages ranged between eighty-nine and ninety-one, and the united total to one thousand and eighty-one, were selected, and presented with the customary gifts, namely, well-filled baskets of food and wine, and purses containing thirty silver florins, which were brought to their poor homes by Court lackeys in State carriages. The ceremony began with High Mass and a sermon in the Court Chapel. After the service a procession was formed, which marched through the passages and staircases of the Hofburg to the hall in which the twelve old men in antique German costumes were seated, awaiting the Emperor, who served out the food, after which the Court Chaplain read the Gospel, and two other Chaplains went through the ceremony of washing the feet of the men, the Archdukes drying them with towels. The purses and baskets were then handed round, and the old men were taken home in Court carriages.

HON. ANTHONY M. KEILEY, recently appointed minister to Italy, was born Sept. 13, 1832, at Paterson, N. J., of Irish parents, his father a native of Cork, where the family is quite numerous, his mother of Wexford, a Crowley. He boasts that his grandmother *carried a pike* at "Vinegar Hill," and a grand-uncle, Dan McCarthy, had the honor of being outlawed in '98, and a price set upon his head, which escaped the tender mercies of English law, partly by the fleetness of his steed, and partly by the love of the peasantry, whose sympathies were all on the side of the trooper. His parents married at Paterson, N. J., but shortly afterwards moved to Virginia, where they have since resided, and now live.

A FINE CHURCH.—St. John's Catholic church, now being built at Clinton, Mass., and to be dedicated in November, will cost \$140,000, and the debt, when the church is completed, will not be over \$25,000. Father Paterson proudly asserted that its interior will present the finest appearance of any similar structure in the country. There are about forty large oil paintings, representing scenes in the Life of Christ, which have been finished by a Munich artist at a cost of \$4,000. The church will accommodate 1,750 persons.

RUSSIAN DESIGN.—*The Catholic Review*:—The main point of the Russian design in Asia seems to be missed by the average newspaper reader. No doubt it hopes to separate India some day from the British crowd. But its immediate ambition is to find an outlet and port on the Indian Ocean. What Austria seeks at Salonika, Russia hopes to attain on the Persian Gulf or adjacent ocean, after it has dominated Afghanistan and Beloochistan. For all its vast empire, it now has no port save in the Pacific or in regions blocked up by ice and foes. The day is not distant, although not immediate, when Russian authority will control all the region between the present "scientific frontier" of India and the Dardanelles.

THE YOUTH'S MAGAZINE—"The Homeless Boy"), a monthly paper dedicated to the interests of Catholic children, is deserving of the support of parents and guardians. Its last issue contains a fine portrait of the venerable Archbishop Kenrick, now in his 79th year. Address *Youth's Magazine*, St. Louis, Mo.

The grant to the schools of monks and nuns in Ireland, from the 1st of next April, is to be increased from four to twelve shillings a head each year; and three of the National Board's rules, which for thirty years have been in force to prevent the spread of such schools, have been repealed. The foundation for these important changes was laid last year, and Mr. Biggar, M. P., was foremost to move in the matter.

A GRAND TRIO.—Three Irishmen, namely, Lord Wellesley, Lord Mayo, and Lord Dufferin, have been Governors-

General of India and also Knights of St. Patrick. When Lord Mayo went to India the Star of the Order worn by Lord Wellesley was lent to him by Mr. Alfred Montgomery, and he used it during the period of his viceroyalty. After his death Mr. Montgomery presented the Star to Lady Mayo, and when Lord Dufferin went to India she lent it to him and he now wears it.

A GOOD STORY is told of a certain prominent railway director, who is equally renowned for his ability to make and take a joke. A railway employee, whose home is in the country, applied to him for a pass to visit his family. "You are in the employ of the company?" inquired the gentleman alluded to. "Yes."—"You receive your pay regularly?"—"Yes."—"Well, now, suppose you were working for a farmer instead of the company, would you expect your employer to take out his horse every Saturday night and carry you home?" This seemed a poser, but it wasn't. "No," said the man promptly, "I would not expect that; but if the farmer had his horses out, and was going my way, I should call him a very mean fellow if he would not let me ride." The employee came out three minutes afterwards with a pass good for twelve months.

A TRIBUTE TO MISS E. C. DONNELLY.—A superb testimonial has recently been forwarded from the Superior-General of the Augustinian Order at Rome to Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, of Philadelphia—a gifted lady, whose lovely poetical contributions have frequently graced the columns of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. The precious souvenir in question is in the form of a reliquary encased in a medalion of elaborately-wrought silver and gold, and containing relics of St. Thomas of Villanova, St. Nicholas of Tolentine, St. Clare of Monte Falco, and Blessed Rita of Cascia, illustrious Saints of the Augustinian Order, whose virtues have been specially eulogized by Miss Donnelly's poetical genius. The superb casket was specially prepared under the supervision of Mgr. Pacifico Neno, D.D., General of the Augustinian Order, and the relics enclosed are accompanied by documentary evidence of their authenticity, signed by Mgr. Sebastian Martinelli. We heartily congratulate Miss Donnelly upon this deserved tribute to a devoted Catholic lady, who is thus honored on

earth as we may hope she may be rewarded in Heaven.

VISITING CATHOLIC INSTITUTIONS.—*London Universe*: Her Majesty has been guilty of a grave act of indiscretion. She absolutely visited the Catholic abbey of Hautecombe on Saturday evening last, and was conducted through the chapel and cloisters. This is awful. The father superior and the monks conducted her over the place and did not attempt to eat her or—what would be worse—convert her. What will the loyal Orangemen say? The British constitution is in peril as great as when the Prince of Wales called on the Pope at the Vatican. His Royal Highness and his spouse have likewise been committing grave breaches of propriety. Much about the same time the Queen was in one Popish institution they were in another, the Industrial Schools, conducted by the Christian Brothers at Artane, near Dublin. They were pleased at what they saw, the more so that they were not bored with the perpetual address. The time is surely out of joint, as Shakespeare says.

ADDICTED TO INTEMPERANCE.—Archbishop Croke recently remarked: "Never heed or acquiesce, but, on the contrary, earnestly repudiate the injurious assertion that the Irish, as a nation, are more addicted to drink, and, as a matter of fact, drink to greater excess than either the Scotch or English. Secondly, be convinced that if our people had their rights, if they were well fed, as well clad, as well housed, and generally as well and as suitably surrounded as the corresponding classes in other countries, they would be in this matter of temperance, as in all other virtues, quite on a level, at least, with their aspiring and censorious neighbors. Bear in mind, thirdly, that there are more people on earth who eat to excess, as regards both quality and quantity, than who drink to excess. Be assured, fourthly, that what is temperance in one man may be excess in another. Finally, take care to be in this, as in all the other relations of life, tolerant of the views and weakness of others; do not condemn your acquaintances for not taking the pledge though they appear to need it as much as you did; and do not pose or parade yourself as their superior because you have done a good deed, and bravely made a sacrifice for which your feebler friend was

not prepared. For the rest, having once taken the pledge, be sure to keep it."

AN ELEPHANT'S SAGACITY.—Not long ago one of Barnum's elephants was found to be in danger of losing his sense of sight. A surgeon, who had been called to examine the huge animal declared, that, if the elephant could be induced to submit to an operation, the eye could be saved. Accordingly the poor animal was tied down, and some caustic fluid was dropped into one of his eyes. He roared with pain, for the treatment was severe. On the following day the eye that had been treated was much better; but the surgeon thought he was going to have a terrible time in operating on the other eye. Fancy his surprise to find that as soon as the great beast heard his voice, he stretched himself on the ground, and peacefully submitted to the painful ordeal. The elephant had simply recognized the skill and friendly purpose of his benefactor.

NEWSPAPERS OF TO-DAY.—People generally, and even those who may be termed steady readers and close observers, have but a faint conception of the magnitude and influence the press of this country has attained. From a careful examination of the advance pages of the 1885 edition of the American Newspaper Directory, issued May 1st, by George P. Rowell & Co., of New York, it appears that there are 14,147 newspapers and periodicals published in the United States and Canada; of these the United States has 12,973, an average of one paper for every 3,867 persons. In 1884 the total number of newspapers was less by 823 than at present, and while the gain this year is not so marked as in some previous years, it is still considerable. Kansas shows the greatest increase, the number being 78, while Illinois follows with a gain of 77. It is curious to notice that New York, the scene of so much political activity during the last campaign, should have only about one-third as many new papers as the State of Pennsylvania. As an index to the comparative growth and prosperity of different sections of the country, especially the Territories, the number of new papers forms an interesting study, and may well occupy the attention of the curious.

SEVERAL farms in England have been let at rents which in some cases were less

than half the average of recent years. In Lincolnshire a farm which up to 1883 was taken at a rental of £1 3s. 6d. per acre, has now been let by auction at 12s.

HON. MR. KEILEY, nominated as Minister to Italy by President Cleveland, is one of the best selections that could be made. There was newspaper talk about his non-acceptance of the appointment. In reply to a newspaper interviewer Mr. K. said: "My commission is in my writing desk, and I start for my post in a few days. I fancy that if any protest had been made by the Italian foreign office, I would have heard of it. I should like to say, that I have been rather surprised at the comments of the New York press on my remarks in regard to the civil war, made in 1861. I did say, at the time, that I regarded the Confederate cause as a worthy one, and so I did regard it, and was willing to give my life for it. So were most of the people in the Southern States; but I see no reason why I should not be, to-day, as loyal to the United States as any man who took the other side in 1861. As a representative of the United States, I will be guided by my instructions, and what I see to be for the best interests of this government." [A later account says Mr. K. has accepted the Austrian in place of the Italian mission.]

THE NEW CATECHISM.—*Western Watchman.*—We are very well pleased with the Catechism, because it will promote uniformity and that is a great gain; and it will make Christian Doctrine more intelligible to the young; and that is a very great gain. The Catechism will be translated into German, and our whole people will soon be one of lip and speech in matters of faith.

INDIAN CORN, or maize, resembles wheat in composition and nutritive quality. Its grain has a peculiar flinty hardness, and its flour, known as Indian meal, has a flavor which is not at first relished. It does not bake so well in bread, but is very excellent for cakes. It contains more oil or fat, than any of the common grains. This oil sometimes amounts to as much as nine pounds in the hundred. But it is not fat eaters who are the fattest, nor is all the fat in the body formed from fat in the food.

Personal.

MAYOR SCOVILLE, of Buffalo, says that religious denominations own \$4,200,000 worth of property in that city. Of this amount the Catholics own \$2,000,000.

M. GOUNOD having only recently finished his oratorio, "Mors et Vita," for the Birmingham Festival, is, it is stated, at work upon a new sacred composition on the subject of St. Francis of Assisi, which he hopes to finish in time for next year's season.

EARL SPENCER has appointed the Rev. John Egan, D. D., a Fellow of the Royal University and former president of the Ennis Diocesan College, to a seat in the Educational Board left vacant by the death of the late Lord O'Hagan. This is the first time a Catholic priest has been appointed in this board.

THE appointment of Hon. S. S. Cox, as minister to Turkey, is highly commended by the press of both political parties. As Mr. Cox goes to the country of the rising sun, he will be prepared to give as glorious descriptions of its beauty as he did of the "Sunsets" of Europe, whence originated his sobriquet.—*Catholic Columbian*.

THE ages of President Cleveland and his cabinet are: Grover Cleveland, forty-eight; Bayard, fifty-seven; Manning, fifty-four; Endicott, fifty-eight; Whitney, forty-five; Lamar, sixty; Vilas, forty-five, and Garland, fifty-three.

MONSIGNOR GLORIEUX, recently appointed Vicar-Apostolic of Idaho, was consecrated in the Cathedral, Baltimore, on Sunday, April 19. The ceremonies were of a very imposing character. Among the Prelates present were Archbishop Gross, of Oregon City, late Bishop of Savannah; Bishops Becker, of Wilmington; Maes, of Covington; Keane, of Richmond; Kain, of Wheeling; Brondel, of Montana; and Northrop, of Charleston.

OUR readers will be rejoiced to learn that the Most Rev. Dr. McGettigan, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland, has almost quite recovered from the severe attack of illness which took so alarming a form a couple of weeks ago. His Grace is still very weak, and

must necessarily continue so for some time, but the worst symptoms, we are glad to announce, have entirely disappeared.

WE are glad to be able to say that the Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne, Bishop of Birmingham, has now quite recovered from his late severe illness in which at one time his life was despaired of. He is to return to Birmingham from Oscott College, where he has been staying, to resume his duties.

GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE.—Under the heading, "Something in favor of the Prince of Wales," the Very Rev. Canon Hegarty, of Cork, has addressed to the local papers a letter in which he mentions an interesting incident about the Prince of Wales and the Prior of St. Clement's, Rome. Canon Hegarty heard the story during a visit which he recently paid to the Eternal City. The Prince, he says, soon after his marriage, in the course of a visit to Rome, called upon the Rev. Father Mullooly, the prior of St. Clement's. At that time the treasures of the church were under the protection of the British flag. They dared not keep them where they might tempt the cupidity of the rapacious Italians. The Prince inquired after the safety of St. Clement's, and Father Mullooly replied that they were as yet undisturbed, but they did not know how long that happy state of things would continue. "Whenever you are molested," was the reply of the Prince, "send me a telegram, and I shall not fail to do you a service." They were not molested. Again and again have the Government longed to get St. Clement's under their paternal care, and never have they dared to cross the threshold of that ancient monument of Catholicity. The Prince of Wales has kept his word, and St. Clement's is inviolable.

WILLIAM R. ROBERTS, of New York, nominated for the Chilian mission, is an Irishman and retired business man, who was a representative in the 42d and 43d Congress. He is rich and about 55 years old. While in the House he opposed the "back pay" bill, and on its passage was the first man to order his portion of the sum, some \$5,000, turned into the United States treasury.

Notices of Recent Publications.

The N. Y. Catholic Publication Society Co.

A CATECHISM OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. Prepared and enjoined by order of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. Published by ecclesiastical authority.

The *Catholic Review* says of this catechism:—The catechism ordered by the Fathers of the Plenary Council of Baltimore has been prepared, examined, revised, and published by the authority of the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Gibbons, and with the imprimatur of the Cardinal Archbishop of New York. To secure uniformity and accuracy in all future editions, this book has been copyrighted by Bishop Spalding. Plates, with the necessary privileges, have been purchased by the principal publishers, who will supply copies at \$2.50 a hundred to all who need them. We are sorry to say that some cheap-John publishers threaten not to respect this arrangement, and propose to bring out an edition in violation of this arrangement. Two difficulties, however, are in the way. The book cannot be published for Catholics without an imprimatur, nor unauthorized without violating the law of copyright. No doubt the proper ecclesiastics will vindicate the first right, and the publishers who have purchased by a royalty the copyright, may be trusted to see that no violation of this right is permitted. It is on that understanding that they have purchased the uniform edition. Every Catholic publisher in the country was accorded this privilege of purchase.

Messrs. Noonan & Co., Boston, have also issued the new catechism. So have Messrs. Benziger Bros., New York. Likewise the other Catholic publishers throughout the country.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., and St. Louis.

LITTLE MONTH OF MARY. By the author of Golden Sands. Translated from the French by Miss Ella McMahon. Price.

We have many books for the Month of Mary. We cannot have too many. No Catholic should be without one.

A MEMOIR OF ANTHONY RAVALLI, S. J., Forty Years a Missionary in the Rocky Mountains, by Rev. L. B. Palladino, S. J. Sold for the benefit of Indian Schools in Montana. Paper, 25 cents.

CATHOLIC BELIEF.

Very Rev. Faà di Bruno's admirable book, "Catholic Belief," which Rev. L. A. Lam-

bert edited so carefully, has now reached its twentieth thousand, although published but such a short time. 416 pages. Price 40 cents.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.

A HOLY MENDICANT: Life of Benedict Joseph Labre. Translated from the French. Price.

Appended to the life of this remarkable servant of God, is the history of the conversion of Rev. John Thayer of Boston, related by himself.

Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind.

BETTER THAN GOLD. By Nugent Robinson.

This is No. III. of the *Ave Maria* Series of instructive and entertaining publications. Like everything from the *Ave Maria*, it is "better than gold." Price only ten cents.

ALL of the above books may be obtained of Messrs. Noonan and Co., as well as of the publishers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISS ELIZA ALLEN STARR'S "Pilgrims and Shrines" has been issued in a cheaper edition. It can now be obtained for two dollars and a half from the New York Catholic Publication Society Co., in two volumes, without the etchings.

MESSRS. KEGAN, PAUL, TRENCH, & Co., have in the press a volume entitled, "Louise la Vallière, and other poems," by Miss Katharine Tynan, a young poetess who has already found many admirers for her fragmentary contributions to *Merry England* and other magazines.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MESSRS. BENZIGER BROTHERS have in preparation to be ready within a year, *The Christian State of life; or, Sermons on the Principal Duties of Christians in General, and of Different States in Particular*, namely: Of young people towards God, their parents and themselves, as far as the care of their souls, and the selection of a state of life are concerned; of those who intend embracing the married state; of married people towards each other; of parents towards their

children, in what concerns both the temporal and spiritual welfare of the latter; of heads of families towards their servants; of servants towards their masters; of subjects towards the spiritual and temporal authorities; of lay-people towards priests; of the rich towards God and the poor; on the state, dignity, and happiness of the poor; on the use of time, and making up for lost time; on the good and bad use of the morning and evening time, etc., etc. In seventy-six sermons, adapted to all the Sundays and Holy Days of the year. With a full index of all the sermons, and an alphabetical index of the principal subjects treated, and copious marginal notes by the Rev. Father Francis Hunolt, priest of the Society of Jesus, and preacher in the Cathedral of Treves. Translated from the original German edition of Cologne, 1740. By the Rev. J. Allen, D.D., chaplain of the Dominican Convent of the Sacred Heart, King Williamstown, and of the Dominican Convent, East London, South Africa. 2 vols., 8 vo., Cloth, Net \$5.00.

A learned priest having suggested the need of An Explanation of the Catechism of Christian Doctrine ordered by the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, we, Benziger Bros., take great pleasure in announcing that we have succeeded in getting Rev. Louis A. Lambert, author of "Notes on Ingersoll," to undertake the work. In its preparation he will use Dr. Jacob Schmitt's Explanation of the Catechism, and other similar standard works.

More Testimonials of a Remarkable Book.

THE LIFE OF SISTER SAINT PIERRE. Written by herself. Price \$1.50.

The book is sold for the benefit of the Carmelite Convent, and can be had of all Catholic booksellers, and at the Carmelite Convent, 134 Barrick Street, New Orleans, La.

ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL,

CINCINNATI, Oct. 15th, 1884.

DEAR REV. MOTHER TERESA: The Life of Sister Saint Pierre, Carmelite Nun of Tours, France, I have read with great interest and I hope with some profit. The vice of blasphemy and of profane language generally, is one of the crying evils of our day. Its prevalence in our own country is every day turning away God's favor, and calling down His chas-

tisements on our people. Sister Saint Pierre was one of those chosen souls, to whom Our Lord sometimes gives special inspirations for the benefit of the world. Her mission was to pray and work, and suffer too, for the outrages done to God's honor by blasphemy, and therefore her life has a very *particular interest for our people*: and most of all for those who have devotion to the Sacred Heart. For it shows how much His Adorable Heart is outraged by the sin of blasphemy, how deeply He grieves over the punishments which it is drawing down on the world, and how much He desires that pious souls and Religious Communities should apply themselves to *repairing* the injuries done by it to the honor of God. I hope all lovers of the Sacred Heart will read it. Your faithful servant in Christ. WILLIAM HENRY ELDER, *Abp. of Cincinnati*.

FR. WENNINGER, the great Jesuit Missionary, on the devotion to the Holy Face: "As Christ Himself, on the day of His bloody Passion, and painful journey to Mt. Calvary, impressed the likeness of His Divine Face on the linen presented to Him by the devout and compassionate Veronica, it seems by that act Christ evidenced at the same time His ardent wish that all faithful and loving souls should with an especial devotion venerate His Adorable Countenance, and that he in turn would look towards them with eyes of mercy and grant them most efficacious graces to become His true followers in the Way of the Cross towards Heaven. Therefore, I heartily recommend this devotion to the children of the Holy Church." F. H. WENNINGER, D.D., *Missionary of the Society of Jesus*, FEAST OF ST. IGNATIUS, 1884.

THE HOLY FACE.

O Face Divine!

O Face most sorrowful, yet so benign,
So beauteous still in grief, towards me incline.

O Sacred Eyes!

On which the weight of dreaded anguish lies!
That look must break the heart which Christ denies.

O Lips so meek!

Unless thine all-absorbing Word I seek,
Those lips one day eternal doom will speak.

O Sacred Face !
Which mortal hand has dared with prayer
to trace,
Thee on my heart with throbs of awe I
place.

O Face Divine !
Give me of love returned, some blissful
sign.

O Face Divine, in grief towards me incline.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

St. Joseph's Cottage, Chicago.

Newspaper Changes.

CATHOLIC MIRROR.—This paper, for more than thirty years a staunch defender of the faith, has appeared in a new dress and much enlarged. Under the able management of Hugh P. McElrone, Esq. (a contributor to our MAGAZINE), the *Mirror* has increased in ability and circulation, so that it is now in the front ranks of Catholic journalism in the United States. We wish it continued success.

PETER MCCORREY, Esq., has severed his connection with the *Catholic Herald*. Under his able pen the *Herald* has been conducted with great ability. Mr. McC. is to issue a Sunday paper. We wish him every success.

THREE IRISH LADY WRITERS are bravely coming to the front this season. Miss Kate Tynan, a charming poetess, with a pure and elevated style, is on the eve of bringing out a volume of her verses in London. A firm in Fleet Street has just published "The Dawn of Day," by the author of "Thyname is Truth." This is a vigorous and well-thought-out study of social problems in narrative form, and is worth ninety-nine out of a hundred of the tawdry productions luxuriously bound of the host of flippant female novelists issued in constant stream by the circulating libraries. We fancy we recognize the hand of Miss Gallaher in its pages. "Through Troubled Waters" is the promising title of another novel by the gifted Miss Hannah Lynch. These tokens of literary activity in the old race encourage us to nurse high hopes for the intellectual future of a nation which was so long burdened with the shackles of legally enforced ignorance. But why is it that not one of these books emanates from a Dublin printing press? asks the *London Universe*.

THE SOVEREIGN PONTIFF went through all the private, but fatiguing, solemnities of Holy Week, and said Mass in seclusion every day. His Holiness was much moved at receiving the tidings of Cardinal Guibert's serious illness, and sent him at once the Apostolic benediction. The Easter gifts of Leo XIII. to the Roman poor consist of a hundred and sixty new beds, completely furnished, and of a sum of £408 (\$2400).

KEEP UP THE STANDARD OF EDUCATION.—Father Curran, formerly editor of the *Catholic Times*, a Newark, N. J., paper, and now in charge of the homeless children of the Newark diocese, points out, in a timely paper, on Catholic Education, the necessity for a Board of Examiners, similar to that in existence in the diocese of Fort Wayne, to be established in every diocese for the purpose of keeping Catholic parochial schools up to a proper standard. The suggestion is a healthy one, and would go far in bringing out the sort of education the Fathers of the late Baltimore Council desired and commended.

MOTHER ANTONIA EULENSTEIN, of the Franciscan Sisters, died of pneumonia on Sunday night, the 12th of April, after a nine days' illness, at the Convent of St. Anthony, Syracuse, N. Y. She was a native of Prussia, where she was born fifty-two years ago, of Protestant parents. Her death was followed on Tuesday, the 14th, by that of Sister Placita, who was also an inmate of the convent.

THE Archbishop of Cashel passed through London on his way to Rome. His Grace visited the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

WITH pardonable pride, a lady displayed a very ancient piece of house-linen to her servant, saying, as she held it up for inspection, "Look, Bridget, at this table-cloth; it has been in our family for over two hundred years." Bridget eyed the article in question carefully, and then, stepping close up to her mistress, remarked, in a most confidential tone, "Shure, never mind, Mrs. Arthur's, dear. If you just keep quiet about it, and don't let on to anybody, who would know but what it was brought bran'-new out of the shop?"

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

BISHOP.

IN the death of the Bishop of Southwark, Rt. Rev. Dr. Griffith, which took place on Easter Monday, at Teignmouth, after a lingering illness borne with heroic fortitude, the English Episcopacy loses a distinguished member; the Redemptorists, a cherished and well-loved brother; and the diocese over which he ruled, a father in the truest and most loving sense of the word. For years past he was in delicate health.

CLERGYMEN.

THE death of Father Fortune, a distinguished priest and missionary of the Dominican Order, took place at Springfield, Kentucky, on the thirteenth day of March, after a short illness, fortified by all the Sacraments. He was sixty years of age, thirty of which he spent in the most useful and laborious duties of his order in the holy priesthood. He was first pastor at Sinsinawa Mound, Wisconsin, when that college and mission was in the charge of the Dominican Order. He was pastor of the Dominican Church in Memphis when that city was visited by the scourge of yellow fever, and though amongst the bravest and the most fearless of his brethren who attended the sick, and six of whom succumbed to the frightful plague, he escaped. But the work that brought his name before the religious world as a great priest and zealous pastor was the Dominican Church in Washington, lately burned, and one of the finest ecclesiastical edifices in America. Under God that Church was built by Father Fortune, and that work alone would immortalize any man.

REV. JOHN J. DOUGHERTY, of the Archdiocese of Baltimore, died in St. Joseph's Hospital of that city on the 14th of April. He was one of the most distinguished priests of the Archdiocese, having been Administrator during the vacancy of the See after the death of Archbishop Spalding.

THE Irish priesthood has suffered a heavy loss in the unexpected passing

away of two of its most esteemed members, in the very prime of their lives. The Rev. Joseph Farrell, C.C., of Monasterevan (born in 1841), was a man of largely cultured mind, and gentle, earnest, and retiring manners. He was a keen observer of human nature, and a passionate lover of books, as may be concluded by the reader of his *Lectures by a Certain Professor*, which, published first in the *Irish Monthly*, and afterwards by Macmillan & Co., gained him the love and admiration of a considerable public, both in this country and elsewhere.

FATHER GALLAGHER, P.P., of Carrick, Donegal, was another type of an Irish priest, of more robust stature and physique, with a fresh, healthful countenance, telling of life in the open air, days spent on the mountain-side directing and encouraging his poor people in the sawing, digging, ditching, draining, preparing the ground for the planting of forest trees, all which works were set on foot some two or three years ago by him in the days of the dire distress when famine threatened. He has now died at the age of forty-four of rheumatic fever, probably caught by that exposure and exertion to which his great energy and charity subjected him; and he also leaves a sorrowing flock and a grievous gap in the ranks of the hard-working Irish priesthood.

THE REV. FATHER B. M. KENNY, aged 29 years, pastor of Saints Peter and Paul Church, New Orleans, died on April 19. He was a native of Galway, Ireland.

SISTERS.

DIED in the Ursuline Monastery of Quebec on the 21st of April, Rev. Mother St. Thomas (*nee* Catherine Burk), in the seventy-first year, and the fifty-second of her life as a religieuse. The deceased lady was born in the County of Tipperary, Ireland, but emigrated at a very early period of her life with her parents to Newfoundland, from which she went to Quebec.

SISTER CECILIA — Miss Editha Lilly — who died at St. Mary's Academy,

Notre Dame, Ind., on April 14th, was of a family remarkable for musical genius. For upwards of twenty years, three generations — grandmother, mother and daughter — were engaged in the musical instruction at St. Mary's; while a son — the Rev. Edward Lilly — deceased since December 30, 1879, directed the musical department in the University of Notre Dame.

MOTHER LOUISA NOEL, Superior-General of the Oblate Sisters of Providence, colored, died March 27, at the convent of the order in Baltimore. She was sixty-eight years of age, and had been at the head of the order for twenty-nine years. In about a week she would have celebrated her golden jubilee, having been connected with the order for fifty years. Mother Noel was born in Wilmington, Del., and her parents were natives of San Domingo.

LAY PEOPLE.

DEATH OF LORD CHANCELLOR SULLIVAN.—Some future historian of the Lord Chancellors, who taking up the work where the labors of Lord Campbell ceased, and including in his biographies the lives of the Lord Chancellors, will have occasion to note the singular fatality of the early months of 1885. Sir Edward Sullivan, Bart, died in Dublin April 13. It is hardly a couple of months since the death of his predecessor, Lord O'Hagan, was announced, and only last week Lord Cairns succumbed after an illness of a few hours. By these three deaths in rapid succession, three Irishmen have disappeared, each of whom filled contemporaneously a large space in public life. The death of Sir Edward Sullivan is almost tragic in its suddenness. He was a prominent figure among the guests at the State dinner at the Castle on Saturday evening, and engaged in animated and lively conversation the Princess of Wales, on whose right he sat at table. With the Benchers he was to have entertained the Prince of Wales at dinner on Monday at the King's Inns. His end came indeed in the midst of life. The late Lord Chancellor, like Lord O'Hagan and Lord Cairns, was one of the very few successful lawyers who are also successful politicians. Just as Lord O'Hagan's name is coupled with the last Jurors' Act, and that of

Lord Cairns with the masterly Conveyancing Act of 1881, Sir Edward Sullivan's has been identified with the Protestant Church Disestablishment Act and Land Act of 1870. If the latter measure was as full of failure as it was originally of promise, the result was hardly attributable to the vigor and ability with which it was planned, and, under Mr. Gladstone, piloted through the House of Commons, by the then member for Mallow. At the Irish Bar his position was much like what Charles Russell's is to-day in England. No big case for a long period of years was without his strenuous and able advocacy. He was as prominent a figure in the celebrated Yelverton trial as Whiteside himself. Whiteside was the orator of the occasion, and Sullivan the lawyer; and if the late Chief Justice's ornamental periods are regarded by some as the last specimen of the florid style of forensic rhetoric at the Irish Bar, the cross-examination of Major Yelverton by the late Chancellor remains admittedly one of the ablest and most skilful displays of acute questioning which have since been recorded of any lawyer. Sir Edward Sullivan's painfully sudden death will occasion general and unqualified regret throughout the legal profession, of which, by his abilities, he was the most eminent member, as well as by his rank its official head.

A BRAVE FRANCO-IRISH OFFICER.—

"Among those who fell, fighting in the recent battles in Tonquin, none is more regretted, by those who knew him, than our brave countryman, Captain Patrice (Patrick) Cotter. After the terrible retreat of the army of the East, in 1871,—which was forgotten in the armistic,—he fought from Bourgos to Pontarlier; and, when he left Switzerland, he went with his regiment to Algeria, and for fourteen years he was constantly fighting. He fell in the battle of the 24th of February. At the War Office I got the certainty of his death. A finer man or a better soldier never drew a sword. That sword, his epaulettes, his Cross of the 'Legion of Honor,' his trunk, and any means he may possess, will be in a month available for his nearest relatives, whom, I am sure, it will be easy to discover, as he had served in the Papele Brigade, and has comrades in Ireland and America. I have seen many men fall in battle, and have assisted at their last moments; but not one do I more regret than Captain Patrick Cotter, of the 'Foreign Legion.'"

